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Art. 1.—SOCIALISM—ITS ORIGIN AND MEANING.

Now that we have a Socialist Ministry in being, and Socialism has become the dominant political question of the day, it is time for intelligent people to form a reasoned judgment about it, for which knowledge and understanding are necessary. But these cannot be acquired without an effort which partisans on both sides seldom care to make. The subject is very complicated, difficult to master, and enveloped in confusion beyond all others of a similar character. That is shown by the innumerable definitions of Socialism that have been offered by both advocates and opponents, without satisfying either; for fresh ones are continually being suggested. It is shown also by the interminable differences of opinion that have divided Socialists from the first. Seventy-five years ago, before Marx came on the scene, a leading French Socialist of that day called Socialism a hydra. He said that there was no more identity between the Socialist parties than between the political parties, that Socialism was not a definite doctrine, a thing that could be grasped, but a collection of different doctrines, and he enumerated several kinds of Socialism—(1) simple, (2) compulsory, (3) voluntary, (4) negative, (5) affirmative.

Since then many more heads have sprouted from the same trunk. Marxism, which was set to play the part of Aaron's rod and swallow the others, has not only failed to do so but has itself given birth to new specimens. Hence a bewildering diversity. When we see such incongruous bed-fellows as Plato and the member for Silvertown, St Paul and Trotsky, St Ambrose and

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H. G. Wells, Sir Thomas Moore and Tom Mann, John Mill and John Ruskin, Charles Kingsley and Karl Marx, Jack Straw and Sidney Webb—to name a few—all tucked up under the same blanket, labelled Socialism, it is really something of a puzzle to define such a capacious and elastic coverlet. The term is so loosely used that one can never be sure what is meant by it. Sometimes it is one thing and sometimes another; the same men give it different and inconsistent meanings at different times. It is both abstract and concrete, theoretical and practical, idealist and materialist, very old and entirely modern; it ranges from a mere sentiment to a precise programme of action; different advocates present it as a philosophy of life, a sort of religion, an ethical code, an economic system, a historical category, a juridical principle; it is a popular movement and a scientific analysis, an interpretation of the past and a vision of the future, a war cry and the negation of war, a violent revolution and a gentle evolution, a gospel of love and altruism, and a campaign of hate and greed, the hope of mankind and the end of civilisation, the dawn of the millennium and a frightful catastrophe. All these diverse aspects of the same thing, with endless sub-varieties and modifications, are prescribed for our instruction. Never was anything paraded in so many guises. How is a plain man to find his way through the maze? He needs a clue; and the best plan in my opinion is to take the thing at its origin, observe the circumstances that gave it birth, note the meaning attached to it, and trace its evolution. In this way it is possible to separate the essential and distinctive elements, which make it what it is, from the wrappings—the kernel from the shell—and to differentiate it from other things that have something in common but are yet quite distinct, such as Christianity and State action. With such a clue in hand the intelligent student can detect side-openings and false issues, and get to the centre of the labyrinth, whence its windings can be clearly seen.

What, then, was the origin of Socialism? The time is roughly fixed by the appearance of the word. When a new movement, cause, or doctrine becomes fairly established it acquires a name; and conversely when a new term of this kind comes into use, it signifies the

appearance of a new movement. If the thing does not last, as often happens, the name dies with it. This enables us to fix with sufficient precision the beginnings of Socialism as a definite and continuous movement, which is what we are concerned with here. Of course it was not wholly new; nothing of the kind ever is. There are always anticipations, germinal ideas, preliminary signs, partial efforts; and it is interesting to trace them. But they are different—fragmentary, isolated, shortlived; and in the case of Socialism it is only confusing to mix them up with the thing itself until a clear conception of it has been gained, when they fall into their proper place. We can therefore leave aside Plato and all the Utopias, the Fathers of the Church, the numerous communist settlements attempted from time to time by religious bodies, and all similar manifestations. They had something in them common to Socialism but were not the same, and did not bear the name, which was not coined until the 19th century.

Socialism, in the sense indicated, is just about one hundred years old. In fact, if I were asked to name a particular year as the date of its birth, I should fix on 1824, which is marked out by several concurrent events of importance. That year witnessed in England the foundation of the London Co-operative Society, the repeal of the Combination Acts, and the publication of William Thompson's 'Inquiry into the Principles of the Distribution of Wealth,' which furnished the basis of the economic theory of Socialism; in France there occurred the death of Saint-Simon and the founding therewith of the school which he left behind him as a legacy. There had previously been nothing that can be called a definite school of Socialism either in England or in France, though there had been writings and discussions tending towards it in both. But in 1824 a distinct school of thought, an organised movement, was started independently in each country; and it was in those schools that the term was coined, the name adopted, and its meaning defined. [I will come to the details presently after recalling the circumstances in which all this took place.]

A hundred years ago Europe was passing through the period of depression and difficulty that followed the

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Napoleonic wars and strongly resembled the present. The nations were impoverished and burdened with debt and taxation, their currencies were depreciated by inflation, exchanges disorganised, and trade depressed. England and France, which had been the chief protagonists and were at the same time the most highly developed countries economically, were particularly hard hit. England, which even then was more dependent on foreign trade than other countries, though very much less so than now, suffered probably most of all from commercial depression, through the inability of foreign customers to buy her products; unemployment and distress were widespread and intense; prices were high and wages low. When this period, in which Socialism was born, is discussed sufficient weight is never allowed to the economic after-effects of the war, which had lasted for twenty-two years, piled up an enormous debt and impoverished the world. It has long been the fashion to ascribe all the trouble to the 'industrial revolution'—an expression, by the way, first used by Napoleon at St Helena to signify the rise of industry and its rivalry with landed property, but generally taken to mean the supersession of hand processes of manufacture by power machinery. This great change was going on at the time in the textile trades, particularly in weaving, and was the cause of much hardship to weavers thrown out of work by machines; but it seems to me that the general expansion of manufactures, and especially the creation of new industries, which more than anything else distinguished the economic character of the period, must have increased employment and promoted prosperity if it had not been for the financial disorganisation caused by the war, or rather wars, for in addition to the war with France we had been engaged in several others. In point of fact it was so. As the dislocation was gradually overcome, employment increased, and a far larger population enjoyed a greater degree of prosperity than before. It was our new industries that pulled us out of the post-war difficulties, and set us on our financial feet again, as the world gradually emerged from the impoverishment caused by war.

At the same time the character of those industries and their rapid expansion, though less responsible for

the prevailing distress than is usually assumed, tended to accentuate discontent and stimulate criticism by creating a new-rich class, whose wealth, so speedily acquired, presented a glaring contrast with the lot of the wage-earners, by whose assistance they had acquired it. And the contrast was the more striking because the new rich sprang themselves mainly from the same ranks as the new poor. The picture, which has so often been drawn by Socialist writers, and particularly by Marx, representing the industrial capitalists of this period as already rich men who took advantage of machinery to grind the faces of the poor, is quite false. The great majority of them were workmen of exceptional capacity who set up for themselves and began in a small way; they were 'self-made men,' and these were ever the hardest task-masters. The unimpeachable testimony of the 'Poor Man's Guardian' in 1831—[the 'Daily Herald' of that time—is sufficient evidence:

'How many individuals have been known to raise themselves from the lowest walks of life to the greatest heights of affluence, rank, and station of society; yet it is invariably the case that such men are greater tyrants and oppressors of that class from which they sprang than those who were born in affluence.'

The new conditions of manufacture not only provided exceptional men with new opportunities to become rich but at the same time gave them power over their less capable fellows, which they commonly misused in the pursuit of wealth; not with the intention of doing any harm, but simply from the habit of getting and keeping all they could, as one such employer told a deputation, which came to ask for a rise in wages. They reminded him that when he was a workman he always tried to get as much as he could. 'Yes,' he replied, 'and I haven't changed yet,' whereupon they withdrew. This was the new capitalism, though that term was not then coined. It did not differ in essential principle from the old capitalism—which is as old as history—but it did differ in the scale of operations, and to such an extent as to introduce new conditions and relations. And as the scale increased, riches and the power of riches increased with it, aggravating the contrast between the Haves and the Have-nots, the powerful and the weak.

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Further, this development was accompanied by the growing acceptance of the economic doctrine of *laissez-faire* or free enterprise and free competition, which had been formulated in the 18th century. It came to be identified with the industrial development, though that had been in progress before it was formulated, because it furnished a theoretical justification for letting men and things alone to work out their own salvation. That is to say, the state of things indicated had not only come to pass but was defended and maintained on economic grounds. This was an important factor, because economic theory was acquiring great authority and a degree of ascendancy which caused the study of facts to be subordinated to abstract reasoning, so that the doctrine of *laissez-faire* became a powerful influence in the defence of abuses. The main conditions, then, prevailing a hundred years ago were post-war dislocation, depression, and distress, super-imposed on great changes in industrial life, which involved hardship and bred discontent, but found authoritative support in the dominant economic theory of the day. The inevitable result of all this was reaction, and in that reaction Socialism was born. It was an extreme expression of the reaction, which was, however, by no means confined to it but took several other forms of a less sweeping character. Factory laws for the protection of children (1819 and 1824) were one form; trade unionism, enabling workmen to protect themselves by combination, and rendered legal by the repeal of the Combination Acts in 1824, was another. Both were definite encroachments on the unfettered freedom of industrial employers, formally sanctioned by Parliament and destined to grow into a vast system of restraints. They were tangible fruits of a general tendency, which worked also in other more indefinite ways. Nor did reaction lack its theoretical side. It produced the first formal attack on *laissez-faire* economics, not from a Socialist but from a neutral economist. This was Sismondi, the eminent historian. His contemporary evidence is of extraordinary interest and worth some attention for several reasons, one of which is that he has been generally ignored, and another that he anticipated nearly all the main points in Marx's indictment of the capitalist system, including the idea of surplus value.

Sismondi (1773-1842) is best known by his histories of France and the Italian Republics, both of which are classics to this day; but he was an economist before he became an historian, and had an admirable training, at first in a business house in Lyons and afterwards by residence and study in England and Italy as well as in France and Switzerland. In 1803 he published a work on commercial wealth, which brought him an offer of the chair of political economy at the University of Wilna; but he refused it in order to retain his independence. He was then an ardent disciple of Adam Smith, and held the doctrine of free trade; but unlike other economists of that time he was led by observation to perceive its ill effects, particularly in England, and to question the arguments for its unqualified application. After completing his work on the Italian Republics he turned again to economics, and in 1819 he published his 'New Principles of Political Economy,' in which he pointed out the course that the industrial development had actually taken and the evils associated with it. He argued that wealth was the fruit of labour, that free enterprise and self-interest had led to a cut-throat competition, which enriched some but impoverished more, and that the economy of production enforced by it necessarily entailed economy in the payment of labour, which was thus driven down; that though discoveries and inventions by increasing the power of man might be a benefit, yet the unjust distribution of the wealth obtained by their means changed them into scourges to the poor; that they tended to reduce the reward and value of labour by throwing superabundant hands on the market; that a class of 'proletaries' had been created, of whom 'it might almost be said that in modern times the community lives at the expense of the proletariat on that share of the remuneration of his labour which it deducts from him'; that the income derived from industry and distributed as rent, interest, and profits was 'nothing but the surplus of the value of what labour has produced above the advances that have been made to produce it'; that large concerns killed small ones and drove small employers into the proletarian class; and in this way an abyss was created between extreme opulence and extreme poverty; that works tended

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constantly to grow larger and capital to be concentrated in fewer hands.

The reader acquainted with Socialist literature will at once recognise familiar texts, from which Marx preached in 'Das Kapital' nearly fifty years later, as usual without acknowledgment. The main differences are that when Sismondi wrote, his account of the situation was true, whereas it had substantially changed when 'Das Kapital' appeared; that he did not assume, as Marx did, the inevitable advance of the same tendencies to a catastrophic conclusion; that he recognised the benefits of the existing order but questioned some of its effects, particularly on the security and independence of individuals; that he urged remedial action by regulation not by abolition of the system.

My main object, however, in quoting him is to show how the then existing conditions struck a competent and judiciously-minded contemporary observer, who was also an economist, and so to throw light on the general reaction, of which Socialism was a particular manifestation. His account is the clearest and most convincing ever written, and his observations covered precisely the period with which I am dealing. The first edition of his book appeared in 1819, the second in 1826; and in the preface to the latter he wrote :

'Seven years have passed, and facts appear to have fought victoriously for me. They have proved much better than I could have done, that the wise men from whom I have separated myself (the "classical" economists) were in pursuit of a false prosperity; that their theories, wherever they were put in practice, served well enough to increase material wealth, but that they diminished the mass of enjoyment laid up for each individual; that if they tended to make the rich more rich, they also made the poor man more poor, more dependent, more destitute. . . . The study of England has confirmed me in my "New Principles." In this astonishing country, which seems to be submitted to a great experiment for the instruction of the rest of the world, I have seen production increasing whilst enjoyments were diminishing. The mass of the nation here, no less than philosophers, seem to forget that the increase of wealth is not the end of political economy, but its instrument in procuring the happiness of all. I sought for this happiness in every class, and I could

nowhere find it. . . . Has not England, forgetting men for things, sacrificed the end to the means?

So much for the state of things in which Socialism was born a hundred years ago. But two influences which shaped it remain to be mentioned. One was the ferment left by the French Revolution, which disposed men everywhere to hope for or to fear large changes. In France Socialism was regarded as the sequel and completion of the Revolution. The other was the economic doctrine that 'labour' produces all wealth. This was by no means new, but it had recently received fresh and impressive confirmation at the hands of Ricardo, whose famous treatise of Political Economy had been published in 1817. 'Labour' originally meant work of all kinds, and in that sense the doctrine is sound, provided that the assistance of nature is kept in mind; but through confusion in the popular use of the word it was understood by Socialists to mean manual labour only, and the natural inference drawn was that since manual labour, otherwise the wage-earners, produced all wealth, they ought to possess and enjoy it. This argument played a great part in Socialist theory in England, while the influence of the French Revolution was naturally greater in France; but both helped to bring Socialism to birth. It was distinguished from the contemporary movement for social reform, which Sismondi represented among others, by aiming not at the removal of abuses and improvement of conditions, but at a complete change of the existing order, a thorough reorganisation of society.

What sort of change? To answer this question we will return to the first appearance of the word and see what was meant by it. But in doing so it is necessary in strict accuracy to distinguish between the words 'Socialist' and 'Socialism,' which most writers have neglected to do. In the introduction to his 'History of Socialism' Kirkup says that the word Socialism was coined in England in 1835, that it was 'soon afterwards borrowed from England, as he himself tells us, by a distinguished French writer, Reybaud, in his well-known work, the "*Réformateurs Modernes*,"' and that through Reybaud it soon gained wide currency on the Continent.

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This account of the origin of the word has been generally accepted as authoritative and repeated without question by many writers, but it consists of a series of erroneous statements. The word 'Socialism' was not coined in England, nor was the date 1835; Reybaud did not borrow it from England, nor does he say that he did, nor is the title of his book '*Réformateurs Modernes*.' The word he borrowed was not 'Socialism,' the origin of which I will discuss later, but 'Socialist'; and he probably did get it from England, though he does not say so. What he says is this:

'It is now nearly fourteen years since at the commencement of these studies I had the unhappy honour of introducing the word "Socialists" into our language.'

This was written in 1849 in the introduction to the second volume of his '*Études sur les Réformateurs ou Socialistes Modernes*.' The first volume had been published in 1840 under the title '*Études sur les Réformateurs Contemporains*,' and had gained the Montyon prize of the French Academy in 1841. It created a considerable stir, and went through several editions before the appearance of the second volume. The success was deserved, for it is a brilliant study, though not free from mistakes. The title appears to have been changed to the one given above containing the words '*Socialistes Modernes*,' when the two volumes were published together; but parts of the work were written earlier as separate studies—the earliest in 1835, which accounts for the fourteen years mentioned above, and for the date named by Kirkup. I say that Reybaud got the term from England in his studies of Owenite literature, because he writes of the Owenite school as 'the sect of Socialists (it is the name they give themselves),' and the word had, in fact, been in use among them for some years. It occurs in the '*Crisis*' and the '*Poor Man's Guardian*,' two Owenite papers in 1833, as I pointed out a good many years ago in this Review. I had found the passage when studying the literature of that period in the British Museum; but believing that the word had been used still earlier, I asked Mr Max Beer when he was preparing the English edition of his '*History of British Socialism*,' and going over the same ground, to keep an eye open for

it. And sure enough he found it in the 'Co-operative Magazine' for November 1827. What was the meaning attached to it? I will quote him :

'In a footnote to a communication of the Brighton co-operators, the editor of the "Co-operative Magazine" observes that the value of a commodity consisted both of present and past labour (capital or stock), and the main question was, "Whether it is more beneficial that this capital should be individual or common." Those who argued that it should be in the hands of individual employers were the modern political economists of the type of James Mill and Malthus, while those who thought it should be common were "the Communionsists and Socialists"' ('History of British Socialism,' I, p. 187).

The word 'Communionsists,' here coupled with 'Socialists,' was French. It was one of several terms adopted by different groups in France at this period; others were Communitarians, Communists, Communautists, Equalitarians, Fraternitarians, Mutualists, Unitarians. They are chiefly interesting as showing the confusion of thought and tendency to division already prevailing. 'Socialist' appears to have been an English equivalent adopted by the London Co-operative Society, founded in 1824. It would be used in speech before appearing in print, and Mr Beer is no doubt right in conjecturing that it was coined in the discussions of the society. The surprising thing about it is the very clear meaning attached to it in the passage quoted, which is truly remarkable. Here we have in the very earliest use of the term yet discovered a precise definition, which is identical with the conception that has finally emerged out of all the subsequent discussions, and differences and irrelevancies, and dominates the field to-day. Socialists are described as those who hold that capital (not property) should be owned in common instead of by private persons. This is the core and centre of the whole thing to-day, the one point on which all the schools and sects are agreed; it is the ultimate essence, so to speak, distilled from all the speculation and argument that have been expended on the subject, the final outcome of all the changes the doctrine has undergone in a hundred years of change. All the rest is subsidiary or irrelevant to the

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central question of public v. private ownership of industrial and commercial capital.

¶ If this conception had been clearly grasped and firmly held from the first what a huge mass of verbiage, misunderstanding, obscurity, and confusion, what floods of vain controversy, might have been spared! I do not mean that there would have been no controversy or differences of opinion. Far from it. The best means of effecting the change, the extent to which it should be carried, and the form of the new order still leave room for endless differences, which do in fact split Socialists up into numerous groups. But such differences are secondary to the one common object, which is definite, intelligible, and practical, whether desirable and feasible or not. It presents Socialism as an essentially economic movement, primarily concerned with economic conditions and aiming at a particular economic change. When that is realised a mass of associated ideas involving political, ethical, and juristic principles fall into their place as subsidiary or irrelevant, and the actual problem stands out clear.

But the formula was no sooner uttered than it sank out of sight again in the mists of loose thinking, adventitious ideas, and verbal strife. Already, in 1833, we get in the 'Poor Man's Guardian,' another publication emanating from the same school, a totally different description of a 'Socialist' as one 'who preaches of community of goods, abolition of crime, of punishment, of magistrates and marriage.' If the public acquired erroneous and confused ideas about Socialism the fault lay with the Socialists, whose own confusion of mind misled the world. They obscured the one distinctive feature of the movement, which marked it off from other aspirations, by mixing up and emphasising many different things, either not peculiar to it or having no connexion with it. What have the abolition of crime and punishment, of magistrates and marriage, to do with the ownership of capital? Robert Owen himself, from whose school the formula of 1827 emanated, was always in a state of hopeless confusion. His great idea was that of a new moral world, based on the abnegation of religion and on the ancient philosophy of determinism, which he resuscitated as a discovery of his own. Economic

principles took a secondary place in the evolution of his ideas, and so far as he took them up he jumped about erratically from one thing to another without really understanding any. It was his disciples, and particularly William Thompson, who first developed the economic side of Socialism and perceived that the crux of the problem lay in the ownership of capital. He was the real founder of Socialism as it is understood to-day, and no doubt the conception quoted above from the 'Co-operative Magazine' was derived from his book on the 'Distribution of Wealth,' published in 1824. Prof. Anton Menger writes of Thompson in his book on the 'Right to the Whole Produce of Labour':

'Marx is completely under the influence of the earlier English Socialists and more particularly of William Thompson. Leaving out of account the mathematical formulæ, by which Marx rather obscures than elucidates his argument, the whole theory of surplus value, its conception, its name, and the estimates of its amount are borrowed in all essentials from Thompson's writings. Only Marx, in accordance with the aim of his work, pays special attention to one form of unearned income (interest on capital), and fails to give either that jural criticism of private property in instruments of production and useful commodities which is the necessary supplement of the theory of surplus value or a rigorous exposition of the right to the whole produce of labour. In all these respects Marx is far inferior to Thompson, so that the work of the latter may be regarded as the foundation-stone of Socialism' (p. 101).

[With regard to this passage it must be observed that Thompson himself got a great deal from Sismondi, including the idea of surplus value, as Prof. Menger admits; and Marx got many other leading ideas from the same source, as I have already shown, so that Sismondi ought to be regarded as the founder of Socialism, if he had been a Socialist. But he was not, and therein lies a lesson.]

However, enough has been said about the origin of the movement in England, signalled by the appearance of the word 'Socialist,' and about the meaning given to it. We will now return to the word 'Socialism,' which takes us back to France, where it was coined. Its author was Pierre Leroux, a moderate Socialist of the school of

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Saint-Simon. At least he claimed the authorship, and there is no reason to doubt his claim, which was not disputed at the time. The date was about 1830. [Writing in 1850, he says, in a note attached to the collected edition of his works :

‘When I invented the term “Socialism,” in contradistinction to the term “Individualism,” I did not expect that twenty years later it would be used to designate in a general way the religious democracy.* I intended it to signify the doctrine or the several doctrines which, under one pretext or another, would sacrifice the individual to society, and in the name of fraternity or under the pretext of equality would destroy liberty.’

I have quoted this highly instructive passage mainly to fix the authorship of the word and the time; but a little explanation seems to be necessary. He is clearly protesting against the application of the word, which he had invented twenty years before (i.e. in 1830), to the orthodox Saint-Simonian school to which he belonged. He intended it to describe an extreme form of the doctrine, and one of which he disapproved.]

Pierre Leroux (1789–1871) was an interesting character. He began life as an artisan, became a compositor, and founded with a friend ‘Le Globe,’ a daily paper, which passed through his instrumentality into the hands of the Saint-Simonians in November 1830, and became their official mouthpiece until April 1832, when it ceased publication. He later started the ‘Revue Encyclopédique,’ and in 1834 published in it an essay entitled ‘De l’Individualisme et du Socialisme.’ But the word occurs earlier in ‘Le Globe.’ In the issue for Feb. 13, 1832, the following passage occurs : ‘Nous ne voulons pas sacrifier la *personnalité* au *socialisme*, pas plus que ce dernier à la *personnalité*.’

I found the passage, which occurs in a review of Victor Hugo’s poems ‘Les Feuilles d’Automne,’ signed X. Joncières [when pursuing the researches mentioned above, and I quoted it in this Review.] I do not know if Joncières was a *nom de plume* or not, but the quotation

* That is, the disciples of the Saint-Simonian ‘religion,’ as they called the cult inaugurated by Saint-Simon in the posthumous ‘New Christianity,’ which he left as a legacy.

expresses Leroux's own point of view, as repeatedly explained by him. He says that he invented the word 'Socialism' as the antithesis of 'Individualism,' a term which had come into use about 1820. That is to say, he employed it as an abstract term and gave it a very wide meaning. To him Socialism was an 'exaggerated expression of the idea of association or of society'—an extreme assertion of the social principle, as Individualism was an extreme assertion of the individual principle. He condemned both extremes, because he saw that both principles were necessary and that the real problem was to reconcile them, without making either dominant.

'We are to-day,' he wrote in 1834, 'the prey of these two exclusive systems of Individualism and Socialism. . . . Ask of the partisans of Individualism what they think of the equality of men; they will take care not to repudiate it, but it is for them a chimera of no importance; they have no plan for realising it. On the contrary, their system cannot but result in the most infamous inequality. . . . Ask of the partisans of absolute Socialism how they reconcile liberty with authority, and what would become, for instance, of liberty to think and write; they will reply that Society is a great organism and nothing must stand in the way of its functioning. So we are between Charybdis and Scylla, between the hypothesis of a government concentrating in itself all enlightenment and all morality and that of a government destitute of both by its own decree; between an infallible Pope on the one hand and a common gendarme on the other. The one set call their Individualism liberty and would fain give it the name of fraternity, the other set call their despotism a family. Preserve us from a fraternity so little charitable and from a family so interfering! . . . To-day, when one speaks of equality and points to the misery and absurdity of the existing economic order (*mercantilisme actuel*), when one denounces a society in which men in disassociation are not only strangers to one another, but rivals and enemies, at once all who at heart cherish the love of mankind, the love of the people, all who are the sons of Christianity, of Philosophy, and of the Revolution, warmly approve. But when the partisans of absolute Socialism come and display their tyrannical theories, talk of organising us in scientific and industrial regiments, and go so far as to declare that freedom of thought is a bad thing, at once you feel repulsed, your enthusiasm cools, your sentiments of

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individuality and liberty rise in revolt, and you sadly resign yourself to the present state of things from fear of this new, crushing, all-absorbing papacy, which would transform mankind into a machine and reduce the real living beings, the individuals, to nothing but useful matter, instead of being themselves arbiters of their own destiny' (*'Revue Encyclopédique,'* 1834).

No clearer or more philosophical statement of the problem has been penned by any writer, Socialist or anti-Socialist. The 'partisans of absolute Socialism,' as he calls them, were the Left Wing, so to speak, of the Saint-Simonian school, led by *Enfantin*, who developed the idea of Saint-Simon, left by him in a perfectly vague form, into a rigid system, the counterpart of the later State-collectivist brand of Socialism. The applicability of Leroux's criticism to the latter is obvious; it is indeed the standing objection of State Socialism now familiar to everybody. To find it so clearly enunciated at that early period is one more proof that all the leading ideas bearing on Socialism were entertained and expressed in the first stage of the movement. And in this connexion I may here mention in passing that it was Leroux and his colleague *Jean Reynaud* who in 1832 pointed out the division of society into two classes—the '*bourgeoisie*' and '*proletariate*'—and so gave Marx the formula for his class-war interpretation of history, though they did not preach the class-war as he did. But that is another story, into which I cannot enter here. To complete this inquiry into the meaning of the word '*Socialism*' in France, something should be added about the character of the movement signalised by the appearance of the term. It was, as in England, broadly a reaction against existing conditions and the theory of free enterprise associated with them—the Individualism just mentioned. But it was less definitely economic, less precise, more abstract, and mixed up with other things. There is a curious contrast between the ideas of the founders or inspirers of these two earliest schools of Socialism. Owen aimed at creating a new moral world through the abnegation of all religion and its replacement by an improved material environment, which he thought would of itself make men good and abolish all evil—a visionary aim to be attained by material means.

Saint-Simon's aim was 'the most speedy possible amelioration of the lot of the most numerous and poorest class' by means of the renovation of Christianity and a religious reorganisation of society—a material end to be attained by quasi-spiritual means.

Their disciples in both cases threw themselves on the means and lost sight of the ends. In England, as we have seen, the Owenites grasped the economic side of the problem which dealt with the material environment and found the solution in the public ownership of capital. The Saint-Simonians—or at least the most active and influential group—addressed themselves chiefly to the religious reorganisation of society and hammered out the authoritarian system against which Leroux protested. It was devised not on a political or State bureaucratic basis, but on a theocratic or hierarchical one, with a combination of scientists, artists, and industrials at its head. On the economic side they laid great stress on the distinction between the industrious and the idle classes, which they proposed to remove by abolishing inheritance and by organising the production and distribution of wealth on the principle 'From each according to his capacity, to each according to his work,' which they took for their motto.

To return to the meaning of Socialism and summarise the conclusions reached so far, we have found that, according to the evidence of contemporary literature, the word 'Socialist' originated in England and the word 'Socialism' in France, and this, I think, is quite in keeping with the national mentality, which in England is prone to take cognisance first of the persons holding an opinion or advocating a cause and to arrive later at the abstract idea, whereas in France it is the other way about. However this may be, we get with these words two distinct conceptions which are certainly characteristic. That derived from the English school is concrete, precise, and practical; it presents Socialism as essentially an economic movement and is identical with the prevalent and orthodox conception of to-day. The French definition is broad, abstract, and philosophical; it covers wider ground, gives a deeper meaning to the movement, and places it in relation to fundamental attributes of human nature. Socialism is truly an extreme assertion

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of the social element in man; that is its strength and its weakness.

But taken by itself this definition is too wide; it covers too much ground and needs greater precision. Otherwise anything with a well-marked social character is liable to be called Socialism. This is how confusion arose. I have shown how soon the precise and narrow meaning was lost in England; in France, where it was never formulated, the confusion was at least as great. 'For some years,' wrote Leroux in 1847, 'it has been the practice to call Socialists all thinkers interested in social reforms, all who criticise and condemn Individualism, all who speak, under various terms of social providence and of the solidarity which unites not only the members of a State but the whole human race.' This is, in effect, identical with Lord Melbourne's remark, repeated later by Sir W. Harcourt, 'We are all Socialists now.' But so loose an interpretation deprives the term of all definite meaning; it leaves nothing distinctive to lay hold of. About the same time, Considérant, another leading French Socialist, though of a different school, described Socialism as an 'aspiration.' So it is; but what sort of aspiration? There are innumerable aspirations; and if any one is to be rationally discussed and judged, it must be distinguished from the others.

This vagueness is corrected by the precise English definition; and if the two are taken together—the broad philosophical conception and the narrow economic one—I think they do help us to understand and to judge the movement. They supplement each other, and, if kept clearly in mind, furnish a guide through the intricacies of the subject. The one enables us to distinguish Socialism from other movements or influences; from social reform, which is not concerned with the ownership of property; from Communism, which is concerned with the ownership of all property, not merely of capital; from State action, which interferes with individual liberty in a thousand ways that have nothing to do with economic conditions; from Christianity, which is essentially concerned with the conduct of individuals and with spiritual forces, not with the economic system. The other definition shows us where Socialism stands in regard to civilisation in general, and the fundamental

problem of reconciling the social and individual principles, and so gives us a measure by which to judge its several forms and detailed applications. In so far as it corrects the excesses of Individualism, it is beneficial; in so far as it suppresses individuality, it is pernicious.

The first phase of the movement, in which these ideas emerged, began in 1824, as I have said, and came to an end in the revolutionary year 1848. In England all attempts to realise the new order by co-operative efforts had failed and the movement had been diverted into Chartism on the political, and Trade Unionism on the industrial, side. The former collapsed, the latter continued, but on different lines and towards a different goal. In France the Saint-Simonian school went to pieces through internal dissension and extravagant developments of the doctrine, and gave place to the school inspired by Fourier, who was actually the earliest in the field, having published his principal work, the 'Theory of the Four Movements,' in 1808, but who started no movement until some disciples took up his teaching many years later, and made a considerable stir. The most important of them was Victor Considérant. Fourier's teaching presents one point of much interest. He recognised the element of brains in industry and proposed an ideal organisation formed by the co-operation of labour, capital, and talent, which were each to be remunerated by a definite proportion of the profit—four-twelfths to capital, five-twelfths to labour, and three-twelfths to talent. This anticipates one of the most recent actual developments of industrial organisation. The ferment in France produced other types. Proudhon introduced the doctrine of Anarchism, and Louis Blanc that of State Collectivism, which suffered shipwreck in the tragic fiasco of the National Workshops, established to realise the 'Right to Work.'

So ended the first phase of Socialism. It was followed by a long period of abeyance, occupied by social reforms, before the second phase began. Unlike the first, which was French and English, the second was German and particularly German-Jewish. It was dominated by Marx. Those who hold that Socialism is the invention of a secret Jewish syndicate have failed to observe that in the first phase, when all the basic ideas were

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propounded, there were no Jews among the leaders. On the other hand, it is true that when they did take the lead and the movement was transferred to Germany, it changed its character and became destructive. In the earlier period it was benevolent and hopeful, it looked to peaceful methods and mainly to voluntary co-operation for its realisation. In the second it assumed a gloomy aspect; instead of peaceful methods it promised violence, instead of co-operation it postulated the class-war, instead of hope it offered a catastrophe, brought about by the inevitable march of events and the inherent laws of social change.

But all this has to do with the means. The end was the same as that formulated in 1827—the substitution of publicly owned for privately own capital. It emerged again in the second epoch, nearly fifty years after 1827, in Prof. Schäffle's 'Quintessence of Socialism,' published in 1874. This was the first clear exposition of the aim of Marxian Socialism, and Prof. Schäffle says it took him years to familiarise himself with the main idea out of all the confusion surrounding it. His definition of the essential aim of Socialism runs thus :

'To replace the system of private capital by a system of collective capital, that is, by a method of production, which would introduce a unified (social or "collective") organisation of national labour on the basis of collective or common ownership of the means of production by all members of society.'

It is a little more verbose than the statement of 1827, but adds nothing to it, and even says less, for the earlier writer brings in the labour theory of value and the idea that capital is accumulated past labour—two conceptions commonly attributed to Marx, who was nine years old in 1827.

The aim is still the same to-day, but to public ownership has been added democratic control. And there are other modifications. I think myself that the Marxian era is over, and we are passing into a third phase.

A. SHADWELL.

Art. 2.—BORROW'S 'CELTIC BARDS, CHIEFS AND KINGS.'

The Works of George Borrow. Norwich Edition. Edited by Clement Shorter. Vol. XIV. Constable, 1924.

AMONG the works which George Borrow in his lifetime announced as ready for publication was 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.' Of this little has hitherto been known, and in its complete form it has only recently been identified. Its various chapters, extending to several hundred pages, had been separated and scattered. Fortunately it has been possible to reassemble them from the collections of Mr T. J. Wise and Mr Clement Shorter, and to present them to the public in the Norwich Edition. The twelfth and thirteenth volumes contain 'Wild Wales,' and the fourteenth brings to light a large amount of new matter concerning Wales. It includes a number of cancelled passages from 'Wild Wales,' and a humorous account of Borrow's dispute in a dream with an old Welsh bard, Rhys Goch, which beyond all doubt originally formed the forty-eighth chapter of that work. Then comes a well-known tale from the 'Mabinogion,' 'The Dream of Maxen Wledig,' which affords no clue to Borrow's intentions regarding its destination. Following upon this story we have an entertaining picture of the mediæval South Welsh chieftain, Griffith ap Nicholas, who rightly should figure in the last section, to which, in the Norwich Edition, the title of 'The Welsh Bards' has been given. This, as we shall proceed to show, is none other than the missing 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.'

In January 1861, George Borrow contributed to the 'Quarterly Review' an article on 'The Welsh and their Literature,' in the course of which he touched upon the poet that he admired from his youth until his old age, Dafydd ap Gwilym. Speaking of the bard's burial-place, the famous monastery of Strata Florida in Cardiganshire, he says in a footnote: 'Of this celebrated place we are permitted to extract the following account from Mr Borrow's unpublished work, "Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings."' We will not reproduce the extract here, for the reader will find it as the opening of the ninety-first chapter of 'Wild Wales.' Obviously it cannot have been

'Wild Wales' to which Borrow referred in the footnote, for it is altogether different in character from what the title of the unpublished work would imply. However, the same passage occurs in 'The Welsh Bards' of the Norwich Edition, and here we certainly have a work, the contents of which correspond exactly to the title of the missing book. A careful comparison of 'The Welsh Bards'—to which from now onwards we shall allude as 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings'—with the article in the 'Quarterly Review' yields some valuable results. In the first place, one observes that the latter is largely composed of extracts from the former. This may perhaps throw light on Dr Knapp's statement that in preparing his contribution to the 'Quarterly Review,' Borrow 'revamped an old article he had written in 1830, entitled "The Welsh and their Literature,"' which, so far as the present writer is able to judge, is entirely misleading. Still more important, however, is the explanation found for the abrupt beginning of 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings,' as it is printed in the Norwich Edition. There it opens with the words: 'We now proceed to give some account of the poetic literature of the Welsh.' Clearly this suggests that something has gone before, but in spite of long searching no other manuscript fragment with the missing portion could be discovered. On turning to the article in the 'Quarterly Review,' however, we find the solution of the problem. The same words (with the insignificant substitution of 'Cymry' for 'Welsh') occur there, not at the beginning, but some little way on. It seems, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the opening passage of the article is the missing introduction to 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.' There is just a possibility that when Borrow wrote the article he detached the first few pages from the other work for this purpose and afterwards omitted to restore them. In any case, with the addition of this introduction and the account of Griffith ap Nicholas, 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings' may confidently be regarded as complete.

The date of its composition is a matter of interest. It is manifest that if our assumption is correct, the work must have been written before the publication of the article in January 1861. Support for this view is found in its relation to 'Wild Wales,' which, it may be re-

membered, appeared in 1862. On comparing the two works we are struck by the similarity of many passages, some being almost identical. It would seem that when Borrow in writing 'Wild Wales' came to speak of the Welsh bards and their works, or of Welsh chieftains and their doings, he drew freely upon 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings,' sometimes merely transcribing long extracts. Striking instances of this are his accounts of Dafydd ap Gwilym and Twm o'r Nant. There are also two allusions to 'Wild Wales' in 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings,' which suggest that the former was still unprinted. Borrow tells how, in October 1854, he set out from Llangollen with John Jones, his faithful companion on his excursions, and walked to Oswestry with the object of paying a tribute to the memory of Goronwy Owen. In the churchyard they encountered the sexton, who proved to be the poet's great-grandnephew. Concluding the account of their conversation, Borrow says, 'Thereupon the sexton and writer shook hands and— but what more passed between them in the course of discourse will be found related in the writer's book entitled "Wild Wales."' In themselves these words might not be convincing; but read in conjunction with another passage they are conclusive. Having referred to Goronwy Owen's church in Anglesey, Borrow adds that 'he will here give a short description of it from his book called "Wild Wales," which contains amongst other things pilgrimages to the native places or spots of burial of the most illustrious Welsh bards.' An allusion to Ellis Wynn affords still more striking proof of our contention; for in this connexion Borrow remarks that a translation of that writer's 'Sleeping Bard' exists in English, though in manuscript only. Now Borrow's version of 'The Sleeping Bard' was published by John Murray in 1860, and, therefore, 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings' must have been written before that date. On the other hand, Borrow refers to writers and characters figuring in 'Lavengro,' and in such a manner as to presuppose an intimate acquaintance with that work on the part of the public. Thus Borrow touches on 'Peter Williams in "Lavengro," the Welsh preacher who entertained the opinion that he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost.' Elsewhere he speaks of Andrew

Brandram and the Bible Society, which institution was 'more feared by Pope and Cardinals, as the Man in Black says in "Lavengro," than anything else on earth.' And writing on Ellis Wynn, Borrow observes that 'he is frequently mentioned in the book "Lavengro," a book which every person has read and most people have abused, because it contains no claptrap, is written in a free and independent style, and above all, because it exposes the miserable rage for gentility so prevalent amongst all classes of the English.' The fact that Borrow on several occasions describes incidents of his Welsh tour in 1854, giving the year and month in question, takes us a step further, and lastly, we have the evidence of the paper on which 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings' is written, the water-mark showing the year 1857. It is, therefore, legitimate to conclude from the above data that the work was composed between 1857 and 1860, probably after Borrow's second tour in Wales in the former year.

And what, it will be asked, are the contents of 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings'? The introduction to the article in the 'Quarterly Review' which, as already explained, we regard as part of the book, attempts to set forth the early history of the Welsh people. It is merely a flimsy web of worthless speculation. But the body of the work, as found in the Norwich Edition, giving as it does an outline of Welsh literature down to the end of the 18th century, is of a different character. The outstanding bards, such as Iolo Goch, Dafydd ap Gwilym, Rees Pritchard, Huw Morus, Ellis Wynn, Lewis Morris, and Goronwy Owen, are all dealt with at length. We have also extensive digressions on Owen Glendower, Ryce ap Thomas, and Henry VIII, and, one may add, on Griffith ap Nicholas, for it seems certain that the account of this chieftain printed separately in the Norwich Edition should be inserted after what is said of his bard, Gwilym ap Ieuan Hen. Lastly, we have a digression on Methodism and its effect on the Welsh interlude, which leads to the interlude-writer, Twm o'r Nant.

The work whose contents we have just outlined is a remarkable contribution to the study of Welsh literature, particularly if the time of its composition is borne in mind. In the middle of the 19th century the student of

the subject had not the same facilities as are at our disposal. Much of the information was scattered about in periodicals, some of which were not easy of access. The attempt of Borrow, an Englishman, in these circumstances to give a connected account of Welsh poetry deserves high praise. Naturally his work has its limitations. Modern research would reject some of his material, and in details he sometimes goes wrong. It would, however, be unjust to ignore Borrow's merits. He wrote with knowledge, the result of some thirty years' reading. Learning Welsh from a groom at Norwich, he may have been directed later in his studies by the Welsh bookseller living in Smithfield for whom he made his translation of 'The Sleeping Bard' in 1830. At any rate, he went to the originals and obtained his information at first hand. A careful investigation of the sources he used shows how much more at home Borrow was with his theme than his contemporary Matthew Arnold. We miss the brilliant and unreliable generalisations, it is true; but we feel that the foundations of 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings' are far more securely laid than those of 'The Study of Celtic Literature.'

Borrow brought a tremendous enthusiasm to bear on his task. Sometimes, it must be admitted, his zeal outruns his judgment, as when he claims for his favourite Dafydd ap Gwilym that he is Ovid, Horace, Tibullus, Martial, and Tyrtæus all in one. Borrow himself anticipates objections, and explains that before ap Gwilym can ever be appreciated in English he must find a great translator, even as Homer found Pope. A lucky thing for Homer, thinks Borrow, that his name was not David Williams and that he did not write in Welsh. One need not take this too seriously, for it was never Borrow's way to do or say things by halves, and he is almost equally lavish in his praises of others among his favourite Welsh poets. Occasionally, moreover, he turns his knowledge of foreign literature to better account than in discussing Dafydd ap Gwilym. Thus, in dealing with Ellis Wynn's 'Sleeping Bard' he recalls the 'Visions' of Quevedo, finding a similarity to which attention has recently again been drawn. In speaking of the interludes of Twm o'r Nant he introduces a contrast with

Calderon and bestows on him the epithet of 'the Welsh Calderon,' a more suitable title at any rate than what Southey saw on a portrait of Tom in the Strand—'the Welsh Shakespeare.' In the main, too, it must be admitted that Borrow's estimate of the relative importance of the Welsh poets is not out of proportion. True, there are some names we might hear less of or dispense with altogether, and others of whom we would fain hear more, but those writers to whom Borrow devotes most space and care are the great bards of Wales. Borrow was, therefore, by no means devoid of taste or judgment; he had at least some sense of discrimination. But he was not a great critic, and at bottom he was more interested in human nature than in æsthetic values. Literature appealed to him in the first place, as he repeatedly shows, as a revelation of the author's character.

Interwoven with Borrow's account of the bards is a good deal of history, that of the Celtic chieftains and kings. When Borrow included these in his book he had in mind Owen Glendower, Griffith ap Nicholas, Ryce ap Thomas, and the two Tudor sovereigns, Henry VII and Henry VIII. Incidentally he drew a striking picture of the intriguing nobles who defeated Richard III and placed Henry VII on the throne and also of Henry VIII's contemporaries, Ferdinand and Isabella, Maximilian, Francis, Wolsey, and the Popes. It need scarcely be said that Borrow is not a dispassionate historian. On the contrary, he is a keen partisan and paints his characters in the brightest or blackest colours, according to his leanings. His violent dislike of Roman Catholicism led him to sympathise with Henry VIII, who became his hero. He portrays him as an innocent youth protesting first of all to his father against the marriage to his deceased brother's wife, and later to his Privy Council. These protests were overruled by worldly wisdom at the time, but ultimately a healthy revolt against an unnatural marriage ended in the divorce which Borrow regards as justified. Henry was singularly amiable and willing to help his friends; but they exploited his generosity and laughed at him behind his back. It was only through the divorce that Henry's eyes were opened, and then his wrath was terrible. Borrow sees in Henry

not a brutal Bluebeard but a noble character, transformed by treachery, deceit, and ingratitude into a portent. If he was full-blooded, he was not licentious, and in his early life was not cruel, though Borrow admits that in his closing years he committed acts both bloody and unjust. At any rate, he stood out head and shoulders above the other monarchs of the time, in that he always kept his word.

Borrow not only finds excuses for his hero but overwhelms his opponents with abuse. Take, for example, what he says of Maximilian :

'O, that Maximilian! the union of the man, the fox and the swine in that being constituted something perfectly astounding! Had the present writer lived in his time, he would rather have gone to look at him than at either Ferdinand or the Pope. . . . O, that Maximilian! The writer as a boy used to stare at his portrait in old Emanuel van Meteren's "History of the Netherlands" till his eyes were almost starting. Yes, in his little sleeping-garret by the light of a rushlight, he would stare over the half-human, half-bestial features of that being's portrait in the huge, worm-eaten, oak-bound folio, till his eyes all but started from their sockets.'

Of the Emperor Charles V, Borrow also has little good to say, though he does allow him some small meed of praise for his courage and his recognition of the obligation to defend his relations' interests. The very title of Ferdinand and Isabella, 'Los Reyes Catholicos,' is enough to open the floodgates of Borrow's invective; and when he speaks of the Popes he loses all self-control. In point of fact, by the violence of his diatribes Borrow defeats his own object. He becomes so absorbed in his theme that all sense of balance is destroyed, and the reader yawns over the disproportionate amount of space allotted to these religious feuds in a book entitled 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.'

On the other hand, Borrow's denunciation of Wolsey is more effective because it is less prolonged.

'Now only one word,' he says, 'on a piece of hypocritical nonsense, which has won for him the sympathy of millions and will doubtless still win him the sympathy and commiseration of more millions still. "Had I served my God as I have served my King, He would not have deserted me in

my grey hairs!" O, thou^hoary sinner, thou didst serve thy King exactly as thou didst serve thy God, and on that account thy King deserted thee, even as thy God did! Thy King loaded thee with every kindness, with every favour, made thee a greater man than himself and endeavoured to make thee Pope, that is God-idol on earth, and how didst thou requite him? Didst thou not sell thy kind, confiding, generous master to the Pope, Ferdinand, the man-beast of Austria, and the cold-hearted deceiver Charles, he who could lead thee by the nose even as thou couldst lead thy master, and all because if he had pleased he could have made thee Pope? Thy God put all the brains of thy native district into thy head. How didst thou requite Him? By selling Him, by betraying and disgracing Him, by polluting His temple with thy breath, at the time when the disease of Spain was in thy bones and thy marrow, in thy heart, in thy tongue, in thy liver and thy lung. Truly, thou didst serve thy King even as thou didst serve thy God. O, thou worse than Judas! Judas! Judas betrayed his God. Thou didst betray thy God and thy King, nay more, thy friend. But enough of thee, Henry's and England's evil genius.'

It is Borrow's admiration for Henry VIII which leads him to criticise Henry VII. He is made responsible for the troubles of his son's reign by his insisting on the marriage with Catherine of Aragon, in order that her dowry should not be lost. Borrow hates a mercenary mind more than anything else, and emphasises this weakness of Henry VII. Did he not allow himself to be bought off by the King of France, and, even on his death-bed, did he not haggle with the monks over the price of the masses to be said for his soul? Borrow's dislike of Henry VII explains in its turn his sympathy for Richard III. He refuses to believe that the current conception based on Shakespeare's play, or on Colley Cibber's adaptation, is fair or accurate. Shakespeare's source was biased, and Borrow, therefore, rejects as the invention of a partisan the reports of Richard's diabolical countenance and deformed body, and doubts if he was guilty of half the crimes laid to his charge. On the other hand, he admires his dauntless spirit and prowess in battle.

The ultimate explanation of Borrow's attitude towards all these monarchs and statesmen lies, as we have tried to show, in his anti-Catholic bias. In judging Owen

Glendower, Griffith ap Nicholas, and Ryce ap Thomas, he is not fettered in the same way. Consequently, the portraits that he draws of them are among the most lifelike in his gallery of historical characters. One feature appears here and elsewhere, namely, Borrow's belief in the guidance of the Divine hand in history. He sympathises with Glendower rather than with Bolingbroke; but is reconciled to the defeat of the former, because it did not agree with God's designs 'to permit Wales to become an independent kingdom, as in such an event she must have existed in continual contention with England, and have crippled the latter, whilst herself bleeding from every pore.' Hence Bolingbroke, though 'a very bad and unjust man, . . . was permitted to do what in the long run promoted the general good.' The overthrow of Richard III was also the will of God, for did it not mean the accession of the Tudors, one of whom was to rescue England from Rome and say to the monks: 'Go forth, ye lazy crew! Either earn your bread or starve!' This thought returns again and again, always with a Cromwellian ring. George Borrow would not be George Borrow if he were consistent, and so it can occasion no surprise when, in another connexion, he doubts whether all is ordered for the best in this world. In the history of the English dynasties and in the Reformation, Borrow is willing to see the finger of God, but not in the unfortunate fate of Goronwy Owen.

If Borrow has his weaknesses as a writer on history, he has also his merits. He has visualised each of his personages as a man of flesh and blood, has formed a clear opinion of his character, and pats him approvingly on the back or administers to him a sound cudgelling, as if he were one of his own kith and kin. What a contrast between Borrow's Griffith ap Nicholas or Ryce ap Thomas and the pale chieftains of the dry-as-dust chronicle in the 'Cambrian Register,' where Borrow found them sleeping the sleep of many centuries! He enlivens his narrative by introducing imaginary conversations or correspondence. Griffith ap Nicholas writes to the great feudal lords, his neighbours, about the bickerings of their dependents with his own men. Edward of York sends an appeal for help to Griffith and receives a memorable reply. Ryce debates with his

advisers whether he shall join Henry of Richmond or not—all this in the most vivid manner.

The use of the rhetorical question and his love of the dramatic are also marked features of Borrow's work. One sees here, too, that fondness of fighting which Borrow, the son of a soldier, always displayed, whether in his adventures in England and Spain or in his translations of Danish ballads. His pictures of the Battle of the Spurs, of Bosworth Field, and of the struggle at Mortimer's Cross are among the best things he has written. The last of these may be taken as an example:

'The battle begins; first the shouting; flights of arrows and bolts from long-bow and cross-bow; then hotter work, nearer play; clashing of faulchions, cleaving of shields and helmets, blood flowing in torrents, a very deadly fight hand to hand. An hour passes and the Yorkists begin to yield. "En avant, mes filz!" says the great Earl Owen Tudor, shaking his gauntlet at the flinching foe, and Lewis Glyn Cothi uses brave words. Yes, the Yorkists are beaten; they run, they run, all but one band which presses forward, making seemingly (what madness!) towards the banner of the great Earl. Now, red roses, if you can but make that band run, the day is your own. Aye, but it is no easy thing to make that band turn round, and see! the rest of the Yorkists, who were running, are become ashamed and are reforming behind that band and about its flanks. However, thank God, the leader of the band is struck down by an arrow. Yes, their leader, that rather lusty old fellow with the grey hair and breastplate over a grey cloak, his fall will stop them. Yes, they stop. But see! the old man sits up on the field and says something to that handsome young man and also to that strong-looking fellow in buckram with a morion, who looks more like the thief than the honest man, but who deals terrible blows.

'There is a deadly shock, but the Lancastrians yield and the banner of the great Earl is taken and the first to lay hands on it is Philip ap Howel of Knokelas, who nevertheless falls, cleft through morion and brain by the great Earl's standard-bearer, whose arm is the next moment hewn off by Thomas ap Griffith the younger, who seizes the standard and retains it "and at the head of his men pursues the Earl of Pembroke even unto flight." Yes, the great Earl flies and Lewis Glyn Cothi, seeing his patron flying, does not linger behind but betakes himself to wild Wales, "sitting," to use his wonderful expression, "between the ears of the stag."

And the Lancastrian host flies, leaving, however, thousands of dead on the field and many prisoners, amongst whom is Sir Owen Tudor, the husband of Catherine of France, brother uterine of Henry the Sixth, whose head is almost immediately struck off by order of Edward beneath Mortimer's Cross, for those were not the days of mock humanity, when commanders curried favour with their enemies, binding up their wounds, whilst leaving their own mangled followers to perish on the field.'

Whatever the interest of 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings' as a study of Welsh literature and as an example of history brilliantly written from the angle of a partisan, its greatest value is perhaps as a manifestation of Borrow's personality. It is curious to see how here, as elsewhere, particularly in 'Wild Wales,' Borrow could never make up his mind whether to consider himself a typical Englishman or a Celt. In the account of his travels through Wales he talks now in the accents of one, now in the accents of the other. He is consistent only in his aggressively superior attitude. The reason for this alternation of two different points of view is to be sought in the fact that Borrow, though born and bred in Norfolk, was of Cornish descent. The latter comes to the fore more than once in 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.' With pride he refers to the old mystery plays written in 'beautiful Cornish, the speech of the writer's own forefathers,' and praises them as equal to the work of Calderon. With equal pride he lingers over the Cornish rebellion against the heavy taxation of Henry VII. A poor but brave and spirited people, they fought on in spite of their inferior numbers and scanty equipment. 'The Cornish men never gave over to the last,' says the old chronicler whom Borrow quotes. In this connexion Borrow is torn between his allegiance to Cornwall and his loyalty to Norfolk. 'The Cornish,' he says, 'are a race partly Celtic, partly Saxon, but more Celtic than Saxon. They are incomparably the strongest men in Britain, they make the best soldiers and perhaps sailors, though it must be admitted that the men of Norfolk, who are of pure Scandinavian blood, all but rival them in battling with the sea and storm.' It is this dual strain in Borrow which explains two of the great enthusiasms which filled his life, his zeal for the

literature of Scandinavia, especially that of Denmark, and his pursuit of the Celtic tongues.

Even if we had not 'Wild Wales,' the work we are now discussing would remain as a monument to Borrow's sympathy with Wales and her people. His literary and historical studies had brought the past of Wales before his eyes, his wanderings had familiarised him with the present. He had an equipment of knowledge and imagination such as few Englishmen have possessed, and yet he was sufficiently independent, sufficiently detached, to see the shortcomings as well as the virtues. Borrow pays tribute repeatedly to the courage and loyalty of the Welsh. He tells of the fierce battle of Stoke with the Irish on one side and the followers of Ryce ap Thomas on the other; for when 'Celt meets Celt, then comes the tug of war.' He speaks of the Welsh commander, Rhys Gwgan, under Edward III, of the Welsh exploits at Crecy, and of their loyalty to all the English kings who treated them kindly. Of the modern Welsh peasant he has also a good word to say, in particular for his love of learning and literature. The father of Goronwy Owen, poor and humble though he might be, understood the meaning of the word 'awen,' poetic inspiration, and Borrow wonders what English peasant would have shown the same insight. For the Welsh language, needless to say, Borrow had a singular affection. He loved it for its copiousness, its sonority, and its affinity to Greek and Latin. He had only contempt for the false gentility which discarded its rich tradition, and lamented the lack of a university in Wales to cultivate and cherish it, a defect which has long since been remedied.

For the humble man in Wales and elsewhere Borrow had a great liking. His experiences in tramping the open road had taught him that originality is the monopoly of no class, and that even the most unpromising of companions if plied with questions by one so eager in the pursuit of the curious as Borrow, may prove a gold-mine of strange information. In particular his heart warmed to the struggling poetic genius. He followed with the keenest interest the careers of such men as Goronwy Owen and Twm o'r Nant; he partook of their cares and sufferings and raged at their oppressors. Goronwy the poor curate, eking out his existence in a

London garret, out of tune with his environment in England, or an exile in America, and Twm o'r Nant making ink from elderberries—how these things moved him! As he entered the church at Oswestry where Goronwy had preached he was seized with agitation. With what veneration he regarded the poet may be seen from his words to the sexton, covered with mould and mire, in whom he had just discovered the great-grand-nephew of Goronwy:

'I wouldn't turn my head to look at a prince, my friend, but I would have come a hundred miles to shake you by the hand. Here's my hand, if you will do me the honour to shake it. Come, never mind the mud and clay. I shall be only too proud to take a little of it off you.'

Yet with all this was mingled a large measure of contempt for poets, the instinctive contempt of the man of action for the thinker and dreamer. Whenever he can, Borrow emphasises the other qualities of a man apart from his poetic skill. 'Iolo Goch was a great poet,' he tells us, 'but independent of being a great poet, he was a remarkable man'; while Lewis Morris 'was a first-rate mechanic, an expert navigator, a great musician both in theory and practice, and a poet . . . of singular excellence.' The poetry comes last, the manly accomplishments first, and that is characteristic of Borrow's attitude. He speaks even more clearly in referring to Twm o'r Nant, who, with his feats of strength, his handiness and adaptability, his vitality and elasticity of mind in trouble, embodied those Viking virtues that were ever Borrow's ideal. He contrasts him with Goronwy Owen: 'How different was Tom's behaviour . . . to that of the Welsh bards in general, always looking for a gift and dearly loving the bread of idleness! How different from that of that beautiful poet Goronwy Owen, who could not live without help and who with his family would have died in starvation in London, had not Lewis Morris got him that same situation in Virginia!' A little earlier he says of Tom:

'He was what the poet very, very seldom is—a man. Poets in general as men are certainly very poor creatures. They are weak, cowardly and effeminate. Horace, one of their princes, says so. If their verses will not support them,

which they very seldom do, they are quite helpless and would starve unless somebody were to take pity upon them, giving them a place, a sinecure, or bed and board, which they are always most happy to accept, for in them there is no independence of spirit, no noble pride, though an enormous deal of vanity. Their Elysium is the table of a great man whom they flatter, who treats them with gentlemanly condescension, and whose wife and daughter pet, flatter and despise them, taking particular good care never to run away with them. O, poets in general are certainly very poor creatures considered as men, though certainly there have been poets who besides writing verses could play a bold part in the drama of life, could build and sail a ship like Lewis Morris, cleave to the chine like Taillefer at Hastings, hedge, ditch, drive a cart or load a cart like Thomas Edwards, who took much more pride in being considered the first carter in Wales than the best poet.'

And who would blame him? Not George Borrow, at any rate, for 'is not one grand deed better than all the singing, harping and scribbling in the world?' And with his eye on the Crimean War, Borrow continues: 'Would it not have been better for England to have taken Cronstadt or the Redan than to have produced . . . some exceedingly clever book every month? Woe to the country which has writers to boast of instead of men.' Borrow agrees with Dr Johnson in judging poets by the same standards as other men. He will concede to them no privileged position. Even those poets whom he praises for their manliness may be found wanting in some other respect. Thus, in spite of all his versatility, Lewis Morris does not escape unscathed from the fiery furnace of Borrow's criticism, for is not his poetry sometimes licentious and the language of his 'Bugail Tregaron' enough to make a harlot blush?

The power to play a bold part in the drama of life was the test that Borrow applied to all men, whether writers, soldiers, statesmen, or kings, and it was because such men as Henry VIII and Richard III passed this test that he was more easily reconciled to them. Borrow's ideal man of action was Griffith ap Nicholas. Shrewd and far-sighted, he was able to hold his own against the jealousy and greed of his powerful neighbours, and while supporting his own countrymen and even conniving at their misdeeds contrived to remain on good

terms with the Court in London. He was one of those bluff, downright characters that Borrow loved. Once he had pledged himself, he never swerved from the path of loyalty. There was no limit to his aid of those whom he had undertaken to support.

What a contrast was Ryce ap Thomas, the grandson of Griffith ap Nicholas, the embodiment of the qualities that Borrow most detested! Throughout his life he thought only of himself, and with cold calculation sought out everything which would lead to the attainment of his goal. His courage and perseverance, his caution and sagacity, were remarkable; with the result that his career was uniformly successful and prosperous. At the time of his death he was the most powerful man in Wales, the owner of enormous wealth and vast territories. But he was entirely devoid of generous impulses, and in this Borrow compares him to Wellington, for whom our writer entertained a passionate dislike because of his treatment of his soldiers and his failure to save Ney from the vengeance of the Bourbons. Borrow hated the casuistry by which Ryce broke his oath to Richard III and threw in his lot with Henry of Richmond. He contrasts the caution of Ryce ap Thomas with the blunt recklessness of his grandfather and asks ironically: 'After all, what becometh a young man more than prudence, for has he not many fair years in prospect? The aged can afford to be rash: no fair years can he expect, only a few days, and those clouded.' Borrow had no sympathy for the double-dealer who achieves worldly success. That is no doubt why he admired the non-jurors who sacrificed prosperity to carry out the pledge they had taken. Borrow thought ill of the Stuarts, but esteemed the honesty and loyalty of their supporters. In connexion with Ryce ap Thomas he says, possibly with an eye to himself:

'Is worldly dignity the greatest good? Millions will say "No," though they think that it is, and act in a manner that shows that they think so. There are a few, however, who will say "No," who neither think that it is, nor act as if they thought it were; who think that even as far as this life is concerned, what is called worldly prosperity is not the highest good, and that a person with a noble generous heart, even though buffeted by fortune, may enjoy more pleasure, more

delight, than one of the cold-hearted ones most highly favoured by that Goddess.'

Borrow concludes by showing how the great Ryce to whom bards had assured everlasting fame, is now forgotten even in the lands over which he held sway, while the name of the humble vicar, Rees Pritchard, is remembered and honoured.

In 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings' we find yet another successful character for whom Borrow felt dislike, in this case amounting to loathing. This was Douglas, the incumbent of Donnington in Shropshire, where Goronwy Owen acted as curate. Douglas was a Scot, who, coming to England, renounced Presbyterianism and entered the Church of England. He attracted attention by vindicating Milton against the charge of plagiarism which another Scot, Lauder, had brought forward in an attempt to damage the poet's reputation. Douglas was rewarded with the benefice of Donnington, became tutor to the sons of the Earl of Bath, and was made successively Bishop of Carlisle and Bishop of Salisbury. Borrow's grievance against Douglas was that he paid Goronwy Owen a mere pittance for carrying out the double office of clergyman and schoolmaster at Donnington, while he himself basked in affluence in London. Borrow's comment is severe: "He vindicated Milton" was said in his funeral sermon. His proper epitaph seems to be the following: "Here lies the divine who vindicated the English Milton and starved the Welsh one." The nationality of Douglas was probably also responsible in part for Borrow's attitude. He had an inveterate prejudice against the Scots; it was even more deeply ingrained in him than in Dr Johnson. Was it the result of some boyish resentment aroused during the stay in Edinburgh described in 'Lavengro'? Was it a reflexion of his jealousy of Jamieson's translations of Danish ballads, or was it a memory of his disagreement with Lockhart? Doubtless all three factors contributed something to the strength of his sentiment at the time when he wrote 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.' At any rate the animus is unmistakable. We see it again when Borrow, writing of the Scottish invasion in 1513, says: 'Harry hears that the scoundrel Scotch who, taking a mean advantage of his absence, had invaded

his native dominions, had been routed at Flodden by England's yeomen and their king slain.'

There was another people against whom Borrow was prejudiced—the Americans. One wonders again what was the cause. Perhaps the old parish clerk mentioned in 'Lavengro,' who had fought at Bunker's Hill, had a hand in it; but it was Borrow's own soldier-father who was mainly responsible. Passages will be found in 'Lavengro' to illustrate this side of Borrow, and those familiar with 'Wild Wales' may recall the scene with the Welsh-American in the inn at Pala. In 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings' Borrow's bias appears when he speaks of Goronwy Owen's emigration to Virginia, and the long silence which followed. Borrow would have us believe that the poet, coming from the old country, was an object of suspicion, and that his correspondence was opened and destroyed. He gloats over the disappointment of the Yankee on finding the letters written in an unintelligible language—Welsh.

Among Borrow's prejudices we must reckon his hatred of Roman Catholicism. We have already seen how this coloured his outlook. His bitterness was such that he lost all sense of proportion and could see no good whatsoever in the religion of Rome. This applied equally to the past and the present; his only solution was the root-and-branch policy. He dismissed all monks as equally lazy, and all Popes as equally wicked. His indignation at the subjection of moral law to political aims knew no bounds, while Mariolatry roused him to fury. How typical is his exclamation of fierce joy when he tells of England's separation from Rome: 'Aye, mourn in the dust, old strumpet!' It can serve no useful purpose to linger over Borrow's violent and unmeasured sayings in this connexion, but it is necessary to mention them when attempting a characterisation of Borrow as revealed by his work. They do show, also, that whatever may be thought of his opinions, he had the courage to say what was in his mind, and that the agent of the Bible Society, with all his bellicose temper and militant methods, sincerely held the convictions that he professed.

Borrow also held strong views about Methodism, and if we had only 'Wild Wales' to guide us, we might think him incurably prejudiced in this matter too. Does he

not on one occasion remark on seeing a chapel close by an oatfield: 'Oats and Methodism! What better symbols of poverty and meanness!' One remembers likewise the persecuted Anglican cat at Llangollen and many other incidents. Even in 'Wild Wales,' however, Borrow pays tribute to Methodism in the person of John Jones the weaver, his trusty companion. But for a full exposition of Borrow's views we must turn to 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.' He paints a vivid picture of the decay of religion in England and Wales before the appearance of Whitfield, Wesley, Howel Harris, and Daniel Rowlands. There was a general lack of vitality, too many dull sermons from the pulpit, and too much snoring in the pews. Borrow condemns the short-sightedness which drove pious men out of the fold, and contrasts the superior wisdom of Rome in dealing with men like Francis Xavier and Loyola. He points out the beneficial reaction of Methodism on the Church of England and shows how it paved the way for such institutions as the Bible Society. But then he criticises it:

'It is possible for well-intentioned people to go too far and to be over-zealous. It is a capital thing to put down Sabbath-breaking, but it is not a capital thing to turn it into a day of gloom, of sighing and groaning and sour-face-making. It is a capital thing to check profane and obscene language and barbarous exhibitions such as bull-baiting, cock-fighting and the like, but it is not a capital thing to persuade people that a merry and jocund laugh is sinful, and that racing, wrestling, cudgel-playing and using one's fists occasionally will hurl people down to the nethermost pit. It is a capital thing to teach people to read the Bible, but it is not a capital thing to make them believe that all reading but Bible-reading is to be avoided.'

Like Ellis Wynn, Borrow was firmly attached to the Church of England. He loved it because it was equidistant from Rome and Geneva, and he claimed that of all Churches it was the best adapted to promote the glory of God. Borrow shook his head over the laxness of the clergy and the coarseness of the laity in the 18th century; but in some ways he thought more of the Church than in his own time. It seemed to him to possess more of the true Christian spirit and less of what was anathema to Borrow—snobbishness.

Goronwy Owen, the curate of Oswestry, was not ashamed to welcome his poor brother Owen when he arrived hot and dusty after tramping it all the way from Anglesey; he did not hesitate to obtain for him the post of parish clerk, anything but a dignified employment, and was not embarrassed by Owen's presence in this capacity when he himself was officiating. What is more, the congregation saw no cause for scandal in such an arrangement. One can well understand how repugnant all false gentility was to Borrow the vagabond, friend of the gypsies, and lover of the open road, and how the conduct of Goronwy would appeal to him. For similar reasons he praises Lewis Morris, who in his youth was apprenticed to a cooper and rose to be a landed proprietor and inspector of the royal domains and mines in Wales. Yet Morris never denied his humble origin, and only a few years before his death made a puncheon to commemorate his apprenticeship.

We have earlier remarked on similarities between Borrow and Dr Johnson, and may add one more—the possession of a robust common sense. Borrow tells how Morfudd eloped with Dafydd ap Gwilym, because she found life dull with her old husband, and remarks magisterially that she could have found plenty to occupy her, 'had she done her duty by endeavouring to make the poor man comfortable, and by visiting the sick and needy around her.' Beside this we may place another aphorism, 'A man is never thoroughly well off till he has a good wife; never thoroughly ruined till he has a bad one.' Borrow relates a story about Lord Whitney, who being sent with a royal commission to arrest Griffith ap Nicholas, had his commission stolen, and was compelled to don Griffith's livery and justify him in London. However, Borrow refuses to believe it.

'That a gentleman, to say nothing of a nobleman, would, for the sake of life have consented to do anything of the kind is impossible. What would life have been worth after submitting to such ignominy? O, no! Had Griffith said "I'll hang you, unless you put on my coat and justify me," his lordship would have assuredly answered "Hang me and be—," and had the Welshman ordered him to be executed would have calmly submitted to his fate.'

He is equally sceptical about the superb festivals

given by Ryce of Tywyn, and laughs to scorn the innumerable hosts of guests equal to those of Asia, the twice twenty thousand beeves and deer, the world of bread and the ocean of wine with which, according to the bard Dafydd Nanmor, they were regaled. But, Borrow goes on:

'We have no doubt that he entertained now and then a thousand people, in a mighty booth, with a superabundance of roasted beef, mutton and seethed kid, a tolerable quantity of barley bread and griddled oat-cake, with cyder and metheglyn *ad libitum*, and that whatever wine or white bread was at table he kept in his own immediate neighbourhood for his own use and that of a few select friends, amongst whom was perhaps the bard.'

Another shrewd remark occurs in the account of Borrow's conversation with the descendant of Goronwy Owen, the sexton at Oswestry. On hearing that the sexton's son had emigrated to America in the hope of making his fortune, but, having been unsuccessful, was hunting after Goronwy Owen's estates, Borrow says: 'He who can't make a fortune by a trade in America will hardly make one by a pedigree.'

From what has been said it will be seen that though in 'Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings,' Borrow, the lover of the open road, is less to the fore than in many of his other works, there are ample compensations. We have admirable illustrations of his powers as a writer, many passages being as graphic, vivid, and vigorous as the best of his writings; we see, perhaps more clearly than anywhere else, his erudition and his indefatigability in the quest of curious information, and, lastly, the work adds much to our knowledge of that singular agglomeration of imagination, sympathy, generous impulse, violent prejudice, and shrewd mother-wit—George Borrow.

HERBERT WRIGHT.

Art. 3.—THE GREEK FEAR OF LIFE.

IN Nietzsche's early essay 'The Birth of Tragedy' there are some interesting remarks on the relationship between the Greek experience of life and their epic and dramatic art.

'The Greeks,' he says, 'recognised and felt the horrors and cruelties of existence, and to make life endurable presented before themselves the bright vision of the Olympian gods. . . . In this way the Olympian gods justify human life, by living it themselves. Existence under the bright sunshine of such deities was felt to be worth the effort, and the peculiar grief of the Homeric hero is felt about the departure from life, especially early departure.'

Though modern research may not accept entirely Nietzsche's theory of the origin and development of the Olympian gods, we owe him an immense debt for having dispelled the beautiful mist, which for a long time hid from us the real life of the Greeks, and through which we imagined we saw them, filled with the love of beauty, admiring themselves and their surroundings during a glorious and untroubled existence. The preface of Nietzsche's work is dated 1871, and in 1891 S. H. Butcher's delightful essay on 'The Melancholy of the Greeks' appeared in 'Some Aspects of the Greek Genius,' tracing throughout the principal classical authors the recurrence of a melancholy note in their criticism of life. It is very probable that the author was acquainted with Nietzsche's Essay, but with the spirit of moderation and love of harmony which his generation believed to be characteristic of the Greeks, he refrained from treating this feeling as anything more passionate than melancholy. For Nietzsche it was the secret of the Greek genius: for Prof. Butcher it invested the calm forms of Greek art and life with a wistful charm. And quite recently a great German scholar, Hermann Diels, has discussed the same material in an essay on 'Der antike Pessimismus,' as a real and important factor in the Greek struggle for existence.

Perhaps neither melancholy nor pessimism is a suitable word to describe this peculiar attitude of the Greeks towards life. Such words suggest to us something

ineffectual in the conduct of practical life, and no one who has any knowledge of Greek history or literature between 600-400 B.C. would dream of applying the word 'ineffectual' to them. The small Oxford Dictionary defines pessimism as 'a tendency to look at the worst aspect of things; doctrine that this world is the worst possible, or that all things tend to evil.' No tendency or doctrine of this kind can be ascribed to such writers as Theognis or Pindar or Herodotus, who have given the clearest expression in the most vigorous period of Greek history to the bitterness of life. The words of Theognis are well known; they were repeated by Euripides and elaborated in a famous chorus of Sophocles' last play.

'Not to be born is, past all prizing, best; but when a man hath seen the light, this is next best by far, that with all speed he should go thither whence he hath come. For when he hath seen youth go by, with its light follies, what suffering is not therein?—envy, factions, strife, battles, and slaughters; and, last of all, age claims him for her own—age dispraised, infirm, unsociable, unfriended, with whom all woe of woes abides' (Jebb).

It is a remorseless presentation of the sorrowful side of life. We cannot say that it is looking at the worst aspect of things; it is looking at one side of things and does not countenance the view that the Greeks saw only that side; it does not suggest that all things tend to evil. It is rather a consideration of life as it actually appeared, with judgment passed on it after due reflexion. The same dramatist has sung no less sincerely the joy and vigour of man's life in a chorus in the *Antigone*. 'Wonders are many, and none is more wonderful than man . . . speech and wind-swift thought, and all the moods that mould a state, hath he taught himself' (Jebb). There is no thought here of admitting that this world is the worst possible; it is rather one which man has been able to improve immensely.

For the earlier period—the transition from the sixth to the fifth century—Theognis or the poems collected under his name is an invaluable aid in estimating the general Greek view of life on the mainland as opposed to the society of the Homeric age. He writes as a man

who has experienced life, its good things and reverses; no longer young, he is entitled to his judgment upon it, which he puts into elegiac couplets for the benefit of a younger man. This experience of life, upon which all Greek literature rests, is the secret of its attraction and influence upon later generations. It is not the voice of youth, a Shelley or Keats, that speaks to us from their literature, but that of men of mature age, who have had varied and plentiful experience of life. And those poems that do not belong to Theognis still represent general and popular views on life, such as were sung at banquets and drinking parties. There is nothing in all this body of poetry to suggest that all things tend to evil. On the contrary, the fundamental belief of the Greeks through this period is that it is impossible to know how any matter will end. 'Most difficult it is to know the end of any deed that is unaccomplished, how God intends to bring it about. In front of that which is to be, darkness is spread, the barrier of helplessness, incomprehensible by mortals';* and again, 'No man knows in his heart whether his work will come to a good or bad end. Often expecting to make it badly, he makes it well. . . .† They will not pronounce a verdict upon any life before the end is reached, and Solon counts death a great good if it comes to a man in the fullness of prosperity and happiness and prefers the obscure lives of Cleobis and Biton and Tellos, who all died happily, to that of Cræsus, who had not yet finished his tale of days.

In one of the detached couplets Theognis says: 'Pray not for great excellence nor substance. All that a man needs is good fortune.' This sentiment occurs often in these poems and helps us to understand the so-called pessimism of the Greeks. Their life was far more exposed to mischance than ours. Not only was life in the city liable to violent upheavals with much bloodshed and exile, but there was insecurity and helplessness everywhere. There were only slight and uncertain resources to help the human body in sickness; journeys by land and sea were hazardous undertakings in the face of overpowering forces. The Greek was naturally

* Theognis, 1075.† *Ib.*, 133.

disinclined to sit at home, and the struggle to supply the physical needs of life was severe and made hard work and adventure necessary. Activity of some kind, war-like or mercantile, was the essence of life, and yet it involved great risks. He continually saw vigorous lives cut short or maimed by the hand of man or the forces of nature. Viewing then all these troubles with that ability to see things as they are which was characteristic of the Greeks, he measured life and found it wanting. The fears and terrors of life were too great to allow him to welcome it as a gift. Only with 'good luck' could life be counted a blessing. On the other hand, there were definite joys in life, youth, health, wine, friends, the enjoyment of which should not be spoiled by any looking into the future. 'Let us devote our heart to good cheer while it can sustain joyousness; glorious youth passes as quickly as a thought; the speed of horses is not swifter.' There are moments of positive value, though the high glory of the Homeric life has failed. The 'lovely daylight' is no less sweet to Theognis than to Ajax, who prays for death in the light. And who has depicted the Greek love of activity and joy in the midst of danger better than the Corinthian speaker in the first book of Thucydides? That passage presents the most intellectually advanced of the Greeks, who would on that account be most aware of the evil chances of life, as insatiable in action:

'They are bold beyond their strength; they run risks which prudence would condemn; and in the midst of misfortune they are full of hope . . . they are impetuous . . . they are always abroad, for they hope to gain something by leaving their homes. When they do not carry out an intention they have formed, they seem to themselves to have sustained a personal bereavement; when an enterprise succeeds they have gained a mere instalment of what is to come, but if they fail they at once conceive new hopes and so fill up the void. This is the life-long task, full of danger and toil which they are always imposing upon themselves' (Jowett).

Such did the Athenians appear to their rivals at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, and we may assume that Thucydides agreed with this estimate. It is the last assertion of the active joy of life before the decline

of the true Greek spirit that came about during the Peloponnesian War.

These, then, are the two poles in the Greek view of life. From one point of view life is something fearful, uncertain, and cruel in its chances, a fight against such odds that on reflexion it were better to refuse the struggle altogether; on the other side, there is the joy of action and achievement, the delight of health, of friends, of the sunlight. The goodness of such a life is proved by the fact that the Greeks imagined the life of the gods on Olympus and the blessed heroes in Elysium under that form.

'There life is easiest for men; there is no rain, nor snow, nor winter storm, but always ocean sends the breath of the high west wind, blowing cool upon men.' 'And so they dwell with hearts free from care in the Islands of the Blest . . . happy heroes, for whom the Mother of corn bears honey-sweet fruits that flourish thrice a year' (Cornford).

Pindar gives typical expression to both these views. He sings with enthusiasm of the 'magic potency of valour.' In the darkness of night, upon the margin of the hoary sea, Pelops exclaims, 'Forasmuch as men must die, wherefore should one sit vainly in the dark through a dull and nameless age, and without lot in noble deeds?' (Myers). Yet he too recognises the inadequacy of life, the certain failure of our hopes.

'Things of a day—what are we, and what not? Man is the dream of a shadow.' 'Seek not to be as Zeus; if a portion of these honours fall to thee, thou hast already all. The things of mortals best befit mortality' (Myers). 'Up and down the hopes of men are tossed as they cleave the waves of baffling falsity; and a sure token of what shall come to pass hath never any man on the earth received from God' (ib.).

And finally Herodotus, whose whole work is nothing more than an epic upon the active spirit of liberty in the Greeks, at the most solemn moment of his history, when Xerxes has reviewed the host that is to crush Greece, passes his verdict upon life:

'And Xerxes said, "I wept because pity came upon me when I reflected upon the shortness of human life, seeing that of all this host not one will come to his hundredth year.'

And Artabanus answered him: "And yet in this short life of ours no man is so fortunate that he will not many a time wish to be dead once and for all rather than to continue living. For disasters come upon him, and diseases vex him and make life seem long though it is really short. And so death, since life is so bitter, has come to be a most desirable refuge. The divine power, after letting us taste the sweetness of life, is jealous of granting us more."

The difference between this judgment and Theognis' emphatic 'Best of all things it is not to be born upon the earth' is very slight.

The continual recurrence of this fear of life in so many places prevents us from treating it as the manifestation of a chance mood of weariness or old age in some particular author. If it occurred only in Euripides or in the last play written by Sophocles, we might say it was due to a failure of the 'will to live' or to the disillusionment and depression caused by the agony of the Peloponnesian War. But it is a constant refrain in Greek literature during the healthiest and most vital periods. We can trace it from Homer, through Hesiod to Theognis and the great writers of the fifth century in whom above all we are taught to look for sanity and balance of judgment. And the same attitude is admitted for the mass of people in the story of Midas and Silenus, which Aristotle says was popular and upon every one's lips. The famous Midas once captured Silenus, the possessor of secret wisdom, and asked him what was the best and most preferable thing for man; and Silenus very unwillingly answered him: 'The best thing of all is not in man's power to possess; for not to be born is best of all; but of those things that are in his power the best is after birth to die as soon as possible.'

Pity for the frailty of human life, fear for what may befall in it, and a spontaneous delight in activity are the significant elements in the Greek consciousness of life. And this antithesis between the fear of life's chances and the glory of action inevitably calls to mind the magnificent spectacle of Greek Tragedy in which the same feelings are awoken by the representation of life upon the stage. Tragedy is the peculiar creation of the Athenian genius in the world of art. Epic and lyric poetry, sculpture and music and painting have received

artistic form independently of Greece in other parts of the world. No other people has developed the tragic drama to become the central religious and æsthetic interest in life. No other festival, no other form of art, was more popular at Athens than those at which tragic representations were given. What was the secret of this popularity? 'A tragedy,' says Aristotle, 'is the imitation of an action that is serious, and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself.'

The plot, that is action, is in his eyes more important than power of versification or delineation of character.

'Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and life, and life consists in action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality. Now character determines men's qualities, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse . . . the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all.'*

Thus tragedy responds exactly to one aspect of the Greek conception of life, expressed with such conciseness by the Homunculus in Goethe's 'Faust':

'Desweil ich bin, muss ich auch tätig sein.'

And upon the hero, just as upon the ordinary man, at the height of his action falls the stroke of misfortune, and, in most cases, death closes his career. Yet nothing will deter him from action. *Œdipus* presses on from point to point, relentless in his quest of the truth until the final revelation is made, and in his ruin it is sorrow at the loss of such great powers rather than any pessimistic or melancholy feeling that is uppermost in the mind of the spectator. The desire to act, to achieve something noble before the end, as *Ajax* says, flames unquenchably in the midst of the struggle against the course of circumstances. The Greek tragedian took the essential forms of man's nature, his love of action in the sunlight of the earth and his recognition of hostile and incalculable forces thwarting his life, and by the power of art working with religious influences presented those opposing elements as reconciled in an action that is both rational and complete, that is, one in which the spectator would

* Butcher: 'Aristotle Poetics,' vi, 9.

acquiesce, because it had a purpose fulfilled in it and banished the pity and fear which he felt ordinarily in face of life.

Some such idea may perhaps be behind Aristotle's much-disputed remark that 'the incidents of tragedy arouse pity and fear wherewith to accomplish its cleansing of such emotions.' In actual life the Greek experienced both these emotions when he contemplated the passing of time and the sorrows of life. 'Foolish are men and witless,' exclaims Theognis, 'who weep for the dead rather than for the passing flower of youth.' Pity should not be shown for the dead who have passed once and for all from the sphere where pity should be shown. It is the passing of the precious occasions of life that demands pity. That is the function of pity in life, and the pity that is aroused by the incidents of a tragedy is not dissimilar, only stronger by the mode of presentation in which the whole issue of a life is contracted into a few hours, and because the heroes are more wonderful than ordinary men, with greater power to live and act gloriously, and yet are involved in the same kind of life. So too with the arousing and cleansing of fear. The fear of what life may bring, which was habitual to the Greek mind, is realised in Tragedy in its grandest and most terrible form. The doom of an *Cedipus*, an *Agamemnon*, or *Pentheus*, is more fearful than the fate of an ordinary person. The worst powers of life issue forth to work his overthrow, not 'single spies but in battalions,' and yet in a mysterious way the hero seems to triumph over them. He renounces life, seems almost to throw it away, and by that action shows there is after all a meaning and purpose in life which is not ordinarily apparent.

Bywater and Butcher, the two leading English exponents of Aristotle's *Poetics*, incline to the view that the emotions in his expression 'cleansing of such emotions' are pity and fear, as permanent and universal qualities in human nature, which find an outlet or relief in the contemplation of tragedy. They do not suggest that Aristotle might mean the pity and fear involved in the peculiar Greek judgment on life.

'Tragedy,' writes Butcher, 'excites emotion, however, only to allay it. Pity and fear, artificially stirred, expel the latent

pity which we bring with us from real life, or, at least, such elements in them as are disquieting. In the pleasurable calm which follows when the passion is spent, an emotional cure has been wrought.*

And Bywater in his commentary paraphrasing Aristotle says:

'Pity and fear are elements in human nature, and in some men they are present in a disquieting degree. With these latter the tragic excitement is a necessity; but is also in a sense good for all. It serves as a sort of medicine to lighten and relieve the soul of the accumulated emotion within it.†

Do these views really explain the irresistible power of tragedy to the Greeks themselves? Is not this 'emotional cure' too vague and theoretical, taking too little account of the essential affinity between tragedy and the ordinary joy and fear of life? For if we were to assume as true the Greek view of life that we have been discussing, and to grant a man the power of artistic creation in drama, then the appearance of Attic drama seems inevitable. And it is quite likely that Aristotle would not think it necessary to specify exactly the nature of the tragic pity and fear, because they were so universally recognised by the Greeks. Plutarch's *Consolation to Apollonius* shows that the same attitude to life was still prevalent in his day.

We have seen that Theognis recommends man to pray above all for good luck or chance in the affairs of life. Chance is the terrifying power which defeats human plans and makes life and man a thing of nought. How is chance treated in the action of tragedy? It is as far as possible eliminated, and life is presented as an orderly sequence of events, moving towards suffering and disaster but not by irrational and accidental causes. The disasters of the various heroes are justified to the audience, and what may appear superficially to be chance is, in reality, the working out of man's character. Of course a certain amount of chance must be accepted, for instance, the fact that *Œdipus* came to Thebes rather than anywhere else, and that he never made much

* Butcher: 'Aristotle's Theory of Fine Art,' p. 246.

† Bywater: 'Aristotle on the Art of Poetry,' p. 155.

inquiry into the death of Laios. But once the action of the play has begun, a world is unfolded in which everything happens rationally. It was a world such as the Greeks would desire, which would then have more meaning or plan in it than they could discover in their own experience. It must be remembered that their religion did not give them anywhere else a fixed interpretation of life, only counselling as, for instance, Sophocles does, complete submission to the will of God and the practice of piety. On the other hand, life as shown in tragedy had a meaning and significance. 'A significant world is a world in which nothing happens out of relation with the whole of things, in which everything must perfectly cohere with the rest and nothing can occur irrelevantly: a world in which each is for all and all is for each. That is the world we desire; and that is the world we never quite get—except in art.'* Such a world is given us pre-eminently in Greek tragedy, and we can now see the reason for its immense popularity. It gave the audience a chance to witness as detached spectators the serious business of life performed by the mightier characters of the sacred legends. The pity and fear that the 'doubtful doom of human kind' awoke during their ordinary life came to them in the theatre in intensified form but altered in quality, because the incidents which excited those emotions were then seen to be a necessary part of a rational world-order and not the strokes of blind chance. They saw 'a logical and moral necessity binding together the successive moments of a life, the parts of an action into a single unity. Each of the links is formed by the contact of human will with outward surroundings.' And further, this logical series of events was presented as a unity. This is what is meant in Aristotle's demand for unity of action. 'By means of unity the plot becomes individual and intelligible.'† Intelligibility is exactly the quality which the Greek cannot find in the ordinary events of life; men prosper or fail according to no fixed dispensation, and only the very fortunate can survey their life as an harmonious whole. Tragedy presents life in a different

* Abercrombie: 'Towards a Theory of Art,' p. 103.

† Butcher: *op. cit.*, pp. 180, 275.

manner and secures unity without length of days. The hero may be cut off like *Œdipus* at the height of his power and glory or in the midst of disgrace like *Ajax*, but their lives are not felt to be broken off by arbitrary chance—the disaster comes upon them as the necessary conclusion of past events brought about by their characters. 'The end is linked to the beginning with inevitable certainty and in the end we discern the meaning of the whole. *Τὸ τέλος μέγιστον πάντων*. In this powerful and concentrated impression lies the supreme test of unity.* Again Greek tragedy never ends abruptly with the death of the hero. The real meaning of his life and death is shown before the play is done. An action, whose chief interest involves the cutting short of a particular life, can only be presented as a real unity by including that life as an essential part of a larger whole, whose harmony is restored by the disaster. Both life and death are justified in Greek Tragedy. The helplessly broken arc of life appears in Tragedy both as 'broken' and as 'the perfect round.' The spectator's pity and fear for the issue of life are relieved or purified for more than the actual moment of the performance of a tragedy. His confidence is increased by this vision into the rational order of the world. His own troubled existence receives the calming light of religious art upon it,

'that makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart.'

It must not be forgotten that their tragic drama was to the Greeks more than a simple attractive spectacle. It had the consecration of religion upon it; it depicted the heroic life of the past when men walked with gods; there was, too, an element of strangeness and mystery in the formal design of a tragedy. The festival at which it was performed was in honour of *Dionysus*, the giver of wine, the restorer of man's forces in the struggle of life, who had himself suffered and, according to legend, died and risen again. His worship was older than the 'Olympian' religion, an elusive yet permanent factor in Greek religious thought. He was a 'mystery' god like

* Butcher: *op. cit.*, p. 285.

the earth goddess Demeter who had also passed through the bitterness of life. Thus religious and æsthetic forces supported each other to produce the full effect of Tragedy; religion confirmed as true the wish for an ordered scheme of things that finds its expression in life as shown in Tragedy. For in art man can be said to create a world nearer to his heart's desire, most of all in dramatic art which is 'the imitation of life and action.' So in sculpture the Greek artists re-create the human body in a form that of itself proclaims its freedom from the limitations of mortality. But Tragedy more than any other art is the most perfect expression of the Greek character; it combines their love of action, their appreciation of the possibilities of life, their sense of the horror and pitifulness of it, into a form of art in which their passionate desire that the burden of it should be justified is ideally realised. Surely, then, the pity and fear whose purification Aristotle maintains to be a function of tragedy, are not the momentary emotions stirred up during the progress of the drama, nor are they the general emotions as they exist in human beings. They are the pity and fear which a Greek felt in the uninspired hours of life for his own weakness and for what fate may have in store for him. It is those personal feelings which are cleansed or purged by witnessing a great tragedy, for then there is borne in on him, unconsciously in most cases, on the 'viewless wings' of poetry, a power to strengthen his 'elementary faith' in the goodness of life. 'When he wakes into daily life again . . . he is ready in the strength of it, to defy all that seems to give it the lie in the world of the senses and scientific understanding.*' The working of great poetry, which Prof. Stewart thus describes, is intensified in Greek Tragedy by the variety of its artistic appeal, poetry, music, singing and dancing being all fused together.

The unpopularity of Euripides as a tragedian during the fifth century may perhaps be explained by this relationship between tragedy and the Greek feeling about life. In most of the plays of Euripides that we possess the characters have heroic names, but their

* J. A. Stewart: 'The Myths of Plato,' p. 41.

voices and fortunes are those of ordinary life; the action of the Orestes or the Hecuba may be a rational and self-developing unity, but there is no feeling of reconciliation in the disaster. The conclusions of his plays leave us with the question, How can these things be? The dénouement does not give or renew confidence in life; the horrors and uncertainties of ordinary life are repeated again upon the stage; the just suffer undeservedly, or to satisfy the passions of the gods, and not from the nature of their own characters. His men and women are 'as flies to wanton boys.' Finally, the zest of action is failing before the zest of debate and argument. Acceptance of life and joy in it is clouded by intellectual doubt. Euripides is pessimistic in the modern sense; his characters are 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' The Athenians no doubt relished the subtlety of spirit that manifests itself everywhere in his plays; it was not, however, in its proper place on the tragic stage of the fifth century, when the will to live and rule was still vigorous. And it is consistent with this explanation that when the joy of immediate activity began to fail, he became the most popular dramatist. From the fourth century onwards he delighted audiences all over the Greek world by those discussions of life's problems, which replace in his plays direct action. In spirit and in diction he is very close to the other most popular literary art of that period—the Middle and New Comedy. Sophocles, on the other hand, felt to the end of his life the essential relationship between Greek Tragedy and life.

Tragedy has never again been able to attain the supreme importance it exercised in Greece. The Shakespearean tragedy is not a synthesis of religious and æsthetic emotion. It is not rooted in the national conception of life. A modern audience does not look to tragedy to justify the course of the world; it has religious and spiritual convictions quite independent of the tragic fact of life. The representation cannot be so intense for us as for the Greeks, because we have different views about life, possibly a faith that this life is only a very small part of a wider existence. The nearest approach that we have to Greek Tragedy in intensity of feeling and significance is the Gospel drama

of the Passion, and the memorial of it in the Roman Mass set to music by a great composer. Whether we are Christians or not, we are not dependent upon the drama of Hamlet or King Lear for reconciliation with life. We may learn from them the magnificence of it, the nobility and the helplessness of man; we may forget in them for a moment our troubles and fears; they are not the only justification of life that we possess. Like Job, we believe that our Redeemer lives in our religious faith as well as in various spiritual ideals, by which life may acquire continuity and meaning. In their widest form we call them belief in the Kingdom of God or in the progress of the world, and by those terms we can measure the great gulf between us and the Greeks of the fifth century, for whom the ideas of indefinite progress or a 'kingdom not of this world' did not exist. Yet such differences do not lessen, they only emphasise, the lonely splendour of Greek Tragedy, where, for a brief period, an art-form has been accepted by a people as a satisfactory interpretation of life.

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Art. 4.—THE STUDY OF WAR.

1. *On War*. By C. von Clausewitz. Translated by Col. J. J. Graham. Three vols. Kegan Paul, 1908.
 2. *The Art of War in the Middle Ages*. By Sir Charles Oman. Two vols. Methuen, 1924.
 3. *The Great Illusion*. By Norman Angell. Heinemann, 1909.
 4. *Essays and Addresses in War Time*. By Viscount Bryce. Macmillan, 1918.
 5. *War and Armament Expenditure of Japan*. Carnegie Endowment. Oxford University Press, 1922.
 6. *Report on the Education and Training of Officers*. H.M. Stationery Office, 2031, 1924.
- And other works.

MOST young men who adopted the profession of arms in the Victorian and pre-Victorian days of territorial conquest must have pondered, during their first campaign, upon the problem of their personal responsibility for taking human life. Although more than forty years have since passed, I retain a clear memory of such problems having confronted many who took part in the Soudan campaign in 1884, which culminated in the battles of El Teb and Tamaai. Most of us who were present at those battles had no clear idea what the conflict was about, or any desire to kill the Hadendowa Arabs, who were greatly admired by all ranks, until it became a question of choice between killing and being killed. Then we killed as many as we could, as quickly as we could. It was not pleasant work, as they had no chance against our rifles and machine-guns; but we were consoled by the thought that no responsibility rested upon ourselves. The people who sent us there to be killed if we did not kill were responsible.

This leads naturally to the widespread attitude of indifference in this country towards the intelligent study of war, and of everything connected therewith. It is considered an unpleasant subject, and the policy generally adopted is confined to paying soldiers and sailors—and, nowadays, airmen—to learn how to kill foreign soldiers and sailors—and, nowadays, civilians—as soon as they are told to do so. That, however, is only one side of

war. Many histories have been written about it; few are really war histories. To one of these, on the Art of War in the Middle Ages, I propose to refer in due course. Most of them are only histories of naval and military operations. There is in the English language no book on War in the abstract which approaches in importance the work of Clausewitz, and even that suffers from two faults. It is not a book, but a collection of rough and illuminating notes, made by the author, and put together by his wife after his death. It cannot therefore be read as a history, though no student of war can dispense with it as a book of reference. The other fault is that the author, like most soldiers of the continental school of warfare, takes little if any account of war upon the high seas. His notes must, therefore, be read in conjunction with the writings of Mahan, Sir Julian Corbett, and others who have specialised in this aspect of warfare.

To revert, for a moment, to the British attitude towards war. About the year 1906, the Directing Staff of our leading educational establishment in the Army found out for certain—from indications offered by new railway construction—that, if the great European War came, Germany would attack France through Belgium. It then became the ambition of nearly all the officers at the Staff College, and of a large number of other officers of the Army, to persuade their employers, the British public, to realise what might have to be faced in the immediate future, and for that reason to learn something about war, about its nature, and about its conduct. The attitude of the public in those days can best be compared to that of the people of the great 'Land of Hearsay,' in Charles Kingsley's 'Water-Babies,' whose whole strategy and art military consisted in the safe and easy process of stopping their ears and screaming, 'Oh, don't tell us!' and then running away. Major Stewart Murray of the Gordon Highlanders attempted, three years later, to impress the principles of Clausewitz upon the public in a small book entitled 'The Reality of War.' He had a strong backing from Oxford University, but his book failed in its purpose until America joined in the Great War eight years later, when the Americans bought up every copy, and a special paper-covered edition was brought out to satisfy the

public demand. That, however, was too late for the original purpose.

There is, unfortunately, a wide gulf between the civilian and the military mind in this country, partly due to the apathy of the educational authorities in the past to this danger to the body politic, and partly to causes for which students can find numerous clues in different periods of our history. For instance, we have been reminded recently by Sir Charles Oman of King John's foreign mercenary soldiers, who were such a curse to England. Their evil memory is enshrined in the fifty-first clause of Magna Carta, which binds the King to banish the '*alienigenos milites, balistarios, et servientes, stipendarios*' who '*venerunt cum equis et armis ad nocumentum regni.*' We can thus trace the origin of anti-military sentiment in England at least so far back as the twelfth century. Even the Great War has not bridged the gulf; but it may be that there has not yet been time for its influence to be felt. There have been faults on both sides, on the civilian, and on the military or naval; but the outlook for the future is improving. If it is not so in this country, it is certainly improving in America. The '*American Historical Review*' published recently some interesting correspondence between the Chief of the Historical section of the Army War College at Washington (who at the time was acting as Chairman of the Military History Committee of the American Historical Association) and Prof. W. E. Lingelbach, one of the representatives of that Association on the Joint Commission on the Presentation of Social Studies, which was formed recently in America. The correspondence, with a note thereon by General Pershing, is worthy of attention. The arguments therein for the more intelligent study of War history in all schools in America are so overwhelming that they are bound to carry weight in time. The originator was good enough to ask for my opinion upon the documents, which was given in these words:

'I agree with your opinion that the military man and the civilian do not understand each other as they should, and that it is highly desirable to break down the barrier between them. . . . The solution, to my mind, is a simple one. We must, in order to enlist the interest of the civilian, broaden

the basis of military study or instruction. I should like to drop the term "military" history—the word military being apparently offensive to some types of mind—and substitute "war" history. The Universities set the pace in the spreading of knowledge, so I will now deal with them.

'The teaching of "military" history in British Universities was largely due to a stipulation by the War Office that this must be a condition preceding the grant of commissions in the Army to University men. I think that I am right in stating that the result has been to attract, almost exclusively, those undergraduates who wished to adopt the Army as a profession. The effect in bringing the civilian and the military minds together has been infinitesimal. . . .

'The first object, as it seems to me, should be to attract University students who aspire to public life (by which I mean chiefly politics, literature, and journalism) to study intelligently the subject of war as a factor in history, of its causes, of its results, and of its conduct. It is probable that wars of a nature likely to affect their own country specially will be considered the most important to such students, although in these days of economic interdependence all wars affect all nations. It is for this reason that I prefer the expression "war" history, because it enables one to treat of the diplomatic, naval, military, economic, political and social factors, on as broad a basis as one can wish; treating the actual conflicts between sea and land forces as a (most important) part of a greater whole. That appears to me to be the line to take. Instil a knowledge of the broad war questions both in civilian, and in naval, military, and air-force students. Let them have some knowledge of each other's work. For instance, the civilian requires a firm grasp of the fact that soldiers, like other men, eat and drink; of the methods of getting their food to them, and of the governing factors affecting the possibility of moving military forces about in different natures of country. After this groundwork, let each branch of the community specialise in the technicalities of what is to be their own like work. . . .

'We have several objects in view. To encourage those who aspire to lead and instruct the nation to study the nature of war, with a view if possible to its avoidance; if that be impossible, to the best use being made of the fighting forces, and to the avoidance of their useless sacrifice to schemes originating in intellectual brilliance combined with ignorance of essentials.'

Before passing to other matters, I wish to add two

short quotations which bear upon this aspect of the subject. The first is from Sir Edward Hamley's 'Operations of War':

'No kind of history so fascinates mankind as the history of wars. No kind of record, other than sacred, appeals at once to the deep sympathies of so wide an audience.'

The other is from Sir Henry Hadow's address in connexion with the Educational Conferences held in London in January 1924:

'One person was exceedingly anxious not to take any intellectual trouble and the other was equally anxious to gain credit for intellectual trouble that he had not taken.'

He added instances of the prevalent 'carelessness, sloppiness, and inaccuracy of mind.' In a leading article in the 'Morning Post' on his address we read that

'specialists and experts in various subjects are now writing a jargon which has to the writer the supreme advantage of being so unintelligible that it impresses the reader and conceals the ignorance which the authority has of his own subject.'

This is a legitimate criticism of many writers both on military and on naval history, and to this fault much of the apathy displayed by civilian students towards the study of war may perhaps be attributed.

In order to avoid these mistakes, it seems desirable to encourage the study of the subject of war on a definite plan. The first question which will occur to the student in this connexion is the question: What is War? * 'Without definition,' wrote Cardinal Newman, 'controversy is either hopeless or useless,' and so are some forms of study. Definitions are never entirely satisfactory, but attempts to frame them do tend to cure 'sloppiness of mind,' especially that form of sloppiness which scintillates with brilliance of exposition, and so dazzles and convinces the unwary student. We cannot improve much upon the definition of War which was furnished by Clausewitz. 'War is an act of violence intended to compel our opponent to fulfil our will,' though something should be added on the lines of the mathematical principle that 'to every action there is an

* Clausewitz, Bk. I, Ch. I, p. 2; Bk. II, Ch. III, pp. 120-121.

equal and opposite reaction.' War may also be defined as an act of violence intended to prevent such compulsion by an opponent. However, human affairs are so complex that the 'humanities,' in the Faculty of Arts, do not lend themselves to precise definition to the same extent that the sciences do. That leads us naturally to the question whether war should be looked upon as an art or as a science. I have heard the same question asked about history, and the reply came without hesitation, 'It is both.' As a matter of fact Art and Science can never be completely separated from each other.* 'Arts' involve action of some sort; creation, production, or (if war is included) destruction. From this point of view the title of Sir Charles Oman's 'Art of War in the Middle Ages' is well chosen. Most of its pages are devoted to the art of destroying combatant forces in land warfare, and to the application of weapons, of mobility, and of national characteristics to this purpose. 'Science' implies investigation and knowledge and the acquisition thereby of wisdom, a highly desirable but singularly rare quality in the British conduct of warfare in modern times. We might perhaps state that war, like history, is both an art and a science, but it is better to avoid such classification. War comes more into the province of social life, as a conflict of human interests and activities. Without the bloodshed, it resembles business competition. It is a by-product of State policy, which is more and more becoming a form of business competition on a vast scale. The editor of the English translation of Clausewitz, writing in 1908, expressed his opinion that the analogy between business competition and State policy had become much closer since the time of Clausewitz, and he added,† 'Now that the first business of the State is regarded as the development of facilities for trade, war between great nations is only a question of time.' His opinion was justified soon afterwards.

Many people are familiar with Mr Norman Angell's book 'The Great Illusion.' It was written to prove that in no country could business interests be advanced by war. He did not succeed in converting Germany to his views. We know that from many

* Clausewitz, Bk. II, Ch. III, pp. 120-121.

† Clausewitz, Vol. I, p. 121, footnote.

speeches and writings, and especially from Count Hertling's explanation in February 1918, that 'economic development in every direction' had been Germany's war-aim 'from the beginning.' It may be advanced that the experience of the Great War has proved conclusively that economic development cannot be promoted by warfare, either for victors or for vanquished; on this point it is interesting to consult the publications of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, especially the volumes on Japan, and the notes thereon by the Director, Dr Clark, about the economic inducement to war. This point requires more exhaustive treatment than space permits. It has only been introduced to establish the proposition that it is difficult to classify war either as an art, as a science, or as a combination of the two.* The mechanical arts exert themselves upon inanimate matter. The ideal arts exert themselves upon living, but still passive and yielding subjects, like the human mind or feelings. War exerts itself against living and reacting forces, and for this reason the establishment of principles for its avoidance or for its conduct is extremely difficult.

These notes on the nature of war suffice for our present purpose, and we can now pass to the effect of war. There are two schools of thought on this subject. The one holds that war is a 'loathsome disease of the body politic,' the other that it is a corrective necessary to the progress of the human race. The attitude of mind of those who look upon war as a loathsome disease is unreasonable. They refuse to learn anything about war, but they adopt the opposite procedure about disease. They try to learn all about it. Disease, it is true, is looked on by certain backward races as an Act of God, which it would be foolish to investigate or to oppose; but war is sometimes viewed in the same way by nations—our own, for example—that claim not to be backward. If only those who have looked upon war as a loathsome disease† in the past had done their best to investigate

* Clausewitz, Book II, Ch. iii, p. 121.

† It has been truly said that war is not a disease, but a symptom of a disease which lies deep in the human constitution, and that in order to free humanity from the symptom, you must first cure the disease of ignorance, which causes fear and suspicion that lead ultimately to war.

its nature, and had tried to cure it, the world would now be happier for their efforts.*

Let us now examine a more vigorous, and in some ways more satisfying, description of war, which comes from the other side of the Atlantic. I refer to the statement that 'War is Hell,' attributed to Sherman, in the inscription upon his monument in New York. It is so, as every one knows who has taken part in it; but that definition again suggests sloppiness of thought. What is Hell? Unless we understand that, we leave open the question whether war is a good or bad thing for the human race. Without wandering into the region of theological controversy, we can recall the existence of two schools of thought on that subject. To one school Hell is an eternal fire where human beings who do not accept certain dogmas and certain modes of living writhe for ever in torment. To another school Hell is a cleansing fire, provided to burn the bad out of human beings, and to enable them to fulfil their purpose in upward evolution. There is a school holding similar tenets about War. General Bernhardt's writings, especially his 'Germany and the Next War,' have been much read in this country, and have earned considerable opprobrium. Like nearly all Germans of his generation Bernhardt was, consciously or unconsciously, a pupil of Clausewitz. It is necessary to add that the disciples of this school are not confined to Germany. We can find much illuminating matter on this subject in some of Bacon's essays, but we have more modern examples in the writings of leading Victorians such as Thomas Carlyle and Ruskin, who would nowadays be pilloried for his outspokenness in expressing his views about war and warriors.

Taking Carlyle first, we find in his 'Lamentations of Dryasdust':

'England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William the Conqueror and vigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A

* I commend to the attention of those desiring to do so the first chapter, on 'Peace and War,' of F. S. Oliver's 'Ordeal by Battle' (Macmillan, 1915), which contains much wisdom about war motives.

gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations'

(and so on). He adds that

'Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure, and constant battle often supervening could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons. Their pot-bellied equanimity itself continuing liable to constant interruptions. . . .'

And Ruskin wrote, 'All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded upon war; no great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers.'

At the Army Staff College at Camberley a system has for some time been in force to vary the routine of instruction. The students lecture to the teachers, with most beneficial results. In November 1906, one of the students startled the Staff with a lecture on the writings of Bacon, Machiavelli, Carlyle, Ruskin, and others of this school of thought. He made out a very strong case, and, during the discussion which followed, the Directing Staff, being unable to produce examples from history to refute his arguments, had to content themselves with expressing surprise and displeasure. It was a pity that the late Lord Bryce was not present on the occasion. His address on 'War and Human Progress,' delivered on the Huxley Foundation to the University of Birmingham in 1916, is very illuminating. He set himself to disprove the statement that war makes for human progress, and dealt with his subject both on biological* and on historical lines. This eminent historian's opinion is worthy of attention. He conveys the impression that the statement that war makes for human progress has neither been proved nor disproved by examples from the history of nations. This would be a useful subject for further historical research. If the opinion of the writer is of any value, it is that force used unjustly does not make for betterment, but force controlled by righteous law does. This opinion is not based upon historical evidence, but upon the impression, formed during years of sojourn abroad, that the human race still includes nations capable of crime against each other unless restrained by force, even as every human

* See also 'Evolution and the War': Chalmers Mitchell (Murray).

community contains criminals requiring similar restraint.

Prof. A. F. Pollard has explained * the methods which Henry II employed, with only a small military force at his disposal, to establish the Law in this country. If the Council of the League of Nations had had adequate forces at its disposal, it is conceivable that by this time it might have been able to do for world law what Henry II did for national law; but it is of no use to try to force the pace in the process of upward evolution of the human race. To produce permanent results overwhelming public support is needed. It is sometimes suggested that a very strong Power, or group of Powers, could do to the nations what Henry II did to his barons; but this must be done from a motive of unselfish idealism, of which no nation, or group of nations, appears at present to be capable.† Wise historians probably endorse the view that there can be no question of an 'Anglo-Saxon peace,' any more than there can be, permanently, of a *Pax Britannica*, or than there was of a *Pax Romana*. Bernhardt's idea of a world peace, based upon forcing German or any other national culture upon the world, has no historical support. Meanwhile the League of Nations has succeeded in fostering the free expression of the moral conscience which exists in mankind, and thereby in creating an 'imponderable' force—the expression is Bismarck's—which individual nations hesitate to defy.

These generalities have been put as briefly as possible, in an endeavour to avoid being tedious. Free personal discussion of such matters is more stimulating to thought than any essays or addresses, and there is much weight in Thomas Carlyle's view that 'to sit as a passive bucket to be pumped into is exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the torrent of utterance that is descending.'

We have discussed the nature of war, and the effects of war. The object in war has already been explained if we accept the definition by Clausewitz. It may be well to call attention, in passing, to a prevalent argument

* Pamphlet entitled 'The League of Nations: an Historical Argument.' Clarendon Press, 1918, pp. 52-55.

† Henry II's motive was *justicia magnum emolumentum*.

that historical experience only applies to operations of war on the earth's surface. That fleets and armies have been employed thereon in order to coerce nations and peoples, and that air forces will in future be able to apply such coercion without having recourse to fleets or armies for the purpose. That, for this reason, the object in war has become somewhat different. This is a logical argument; but most of the members of this school of thought have ignored the present limited radius of action of heavier-than-air machines, which confines its application.

In discussing the conduct of war, a clear distinction must be made between the whole conduct of a war, and the conduct, by naval and military commanders, of naval, military, or combined operations of war. It will probably be conceded that British statesmen who are charged with the conduct of warfare seldom rely upon lessons from history in framing their policy, and in coming to their decisions. Such expressions as 'Business as usual,'* used in public speeches during the Great War, suffice to illustrate this point. It was even stated in 1914-18 that 'History is of no use in this war.' I hope that was not true of British histories, though it would be difficult to quote the name of any one of them which would, by itself, be a satisfactory guide to statesmen in the conduct of war. The speaker's idea may have been that he wanted a sort of text-book, to which he could refer for guidance in spare moments while he was actually engaged in conducting a war. That, of course, is not the general idea of the historical equipment required by men of action. The right judgment in all things, for which they are accustomed to pray, can only be acquired by wide reading, and by experience.

As an example of what is needed to promote such study, Sir Charles Oman's book shows what ripe scholarship and historical training can do towards providing material of real value to general historians and to students. He has treated comprehensively the subject of war in the Middle Ages. He claims with justice, in his preface, that there is no other work in English which

* In fairness to the perpetrator of that phrase, it is right to mention that the object he had in mind was to steady public opinion and to allay panic.

endeavours to give a general survey of the military characteristics of the era extending from the disruption of the Roman Empire to the 16th century, save his 'modest sketch,' although there are many dealing with the social, economic, constitutional, artistic, and religious factors in the history of the same period. A similar statement might be made about more recent epochs. It is to be hoped that the author will have sufficient leisure to deal in a similar manner with the Renaissance and with the 16th and 17th centuries, even if it is too much to assume, with the 'Quarterly Review'* article on his first and more limited edition, that his 'Art of War in the Middle Ages' is only an instalment of a complete history of the same subject up to the fall of Napoleon.

To take, at random, some examples of material value to the student of history. The specialist in the evolution of social and political institutions is enabled to judge how far the feudal system, of which the influence endures to the present day, had its origin in warfare, and how far its development and its decay have been attributable to weapons, to armour, and to the art of fortification; how far the power of the nobles over their dependents was affected by similar factors, and to what extent the same influences decided the sovereignty of kings over their nobles and over their peoples. The geographical specialist will find food for thought in tracing the influence of war conditions in the remote past upon the situation of present-day towns and centres of population, together with other matter bearing upon the ethnological aspect of his art, and upon its influence upon racial distribution, systems of Government, and national development. The topographer will note the effect produced by the nature of the ground, its obstacles and communications, upon the strategical movement of armies, upon tactical victories, and upon the resultant dominance of nation over nation, or of class over class. The psychologist will find how the inspiration of faith in a great cause sets free moral and spiritual forces which override all physical factors, and extend beyond expectation the endurance of the human frame. The incitement of warfare will be found to bring out the

* 'Mediæval Warfare,' No. 378, for April 1899.

high lights of heroism and self-sacrifice in human communities, accentuating them by the deep shadows of cruelty, meanness, and trickery, and by the failure of those actuated by personal ambition, self-glorification, or greed for gain to leave their mark upon human progress. In the conduct of actual battles extremes of honour are to be found on the one hand, and of dishonourable tricks on the other. Before the battle of Poitiers, for instance, we find the French and British forces stationary while the Cardinal of Perigord was endeavouring to prevail upon the leaders to avert the effusion of Christian blood, although it would be to the advantage of each side to move, the French to turn the British flank, and the British to withdraw. Knightly honour forbade both movements. Then again, nearly a century later, in 1439, we find the Bolognese 'hand-gun' men, the first considerable body of them put in the field, treated with opprobrium—and subsequently massacred—because their 'pellets' perforated the plate and mail of the Venetian men-at-arms. This weapon, like the poison-gas of 1916, was condemned as a cowardly and cruel innovation. Of dishonourable trickery Byzantine military history of the tenth century provides many examples, and we are reminded that these things have been tried in modern times, but are not now recommended in official guides to the art of war published under Imperial sanction.*

Of callous brutality, examples are provided in disturbing abundance. It was the rule rather than the exception. Only the hope of financial profit put the brake upon the butchery of prisoners, and of the defeated in battle. Thus we find, in the struggles of the 12th and 13th centuries, when the mounted men had the last word in battle, that the men of low degree who fought on foot were ruthlessly slain; while men of substance, if taken prisoners, were held to ransom. In the Wars of the Roses (1460), on the other hand, the

* On this point, however, see the sentence 'international law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery, and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy' (in the official German War-book in force in 1914-18); and Clausewitz. 'Transactions which consist merely of words . . . these, which are very inexpensive, are chiefly the means with which the wily one takes in those he practises upon' ('On War,' Book III, ch. xi).

nobles were deliberately slaughtered because their spoils as prisoners had already been discounted by the sequestration of their lands. Of the lust for indiscriminate killing we find an example in the Swiss pikemen of the 14th and 15th centuries. The fervour of the noblest self-sacrifice was at first combined with an appalling ferocity and a cynical disregard for the rights of all neighbours, the ferocity remaining, without the patriotic motive, in the hired mercenaries of the 16th century.

These are only typical of much valuable material which has been disinterred from obscure sources, weighed in the balance, and collated for the benefit of the general historian and student. Considerations of space do not permit the inclusion of detailed reference to the many lessons of a more technical nature which are still of value to those charged with the conduct of military strategy and tactics. In strategy, the inestimable value of the time factor, now reduced to a fine art, was apparently first recognised by Edward IV, and applied by him in 1461. The importance of the mobility of armies, and the influence thereon of the supply problem, stands out in nearly every chapter, and with it the importance of sea command to armies operating in the neighbourhood of a coast-line, as the crusaders under Richard I did in the twelfth century.* The influence of financial considerations upon strategical plans is exemplified by Prince Edward's campaign (1467) of Navarette, and there are many other subjects of interest to the student of strategy.

On the tactical side we find again the importance of mobility, conferred in former days by the horse, and some day, perhaps, by the internal combustion engine combined with 'caterpillar' traction. We trace the value of armour as long as it gave immunity against the weapon of the day, and its subsequent decline as missile weapons became more formidable and immunity against them could only be maintained by sacrificing mobility to weight of protective plating. We realise the influence of national characteristics, of class prejudice, and of social conditions upon the use to the best advantage of such weapons as the English long-bow and the Swiss

* Compare Allenby in 1917-18, and Kuroki in Corea in 1904.

pike. We learn the importance to military leaders of taking account of such matters, and, above everything else, of studying the attributes of all arms and of combining their action on the field of battle so as to get the full value out of each. We are once more struck with the danger of standardising experience into rigid systems, which lead inevitably to disaster when the conditions upon which they have been built have radically been changed.

Such are some of the points of interest, to the civilian on the one hand and to the soldier on the other, that may be learned from a book of this nature. Admirals and generals who have been charged with the conduct of naval and military operations have, one and all, acknowledged the value of historical study to guard them against certain errors which have led to failure in the past. The general strategy—the question whether blows are to be struck or to be awaited, by sea and land, and where, the timing of the blows, and the distribution of forces for the purpose—is not in these days decided by admirals and generals, but by civilian statesmen. They, in their turn, depend for their power upon public opinion, which is influenced, partly by knowledge acquired by education or reading by members of the public, partly by the writings of historians, publicists, and press-men, largely by unreasoning impulse. In the recent paper* on the study of military history in America, to which reference has already been made, we read:

‘The voter must some time decide whether or not he favours a specific demand upon some foreign Power. His teacher is criminal, if that voter has not been given fairly to see how such demands may lead to war; to understand the nature, the cost, and the possible consequences of war, that he may intelligently decide whether he is ready to back his demand with war if necessary; and to know something of how war is conducted that he may judge the conduct of his representatives, civil and military. He should not be—as he is—in the position of meeting each situation as a novel one, adopting the first solution that presents itself, and never finding out whether or not it was the best one.’

It may be advanced that this warning is far-fetched

* ‘American Historical Review,’ Vol. XXVIII, No. 4, July 1923.

and unnecessary, if applied to Great Britain. We contend that it is not. When lecturing some time ago in the University of Wales at Aberystwyth, I attended a Sunday evening service in the largest chapel. Before the sermon the minister announced that he had received a request to send a telegram to Downing Street, in the name of the congregation, urging the Government to turn the Turk out of Constantinople. The resolution was passed in fervour, and the telegram was sent. On the next day I addressed a public meeting, which was attended by many of the members of the congregation and by others. After congratulating the audience upon their interest in foreign policy, I ventured to add that I assumed they knew that this recommendation would mean war with the Turks. Success in great causes depended upon sacrifice, so I hoped that I might also assume that they were willing to give their own lives, to send their sons to fight, or to pay for the heavy cost of such a war. It was at once evident that that aspect of the question had not been weighed by the audience. Since undergoing that experience I have come across the following note, from the pen of Mr Kingsley Martin,* on the process by which public opinion was handled in order to bring about the war in the Crimea :

‘It is a curious picture. In a palace on the Bosphorus sat the Sultan, a fleshy and irascible debauchee, usually intoxicated and always lethargic, surrounded by a group of Mahomedan fanatics of whose plots to supplant him he was dimly aware, and whose ability to rouse the fury of a priest-ridden mob kept him in abject terror and peevish submission.’

And then follows a curious parallel with my experience in Wales, with the policy reversed :

‘In England were public halls, crowded with respectable shopkeepers, evangelical maiden ladies, and stolid artisans enthusiastically proffering their lives and money in the service of this obese little tyrant in a fez, whose name they could not pronounce and whose habits of life were as unknown to them as those of a prehistoric monster.’

These two stories add force to the plea that the academic and educational system of the country ought

* ‘The Triumph of Lord Palmerston’: Kingsley Martin (Allen & Unwin, 1924),

to prevent such methods of trading upon the emotions of an ignorant electorate.

This leads us again to the study of war. A committee sat recently under the chairmanship of Lord Haldane to deal with the education of officers of the Army. The effect of the recommendations of that Committee when carried out will be to improve the general education of Army officers, and to keep them more in touch with civilian thought. Officers who, in the past, have entered the Army through a University or through the Militia or Special Reserve, have been credited with being superior in this respect to those who entered the Army through Woolwich and Sandhurst, which fact, if established, supports the Committee's proposed policy. It seems, as a corollary, highly desirable to take a further step, to ensure the better understanding by the civilian of the nature and conduct of warfare and of the soldier's point of view, the same applying to the views of the other services. Every one should learn enough about the fighting forces, by sea, land, and air, to understand at least what they are, and under what limitations they move and fight. In my day there were a hundred students who could describe in detail the equipment of a Greek or Roman soldier to one who knew anything about the equipment of a British soldier. These, it may be said, are details of more immediate importance to those who are responsible for handling soldiers in battle. It may be so, but the general student of war history should at least acquire a working knowledge of the conditions of organisation and of movement of armies, if not of their weapons. I recall, in this connexion, a conversation with an historian for whom every one entertained the deepest reverence and regard, the late Lord Bryce. He astonished me by stating that we could have won the late war more quickly by sending the bulk of our army to Salonika than by sending it to France. Any one holding the same opinion would do well to study the communications between Salonika and the battlefields where the issue would have been determined, and the network of railways behind the hostile armies which would have been encountered.

Only a few weeks ago, a learned friend called my attention to the stupidity of the British Government in

August 1914, because they did not save time by dispatching to Liège the British soldiers who happened to be serving with the colours (without waiting for mobilisation), in order to seal up for good and all what he called the narrow defile there, and thus prevent the German invasion of Belgium. My friend was a student of history. A vague impression of the precedent of Thermopylæ may have lingered in his mind; but I do not think such knowledge would have been of much value to him if he had been in charge of the conduct of the war in 1914.

I am pleading for the avoidance of 'sloppy' thought in connexion with operations of war. This can only be cured by a grounding in the practical conditions which govern movement, supply, topography, and strategy. These render some operations not only difficult, but impossible. It is also essential to know the difference between a herd of soldiers—say 100,000—and 'an army' of the same number. There is plenty of scope for genius in connexion with these matters, but there are certain physical impossibilities which even a genius cannot accomplish, as Napoleon discovered in 1812. In a recent report on the teaching of history,* I find this sentence:

'The astronomer might as well lose himself in the glories of the starry heaven or attempt to trace the history of the spiral nebulae without the mathematical exactness required in his science, as the teacher of history to dispense with the measured framework by the aid of which mankind has built up his ordered conception of the past, and without which the student in the present will lose himself in a maze of personal impressions and vague generalisation.'

The analogy with war history is exact. It is the practice with students of general history to study political, social, and economic developments on these lines. Is it not important to study war developments with equal thoroughness? Not long ago the Dean of St Paul's announced that historians must be more powerful than the Almighty, because they do what even the Almighty cannot do. They alter the past. The saying applies to many war historians.

GEORGE ASTON.

* Board of Education, Educational Pamphlet, No. 17, June 1923.

Art. 5.—FAMILY ALLOWANCES.

WE are accustomed to tell each other that industry is in a state of transition, forgetting that the platitude has been applicable for a hundred and fifty years or more. Stability, whether of currency or of other economic conditions, may be an ideal towards which we strive, but it is one to which we seldom attain. Since the war it has seemed more remote than ever, and our pre-war state appears to us in retrospect, what it certainly was not in reality, one of tranquil progress. Our economic fabric has endured such violent shocks that we almost doubt its ability to survive; while the task of strengthening the weakened structure, of rebuilding, enlarging, developing, upon the existing foundations is rendered no easier by the attacks of those who honestly wish not for reconstruction but for destruction, in order that an entirely new social order may arise in place of the old.

The wages system is, as it necessarily must be, one of the main problems. What should be the share of the mass of the people in the product of industry, and by what means should that share be determined? Round this central point controversy rages. Work or maintenance, the relation of wages to the cost of living, the changing standard of comfort, all these and other cries are perforce familiar to the most careless of citizens. In view of the changed position of women, it is necessary even for the unsympathetic to give careful consideration to the conditions under which women work, while the steady development of the child welfare movement, the awakening of the public conscience with regard to social and racial health, appeal with peculiar force to the woman voter.

The community has tended more and more to make provision for all children, irrespective of the position of their parents. We educate them all, up to a point; we look after their health; we help to feed them. The complete dependence of the child upon the ability, health, and character of its father, upon the domestic skill of its mother, is considerably diminished. Nevertheless, children still remain the dependents of their parents, and in our society their economic position mainly depends upon their father. If he is unlucky, or incapable,

or lazy, or self-indulgent, if he either refuses to earn as much as he is capable of earning, or chooses to spend an unduly large proportion of what he does earn outside his own home, neither wife nor children have any redress unless the wife is driven to take extreme measures. The average wage is supposed to be based, very roughly, upon the needs of the average family, that is, from the point of view of the supply of labour, the bargaining power of the wage earner is directed towards the provision of a sum sufficient to maintain the average standard of comfort. The inevitable result is that the average wage makes insufficient provision for large families, while the man who has few dependents, or none, is overpaid. Yet it is difficult to imagine how under the present system either of these results can be avoided. It is clearly impracticable to demand higher wages for the fathers of large families. The inevitable result would be a preference for bachelors, or for childless persons. Men are paid according to their respective trades, and not according to the number of their dependents. Still less does any one, except the dependents, take into consideration the proportion of their incomes that wage earners propose to devote to the maintenance of their families, or the share that they reserve for their private ends.

The net result of this rough-and-ready, if long-established, plan, is that on the one hand children arrive in the community to be well or ill reared according to the ability of their parents; while on the other hand the community through the schools, the clinics, the welfare and feeding centres, spends a great deal of energy in trying to make up for the incompetence, or the idleness, or the ill-health, or the sheer misfortune of those parents. Two of the three political parties have placed upon their programmes the making of provision for widows with dependent children, so that the public may be called upon to take charge of the family which has lost its ordinary means of support. It is, of course, true that the public, through the Poor Law, has long been liable to this charge, but the new plans are upon a far more extended scale than the old. On the one hand the overburdened taxpayer and ratepayer is crying aloud for the diminution of his burdens, on the other the pressure

of public opinion tends more and more to demand from the community adequate help for those of its members who endure misfortune. This demand is above all made on behalf of the children, whose sufferings cannot be deserved; and however mysterious may be the mind of the woman voter we can be fairly certain that the needs of the children will certainly and inevitably appeal to her sympathies.

Meanwhile, another difficulty is making itself more and more felt. If the average wage is based upon the needs of the average family, what principle should determine the payment of women? It is obvious that many women have dependents, and that many men have none; but it is also true that man, upon the whole, expects to provide for the upbringing of a family, and that the expectation affects his bargaining power, while woman, upon the whole, expects mainly to provide for herself. The economic burden of the maintenance of the race may be partly shifted to the whole body of taxpayers and ratepayers; but its main incidence is still upon the male parent. In consequence, the general body of opinion is probably in favour of paying women at a lower rate than men. Women, however, are by no means prepared to accept this position. With increasing insistence they demand equal pay for work of equal value. They are prepared to make full allowance for conditions which specially affect them, such as the 'marriage mortality rate,' which in plain English means that other things being equal a man is worth more than a woman, because his value increases with experience, and therefore goes on increasing, while a large proportion of women only earn until they marry, so that the time spent in their training is to some extent wasted. Women feel, however, that these special difficulties have been very much over-emphasised, that in many cases their work is as valuable as that of their fellow men, and that their payment should consequently be at the same rate. The teaching profession provides an obvious illustration.

The demand for equal pay, moreover, receives support from many who are not specially concerned for the economic well-being of women, but who are gravely apprehensive as to the dangers which may arise from

cheap and efficient competition. When women took the place of men during the war they received, in many cases, warm if unexpected support from the men's organisation in their demands for men's wages, not so much because the men specially wanted the women to earn large sums, but because they were vividly conscious of future possibilities. If, for instance, women tram conductors had been as cheap as they were efficient and popular, they might have proved dangerous competitors to men when men were again seeking employment. So that once more the existing wages system provides no solution for an admittedly difficult and increasingly pressing problem. Popular feeling is instinctively against paying women at the same rate as men, because men are expected to maintain families and women are not; but if women are paid at a lower rate they become a menace to the standard of living and compete 'unfairly' with men wage earners. In either case, therefore, there is a sense of injustice and bitterness which is socially unfortunate.

Public opinion has hardly yet aroused itself to the equal 'unfairness' of paying bachelors, or men without children, at the same rate as fathers of families. But these two difficulties, that of equating the earnings of women and men, and that of providing adequately for children without overburdening industry, are two of the main bases upon which the advocates of another wage system, that of family allowances, rest their case. They point out the logical weakness of the present plan. We overpay all those who have less than the supposed average number of dependents. Therefore, a number of men either have more than they require to keep themselves, and are consequently likely to misspend—economically speaking—the balance, or else they work less than they are able to do, and economically should, because they can maintain their standard of comfort by a few days' work in each week. Both results, in a community which urgently needs the greatest possible productivity and the most economical use of what is produced, are deplorable. Moreover, industry, already overburdened by heavy taxation, is paying a higher rate of wages than is economically necessary to a proportion of the workers, to all in fact who have less than the average number of

dependents, if, indeed, we are justified in assuming that the existing wages provide adequate maintenance for the average family. However this may be, under the present wage system, some families receive too much and others not enough. Miss Rathbone, one of the most active advocates of family endowment, quotes figures which suggest that if the ordinary wage is based upon a family of five persons, then less than twenty per cent. of existing men workers over twenty years of age are entitled to the full amount. Over fifty per cent. are either bachelors, widowers, or married men without dependent children, and the rest have either one or two dependent children apiece.

The proposal is that the standard wage should be based, not upon the needs of a supposed average family, but upon those of a worker, and his, or indeed her, housekeeper, for it is clear that the maintenance of an efficient worker demands the services of some one who can cook and cater and clean and mend. Attempts, such as are made by so many women workers, to perform what should be two full-time jobs almost inevitably lead to diminished efficiency. In addition to this standard wage an additional payment would be made for every child under earning age.

So far so good; but difficulties arise when the source of these additional payments has to be taken into account. The earlier enthusiasts were, as probably some still are, prepared to demand that they should be paid by the State, on the analogy of the separation allowances. It was argued that considerable economies would result, for the experience of the war had shown that the mothers could be trusted to make good use of children's allowances, and that a healthier race would result, with consequent savings upon all the services that deal with the prevention of ill health. But our recent experiences are significant. Social services mean immediate expenditure and only the hope of a possible saving in the future. He would be a bold Chancellor of the Exchequer who would face the taxpayers with a demand for the hundred and fifty millions which are estimated as the cost of family allowances, offering in return the saving to be effected in health services. Our present financial position makes such attempts impracticable. Another

suggestion is, however, that the sum required should be raised from industry. Employers, who would find their wages-bill considerably diminished when the standard wage was based upon the needs of a couple rather than upon those of a family, could afford to pay either a percentage upon wages, or a tax per head of their employees, which would provide the necessary pool for the family allowances. The plan which has actually been worked upon the continent is the provision of a pool by employers, who themselves pay the children's allowances, which are, however, upon a modest scale. Both these schemes throw the burden upon industry, and not upon the community as a whole. The Labour organisations object very strongly to the payment of allowances by the employers, and demand that they should be paid by the State, a method which would have the advantage of uniformity. On the other hand, it would mean the addition to the initial cost of a sum, probably considerable, for collection and distribution. Again, it is at least possible that the beneficiaries might tend to press for an increase in the scale of the allowances, while the employers demanded a diminution of the tax. It would be very difficult to avoid the tendency to spread the burden over the whole community. Whenever bad times came, as they must come, there would be a temptation for industry to shift the burden of maintaining the race on to the general body of taxpayers, to say that the weight was more than it could bear. Children must have allowances whether their parents are employed or not, and a gap might easily arise between the payments made to parents in respect of the numbers of their children, and the payments made by employers in respect of the numbers of their employees.

On the other hand, quite apart from the strong Labour objections to the payment of family allowances from a pool controlled and administered by employers, there are very obvious difficulties about that method. In the first place, a piece-meal attempt might have perplexing results. Suppose, for example, the plan was tried by some industries, and not by others, or, as is often suggested, by public bodies and not by private employers. We might have not only the ordinary difficulties as to transfers, and the like, but

also possibly a high marriage and birth rate among such of the employees to whose standard of comfort the allowances corresponded, and an inclination among single or childless men with a high standard of comfort to seek employment outside the industries worked upon the new methods, where they could still get a wage based upon the needs not of a couple but of a family. A large number of children in the allowance-paying industries, and a small number in the others, might lead to very upsetting results, while one existing difficulty, the over-payment of the man with but a few dependents, or with none, would still remain in those industries which had not adopted the new methods. In any event the process of introduction, whether in all industries or in few, would involve extremely complicated wage negotiations, in each trade, a process which in view of recent events it is difficult to contemplate with equanimity.

What light does the experience of other countries throw upon the problem? A modest experiment has been tried in Australia, where after much discussion of larger schemes allowances of five shillings weekly are paid in respect of the children of federal employees. In France the plan has been in existence for some years, and the scope has very much increased. In 1916 a firm of iron founders in Grenoble began to pay children's allowances to its workers. Three years later the scheme was adopted by other firms in the same area, and the local Ironfounders' Association established a special fund out of which the children's allowances were paid, and to which each member of the Association contributed in proportion to the amount of his wages bill. Upon this model most of the later schemes have been based. In December 1922, the insertion in tenders of a clause requiring the contractors for public works to pay family allowances was made permissible, and eighteen months later the insertion of such a clause was made compulsory in forms of contract for Government works. Meanwhile, family allowance schemes had been adopted by numbers of important industries, and by 1924 there were said to be some 900,000 workers in receipt of family allowances. The character of the compensation pools varies slightly. Some are based upon locality, some upon the industry. Employers pay sometimes in respect of their wage-bill,

sometimes in respect of the number of their employees. The scale of allowances also varies, but is in any case rather in the nature of a bonus to large families than a sum sufficient to maintain the children. The commonest scale is said to be * 15 francs a month for one child, 35 for two, 60 for three, and 30 a month for each succeeding child.

Belgium, so near a neighbour, even if she had not desired to try the experiment, would have been forced to do so in self-defence, and it is said that about 18 per cent. of the workers employed in private industry in Belgium are included under family allowance schemes. The system has been adopted by the whole of the coal-mining industry, and the plate-glass industry, as well as by large numbers of the firms in other industries. Holland also has schemes, as has Austria, Germany, and Czecho-Slovakia. Other continental countries are either initiating or contemplating the introduction of some sort of family allowance plans.

A study of the continental schemes seems to make it clear that their underlying motive is neither to equalise the earnings of men and women, nor to diminish the burden upon industry, but rather the desire of the employer to ensure an adequate and stable labour supply, and of the State to encourage the growth of population. The scales usually increase in amount for each successive child, whereas every mother knows that the first child is the most expensive. We do not (at present) in this country suffer from an insufficient supply of labour: our difficulties are rather those of finding employment for our workers, or arriving at any wages agreement which will satisfy the standard of life of the workers on the one hand, and bear any sensible relation to the cost of their labour, measured in terms of the price obtainable for the products of their labour, on the other. The details of the various plans suggest many difficulties. The labour organisations dislike the prevalent method of the payment of allowances by employers, while the employers resist a State scheme on the ground (among others) that it would enormously increase the costs of administration. Nor is it easy to estimate the results. It is claimed that

* Ministry of Labour Gazette, January 1924.

the allowances have resulted in a fall of the infant death-rate; but we in England have enormously reduced our infant mortality rate without any system of allowances. It is difficult to estimate the effect of the allowances upon the rate of wages. They have been paid, rather as a cost-of-living bonus in addition to the ordinary wage, than as a means of introducing a new system of wages which bears close relation to the expenses of maintaining the worker and the race. It is, however, possible to argue that if it had not been for the allowances there might have been a greater increase in the rate of wages, and that the existence of the allowances means that the amount which would in any case have been added to the wages bill has been distributed in a manner more calculated to increase the efficiency of the worker and the health of the children than if it had been paid upon the ordinary basis to all wage earners irrespective of the number of their dependents.

To the economist and the sociologist the experiments are actually of the greatest possible interest. To the practical politician in this country, however, it seems difficult to argue very much, so far, from the experience of the continent. France is obsessed by her falling birth-rate, by the need for an increased population. The economic conditions in Central Europe are such as to make it impossible to reason from them to ourselves.

We can, however, speculate upon general principles. It is clear that any such development needs careful thinking out. What effect would family allowances have upon the birth-rate? Would they lead to a change in the number, or in the distribution of births, or in both? And what results do we wish? Are we anxious to see an increased, a stable, or a smaller population than we have at present? Do we wish to check or to diminish the rate of increase? Whatever our views upon quantity, we are probably agreed in wishing to improve the quality. We desire not only to make the best of the people who are now in existence, but, if it be possible, to improve the quality of those who are to be born, and to ensure for them the possession of the best parents. We are warned that our present stage of social development has led to a real danger, that we tend to recruit

our population largely from the least desirable stocks, whether from the point of view of mind or of character, and that we discourage the parenthood of the best stocks. As things are now, those with most ability tend to rise in the social scale, those with less to fall. Those who rise tend to have few or no children, so that the population as a whole is steadily, though perhaps not rapidly, undergoing a process of deterioration. The more complete is the *carrière ouverte aux talents*, the worse for the race, unless those who rise in the social scale marry and have many children, as in point of fact they do not. The very desire to improve their position tends to lead to late marriages and small families.

What effect would family endowment have upon this tendency? Clearly much would depend upon the scale of the allowances. Probably, however, their existence would produce little or no effect upon the lowest section of the community, those who tend to marry and to produce children without regard to economic conditions. The high birth-rate which already exists among these classes would probably remain unaffected. The question would be the influence of the allowances upon the health of the children. It is possible that an improvement might result, although the argument from the undoubtedly good effect of the war separation allowances upon the health of children even in the poorest families is not wholly applicable. During the war the fathers were usually, except for brief intervals of leave, safely disposed of. How far they, and some of the mothers, would tend to use the allowances for their own ends must be a somewhat doubtful problem. But it is probable that while family allowances would produce no increase of the birth-rate among the least provident parts of the population, they might help to improve the health of the children.

What effect can we predict with regard to the other sections of the community? If the allowances are upon something like the scale of the war separation allowances they would hardly affect those who have a high standard of comfort, whose postponement of marriage and limitation of families depend, not so much upon the actual cost of feeding and clothing children, but upon their desire to educate them up to a high standard, to provide

for them in after life, in short, to maintain and leave the children at a higher level than that upon which the parents began. Allowances would, however, probably have a considerable effect upon all those—that is, the mass of the industrial and professional classes—who wish to have children, who are willing to bring them up unambitiously, to whose standard of comfort, in a word, the allowances would roughly correspond. The knowledge that each child would receive a weekly sum sufficient to provide for its maintenance from birth until earning age would probably mean sometimes earlier marriages and often one or two more children in a family. We none of us know exactly how far and in what direction birth-control prevails; but we do know that there is a very general tendency among a large number of people not to have more than one or two children, in order that those children should be well looked after, well clothed and fed, as they could not be under present economic conditions, and with the present standards of comfort, if the family were of the old-fashioned number.

It is for the eugenicist to state how far results of this kind will give him satisfaction. It seems, however, clear to the layman that the higher the standard of living of those families who racially come from the best stocks, the less difference will be made by a system of allowances, based upon the needs of the average. One of the problems which perhaps needs rather more consideration than it usually receives is how far our present tendency, which is that of caring for the average and even those below the average, and leaving those above the average to look after themselves, is likely to be for the benefit of the whole race.

Another problem, which also needs more consideration than it receives from the advocates of family endowment, is what effect such a scheme is likely to have upon national productivity. If we are honest, we must acknowledge that man is naturally lazy, that he likes a little work but not much, and that it is the stimulus of need that makes him work more than that little. The more desires he has the more he is willing to exert himself to satisfy those desires, provided that it is only by his own efforts that he can obtain satisfaction. As things are at

present, he mostly wishes to maintain himself and his wife, or if not a wife some woman to look after him, according to his standard of comfort, whatever it may be, and a large proportion wish also to have and to rear a child or two, or possibly more. In order to do all these things he works as much as is necessary, and, speaking generally, it is probably true that he does not work more than is necessary. Why should he? In so far as his standard of comfort rises, in so far, for example, as education makes him want music or books or lectures, or as the increasing demand for amusement makes him want cinemas and char-à-bancs, he will either work more or do without something that he wants less. Only of the comparatively few, important as they are, is it true that they work more than they need; only of the comparatively few can we say that ambition drives them to produce more than an average amount. If, then, the average man is no longer obliged to provide for the maintenance of his children, what will be the result? The man whose standard is above the average will still work hard; but is there no danger that the average, and even more those below the average, will diminish their efforts? As things are, given a standard wage, only those who are worth that wage can secure continued employment. When the standard wage is diminished, is it not likely that a considerable number will diminish their efforts accordingly? And if so, what happens to the national dividend, and whence is the pool from which children's allowances are drawn to be fed? Is it a promising or desirable prospect for a country which certainly is in urgent need of a very much increased national dividend? If as things are it is not always easy to induce the careless and the selfish and the lazy to produce or to earn as much as they are capable of earning, and if one influence that sometimes converts the careless and the selfish and the lazy from their ways is the needs of their children, can we hope that they will exert themselves to provide for the children of the community? Is there not a very real danger that the pool may dwindle, and that the allowances may have to be provided from other sources? And in so far as this danger is a real one, are we not more than ever likely further to recruit our population from less desirable

stocks, and to diminish that national dividend upon which we all depend? Few reforms mean little more than a balance of advantages over disadvantages, and we shall meet these difficulties probably in accordance with our general views of society. To those who are concerned with the difficulties of adjusting the respective payments of men and women, still more to those who are conscious of the way in which the children of large families have to go short of what they need and miss perhaps their chances of becoming efficient citizens; to those who see how under the present system so many are overpaid, while others have not enough, the need for reform may outweigh all objections and thought of possible dangers. Neither the eugenist nor the economist preaches a gospel which makes any popular appeal. Both of them are regarded as cranks and doctrinaires. Nor, indeed, in so far as they are imbued with scientific caution, are they likely to tell us that any particular experiment will be either disastrous or desirable. They use phrases like 'tend,' and 'other things being equal,' and 'in the long run,' and discuss possibilities, and in this impatient age few will listen to their reasoned arguments.

Possibly it might be worth while to try the experiment in some such profession as that of teaching, where the difficulties of arranging for the payments as between the men and the women is peculiarly acute, and where the present salary scale perhaps provides insufficiently for the rearing of children. The married schoolmaster is to be desired, the possibility of marrying and rearing a family should help to attract to a profession, which has as its fundamental basis a love of children, the best men who possess that and the other tastes which are essential to the teacher's career. The eugenists would probably smile upon a possible increase in the families of teachers, the economists would be undismayed, for a change in the basis of the teacher's salary would be unlikely to diminish the value of the teacher's work. But the committee which draws up the new salary scales with their corresponding family allowances, whether presided over by Lord Burnham or any other man, will have no easy task. Its first business will be to scale down the pay of the men teachers, for to raise that of women teachers to the men's level is estimated to cost seven millions, an

impossible sum under present conditions. Those of the men who have dependent children may contemplate the process of adjustment with equanimity, but it is not likely to be popular with the others.

Will it work, and is it worth while? These are the questions we ask ourselves when we consider a proposed reform. Are there other possibilities which will produce some of the needed improvements at less cost, whether of effort or of cash? The payment of allowances, for instance, to the children of teachers would certainly mean a considerable increase in the work of the Board of Education, which would have to check them, and presumably in that of the local authorities who would pay them. What would be the relation of the cost of this new work to the saving upon salaries which is expected to result from paying teachers upon the new basis?

The Continental experiments have avoided most of these economic difficulties, because they do not involve any fundamental change in the basis upon which wages are paid. No one is quite sure yet whether the children's allowances are part of wages, or whether they are simply a bonus upon the production of children. The relation between the rates of wages and the scales of allowances is still very far removed from the ideal scale which provides as the basic wage a sufficient sum for the efficient maintenance of a couple, and adds to this an amount sufficient to provide for each child from birth until it arrives at wage-earning age. The eugenic problem weighs less heavily upon them than does that of their diminishing populations. They probably think, as indeed do many of us in this country, in terms of quantity rather than in those of quality.

We are living in times of economic difficulty and trouble. Our wages arrangements are admittedly unsatisfactory. There is a tendency, which is certainly not eugenic, to pay more in proportion for work which requires least ability. Those who are capable of contributing most to the national dividend receive least encouragement to effort. The reward and the exertion are incommensurate. No one is satisfied: neither those who receive wages and salaries nor those who are responsible for paying them. Would a system of family allowances lead to greater satisfaction? Would it lead to an increase

of national wealth, of the amount out of which, and only out of which, it is possible to provide for the maintenance of a higher standard of life among the mass of the people, a higher standard of attainment, a greater measure of security and of well-being, an improvement above all in the health, ability, and opportunity of the children? Supposing even that we think on the whole that it would, what would be the relation between the greater satisfaction attained, and the cost of the upheaval and dislocation necessary in order to arrive at that attainment? The advocates of change have great enthusiasm, they also command the sympathies of many of the workers' organisations as well as those who are distressed at the thought of children insufficiently fed, clothed, and warmed. But to the critical student it seems that they have a great deal more hard thinking and considered reasoning to do before they can convince us that their proposals will lead, not only to a more satisfactory distribution, which is possible, but to equal or increased production, which is, to say the least, improbable, or to racial betterment, which is surely very doubtful.*

LETTICE FISHER.

* This article was written and printed before the appearance of Miss Rathbone's book, which had consequently not been seen by the author.—
Ed. 'Q. R.'

Art. 6.—STRAFFORD IN IRELAND.

Strafford and Ireland; The History of his Vice-Royalty, with an account of his Trial. By Hugh O'Grady, Litt.D. Two vols. Dublin: Hodges Figgis, 1923.

HITHERTO, in Ireland the name of Strafford has been held only second in execration to that of Cromwell. At last, the wheel has gone full circle; and an Irishman, Dr Hugh O'Grady, has arisen who endeavours not merely to reverse the verdict passed on 'Black Tom Tyrant,' but further to prove that it was under his rule that the distressful country enjoyed her sole, her brief, golden age. Seldom have the slow mills of God ground so extremely small as in Dr O'Grady's 'Strafford,' though whether he will prove his case to his countrymen is another story.

Macaulay is responsible for the opinions of the average reader, and Strafford was the incarnation of all that he most abominated, for in Strafford, Macaulay and his school saw the protagonist of autocracy versus Parliamentary Government. When Macaulay wrote, the worship of Parliamentary institutions was at its height, every true-born Briton regarding a constitution as the heaven-sent panacea for the woes of every country and every race. Since Macaulay's day, constitutions have been showered on mankind from China to Peru. Nevertheless, the millennium is not yet in sight, and the jury system, and Parliamentary representation are perhaps no longer the irreducible minimum of the Englishman's political prescription. The atmosphere is, therefore, more favourable for a revision of the verdict on the Great Proconsul, though where Mr S. R. Gardiner and Mr Bagwell have failed to affect that verdict, Dr O'Grady may not be more fortunate. For, carefully sifted as is their evidence, it is ill pitting these writers against the whirlwind eloquence of the most brilliant of historians. Yet Mr Bagwell is undoubtedly right when he remarks: 'The Puritans were satisfied to call Strafford an apostate, and the Whigs followed them. But he never really belonged to the popular party and he sought office from the first not only from ambition but from a love of efficient government.'*

* 'Ireland under the Stuarts,' by R. Bagwell, vol. 1, 130.

The fact is that although Thomas Wentworth goes down to history as the champion of Stuart rule, in his mental make-up he was more nearly akin to the Elizabethan era which saw his birth. Indeed, it was by a natural evolution that the school-boy diligently inscribing 'thorow' in his copy-books, came to dream of realising sundry of the Tudor visions when he grew to man's estate. The flame-like energy, that talent for organisation which approaches the creator's genius, an impatience of theories, only equalled by a passionate faith in practical remedies, all designate Thomas Wentworth as a survival from the generation which had known the stern necessities of a struggle for national existence. Victory had crowned that struggle. The menace of the foreigner withdrawn, opinion no longer demanded the subordination of individual beliefs to the behest of the Governor, who alone could ride out the storm. Moreover, though her Stuart successors made their panoply of Elizabeth's prerogative, they were unquickenened by her spirit. A deep gulf had, therefore, parted the world of Strafford's manhood from that of his childhood, though he himself, by early associations, by traditions and by temperament, was steeled against conversion to the new ideals. Heredity and circumstances too had contributed no little to the moulding of this champion of the divine right. On his father's side, Thomas Wentworth came of the class who were the very backbone of rural life; the country gentlemen, born and trained to command and responsibility; many of them permeated by the scholarship of the Renaissance, yet in close touch with the actualities of everyday country existence; the squire and knights, baronets and landowners, whose fine probity was unstained by contact with the Court. As these gentlemen had been England's living bulwark during the perils of Elizabeth's reign, so in opposing camps they were to impart a character of highmindedness never approached in any other popular revolution. Of this stock, for good or ill, came Wentworth, yet with every quality and affinity touched to a higher level. Richelieu was not far wrong when he hailed Strafford—Oliver Cromwell being yet unknown to fame—as the outstanding, governing, and compelling spirit of his generation in England. 'The

English are so foolish,' said the Cardinal, 'that they will not let their wisest head stand on its own shoulders.'

Born in 1593, married in 1611, Thomas Wentworth, though already a member of Parliament, was barely of age when his father's death in 1614 made him the head of his house, the guardian of his brothers and sisters, and the possessor of a rent-roll equal to a modern income of 40,000*l.* a year. These early responsibilities, which he took seriously, left their stamp on his character, just as his travels on the Continent, and association with diplomats like Sir Henry Wotton, gave him a firsthand knowledge of foreign affairs, which was bound to conflict with the prejudices of Puritan faddists. Wentworth, indeed, had the gift of utilising personal experience. No grist came amiss to his mill, and he was too big a man to fear criticism. Once made up, his mind was impervious to doubt; but in the process of acquainting himself with a subject, he courted information, and irritable as he undoubtedly was, nerves overstrained, and body racked by gout, he not only encouraged the utmost plain speaking from those he trusted, but submitted to their rebukes even on such tender points as his 'cholerick disposition.'

As President of the North, Wentworth had served an apprenticeship of Government which had not been wholly pacific, since he had been obliged to bring up guns to bombard Lord Eure's house at Malton, before he could compel obedience to a Chancery decree. Nevertheless, a man who in 1633—the year of Wentworth's appointment as Deputy—crossed from England to Ireland, left a country ordered on lines faintly approaching our modern notions of civilisation for one described by an eminent Roman Catholic prelate as the 'land of licence and liberty.'

To reduce the island to order, Wentworth could not hope for assistance from his executive, who, to quote Dr O'Grady, consisted rather of 'great brigands than great public servants':

'For forty years a powerful independent oligarchy, the Irish chiefs, the Anglo-Irish lords, and the great State officials, had ruled Ireland, reinforced by, and intermarried with, the merchant class, English and Irish, who, either as undertakers, purchasers, or mortgagers, were spreading over the country,

being submerged in the aristocracy. . . . Behind this combine lay the vast welter of social discontent, the landless creations of clandom and feudalism, and the outcome of the transition period from the old to the new tenures. These constituted a menace to the country. Dependent on their lords, with nothing to lose, they were the inflammable material which any Irish lord could let loose at any time that he felt so disposed' (I, p. 16).

As almost invariably happens when the body politic is sick, the financial means to meet the most pressing needs were lacking. The Treasury was on the verge of bankruptcy, the final subsidy of 20,000*l.* well-nigh exhausted, and without money to pay the army, the judges, and the guardships, it was something of a problem to know how to run the machine of State. Yet by a combination of astuteness and authority, highly characteristic of the new Governor, the apparently insoluble problem was solved in a comparatively short time. The fact is that before he landed in Ireland, through the medium of Toby Matthews, the unofficial court jester, whose japes and verses camouflaged talent which nowadays would be utilised in a secret Intelligence Department, Wentworth had been feeling the pulse of the Roman Catholic community. He was consequently aware that to avoid the imposition of recusancy taxes, advocated by Lord Cork and the Protestant wing of the Council, the Romanists of Ireland were prepared to vote generous subsidies. Moreover, the promise of a Parliament to confirm the many dubious patents and grants of land, was a lure to Protestant and Roman Catholic alike, and between hopes and fears the renewal of contributions was guaranteed for another year. In that year, before he met Parliament, Wentworth set himself to drilling the army, the force which discharged the functions of our modern police, the arm of the law in a land given over to anarchy. Mounted on a splendid charger, with a black plume floating from his helmet, the Deputy was to be seen day after day schooling his very indifferent warriors into a state of efficiency, which, given the difference of age and numbers, ultimately recalled the 'contemptible little army' of 1914. Of all the miracles that Strafford's iron determination brought to pass in five short years, the transformation of the

army was not the least. What it was before his advent we know full well from contemporary letters and official reports. Hungry, naked, and mutinous, the soldiery were described by their own officers; and their conduct justified the refusal of the Dublin citizens to allow them within the walls. Since both officers and pay were conspicuous by their absence, it was scarcely surprising that the privates made a practice of pawning their weapons to get food and drink in public-houses, borrowing arms from the good-natured 'natives' when a parade could no longer be evaded—though a parade must have been a rarity, since in the first six months of his reign Wentworth only succeeded in ferreting out six captains not 'on leave.' And those six captains must have been men of considerably diplomatic talent, since, owing to the condition of vendetta prevailing in the public service, if an officer was on good terms with the Lords Justices, it followed that the Vice-Treasurer would refuse him pay for himself and his troop. Naturally, since man must live somehow, plundering the inhabitants was winked at, if not actually encouraged, by the officers.

The sister service, if such a pompous title can be bestowed on the 'Whelps,' the guardships supposed to protect Irish commerce, was no less inefficient than the Army. Pirates and privateers, rather than the King's Fleet, held the seas. Though the Deputy contrived to escape the pirates on his arrival, they captured his linen and stores—a success they must have subsequently regretted since if anything was needed to strengthen Wentworth's resolution to annihilate the corsairs, it was this direct affront to the King's representative. It was, however, a resolution which might easily have remained a pious aspiration. The Galway merchants who should have been their natural enemies, on the contrary, welcomed the pirates as more remunerative buyers and sellers than the genuine merchantmen; while the Cork gentry found through them the easiest means of evading the Customs. Not that the excisemen were impervious to financial argument. They were ready enough, being ill-paid, to bargain with smugglers or pirates who 'paid them cash, while the State only paid paper.'

The pirate of our early story-books is generally a low

fellow; but the pirates, or privateers, who haunted the coasts of Ireland in the 17th century, could often boast of so-called gentle blood, a fact which was not without its value when laying claim to the protection of 'great ones.' The Governor of the Isle of Man openly received these bandits into his harbours, and when Wentworth's 'pirate catcher,' Sir Richard Plumleigh, dared to interrogate him, haughtily made answer: 'I have a Lord in England to whom I alone give account.' The fishermen whose sons and brothers were carried into slavery for the Dey of Algiers; the merchants, whose cargoes were looted and whose ships were burnt, did indeed expostulate, but not to much effect, except once in West Cork when the inhabitants nearly lynched the unhappy Plumleigh, whom they suspected of letting off a sea-robber. If preferential treatment seemed advisable, a letter of marque from Spain, then at war with Holland, straightway transformed the pirate into the privateer. He could then swoop down on any Dutch ship—and Dutch bottoms were nearly the only carriers of Irish goods—to exercise his rights of search and confiscation. On the other hand, if Captain Plumleigh in the 'Whelp' had dared to hold up a privateer furnished with a letter of marque from Spain, it would have been a *casus belli*.

Dr O'Grady does not exaggerate in saying that Wentworth 'bullied, cajoled, and assailed the Admiralty' into acquiescence with his methods—the methods of common sense. Hitherto the King's ships had not reached the Irish Channel till two months later than the corsairs, and all refitting and repairing meant a return to England. The pirates now found the Whelps lying in wait for them, and the naval base installed at Kinsale. Moreover, the Lord Deputy was now commander of the King's forces by sea and by land, and the first quarter-master caught selling Jack Tar's rations and taking bad meat in exchange was clapped into the pillory and his nostrils were slit. Doubtless a barbarous punishment, but it stopped the barbarous decimation of crews by scurvy; while Corporations and Seignory Lords meekly capitulated to the Deputy's stringent commands against harbouring pirates. Finally, Wentworth induced Charles I to proclaim the Irish Sea a 'mare clausum' to search

and capture by men o' war or pirates. In 1637, Strafford could write triumphantly, 'We have not all this year heard so much as the rumour of Turk, St Sebastian, or Dunkirker; the merchant, inward and outward secured in his trade, much to their encouragement, the increase of custom and the enriching and contenting of the whole kingdom.'

Next to the pirate, the smuggler, and his allies, the custom-house officers had been the worst foes of the revenue. It was the penalty paid by the State for withholding the already inadequate wage of its officials. Wentworth, who was a generous paymaster, fully realised the scandal of the situation, and three years after his arrival it was with legitimate pride that he wrote: 'Every man had his money at a day, not scrambling one before another, without so much as giving of thanks or desiring a courtesy therein.' It followed, almost automatically, that the custom receipts which were 22,500*l.* in 1632, in 1639 had reached 55,500*l.*

The excisemen were not the only class of the community whose honesty was affected by the want of a living wage. The judges were sadly underpaid; their salary being less than that of a modern Petty Sessions clerk, as Dr O'Grady puts it, 'they could not afford to keep a conscience.' The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Kilmallock, who bore much the same reputation as Lord Braxfield, the 'hanging judge,' immortalised by Robert Louis Stevenson, was a terrible instance in point. A certain Philip Bushin, better endowed with this world's goods than with any form of godliness, was 'known to throw things at his wife,' and when, six weeks after her death, he married another lady, he was arraigned for the first Mrs Bushin's murder. Lord Kilmallock held the trial *in camera*, refusing to admit any witnesses for the defence on the ground that the case was treason; yet, even so, no witness could be found to swear that death resulted from a blow, and the jury threw out the case. But Bushin was not suffered to escape. Another jury was empannelled, and warned perhaps by the fines and grievous rating inflicted on their predecessors, they found the man guilty. He was duly executed, and the judge divided the estate with the sheriff who had organised the prosecution.

After the whole gruesome business was over, it transpired that Bushin's wife had died of dysentery, the endemic plague of 17th-century Ireland, and the jury vowed that they had been coerced into returning their verdict. Probably no questions would have been asked if the Lord Chancellor Loftus had been a friend of Kilmallock, or if any one less austere than Strafford had been in power. The Deputy himself had doubts as to his ability to see the case well through, and consequently remitted it to the Star Chamber. Twelve of the fourteen judges who sat on it found Kilmallock and the sheriff Belling guilty of having maliciously instigated the prosecution, of having suppressed evidence, intimidated the jury and seized on the estate. Kilmallock was dismissed his office, fined 5000*l.*, imprisoned, and ordered to restore the estate to Bushin's family. Eventually, Lord Kilmallock was one of the chief witnesses against Strafford at his trial, accusing him amongst other enormities of 'turning officers out of their places . . . and putting bad people into the Commission of the Peace.' The uniform grimness of Irish history, it must be confessed, is relieved by its vein of irony.

Dr O'Grady is convinced that the governing factor of the situation under Strafford was the land hunger of the 'Great ones' and the Planters, which could only be satisfied at the expense of Church property. The Abbey lands had already disappeared down their greedy maws; and the Church lands were in process of following suit by more or less circuitous methods, 'passing of cures as leases,' and 'impropriations.' Of this noble gang, Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, was the most prominent member. Cromwell was probably justified when, after seeing his townships, he declared that if there had been an Earl of Cork in every county of Ireland there would have been no rebellion. For Lord Cork had the virtues as well as the failings of the typical Captain of Industry. The slovenliness, the fecklessness, which disfigured Irish life found no tolerance with the man, who having as a youth landed in Ireland with a diamond ring and 20*l.* in his pocket, in his old age was enjoying an income of 20,000*l.* a year. The 'Great Earl' had grasped Bacon's axiom on the right use of wealth. The money he made did manure the soil, and his towns and settlements,

Baltimore and Clonakilty, were hives buzzing with industry, oases in that dreary desert of incompetence which was 17th-century Ireland. But if he could boast that he had repaired or built five churches, he had more extensively robbed Peter than paid Paul. Abbey lands were perpetually in the market; these he bought outright with the advowsons they carried, or obtained them, when ripe for foreclosure, on mortgages he had financed, often on strictly equitable terms, personally arranged across Strongbow's tomb in Christ Church, which he had converted into a money-changer's table. Nor was it in Ireland only that Lord Cork had clients. Under the name of Burlamacci, a London money-lender, he had ministered—at a price—to the King's necessities. And there was another bad mark against him in Strafford's score, when the Deputy discovered that the Burlamacci who was pressing Charles for repayment was none other than the 'Great Earl' who owed so much of his greatness to royal favour. 'To think,' wrote Wentworth, 'that a man of his means should stoop to such unworthiness for a little money!'

The modern code of 'business is business' would not endorse so harsh a description of what was a purely commercial deal; but some of Lord Cork's transactions in the ecclesiastical domain would scarcely commend themselves even to the most casual morality of to-day. Besides the advowsons included in Abbey lands, which could be 'manipulated,' there were 'long leases at under values' which bishops and parsons could be squeezed into granting to powerful patrons. A starving curate would grasp at 5*l.* as the price of leasing the lands and tithes of a living in the earl's gift. The latter probably made 500*l.* a year in tithes and glebe. If the cleric refused, he got no living and no 5*l.* It is the history of the sweating wage down the ages; and it should be remembered that at this period the labourer's yearly wage worked out at 7*l.*, so that Cork was hiring his clergyman at a lower price than his hewers of wood and drawers of water. Evidently, on an average, he assessed his parsons at this rate, though occasionally the pay varied slightly. Thus, one man received 10*l.* to serve four parishes, while another, George Buck by name, was even less fortunate. Of the six advowsons in the Abbey lands

of Tracton, Cork owned five. To one he simply did not appoint, and George Buck got the remainder, with a stipend of 3*l.* 15*s.*, the earl pocketing 88*l.* exclusive of tithes. No wonder that when Cork's name was mentioned Bramhall used heated words about the 'paw of sacrilege.' No wonder that reputable clergy were not to be found for Irish cures. Wentworth's determination to induce Charles I to repudiate the 'Grace' bestowing fixity of land tenure has brought more blame upon him than any other of his actions. Yet if this 'Grace' had been passed, what hope of reformation would there have been for the Church of Ireland?

Lord Cork was a sinner on a big scale, a picturesque figure who arrests attention; but all over Ireland landlords, great and small, were playing the same game till Wentworth called a halt. Ecclesiastics were not more mealy-mouthed than their lay contemporaries. The record of Meiler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, a Vicar of Bray on a colossal scale, is hard to beat even in Irish history. Had he known it, the creator of Barry Lyndon might have been tempted into weaving around this amazing personage a novel of an earlier century than that which forms the background to his Hibernian blackguard. This same Meiler Magrath, an ex-Franciscan, twice married, and twice to Roman Catholic wives, who continued during ten years to be simultaneously a Papal Prelate and an Anglican Archbishop, and, very sensibly, generally went armed, was in truth rather akin to the generation of Odo of Bayeux than to that of his actual contemporaries, Abbot and Laud. Already under Elizabeth, Cecil was complaining that Meiler was reported 'very irreligiously to suffer his church to lie like a hogstye'! As the country quieted down, after Tyrone's submission, King James began to have qualms about the pluralist Archbishop's management of his four dioceses. It must have been a shock to the royal theologian to learn that Magrath's flocks 'scarcely knew that there was a God'; while on further inquiry it transpired that out of his total of seventy livings, Meiler had 'passed' thirty to himself and distributed twenty amongst his tribe of children (all Romanists), and his dependents, one, a 'kern wanted for murder.'

James had known some rather strange doings, but

this was more than he could stomach. He threatened legal proceedings, but Magrath was not easily scared, and promptly retaliated by proposing to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. He knew his old masters would be glad to have him on any terms; and he was right, for the Franciscan Provincial instantly responded with a testimonial of good character, and the Papal Secretary at the Vatican wrote assuring him of a 'good reception, con carità.' The checkmate was complete. The Government could not face the scandal of one of its chief officers in Church and State 'verting' to Rome, and Meiler kept his archiepiscopal see until his death in 1622, when, with every circumstance of pomp and honour, he was laid to rest in the Cathedral of Cashel, where a curious epitaph adorns his tomb.

Long ago, Spenser had marked the difference between the shepherds of the so-called Church of Ireland, and the fervent missionaries of the Catholic Reaction, venturing their lives to keep the Irish true to the one Apostolical and Roman Church. By 1632-33 there was, however, no longer any question of Roman Catholic friars or priests risking their lives to hold the fort in Ireland. Recusancy fines were useful as a threat for dealing with Papists; but except Lord Cork and his party in the Council, who occasionally advocated their imposition, there was no question of putting them in force. On the attempt of some of the Bishops to enforce registration of Papists, Wentworth, with great good sense, and an approach to Christian feeling, remarked 'the Course alone will not bring them to Church, being rather an engine to drain money out of their pockets than to raise a right belief and faith in their hearts and so doth not tend to that end he sets forth.' This was toleration in practice, though Strafford would have been horrified at the suggestion that he advocated such deplorable laxity in principle. It was half a century later that Bishop Burnet going to Holland came across the blessed peace of them that seek peace, and was converted to universal toleration, then still generally regarded as a new-fangled heresy.

If the Papists in Ireland flaunted pompous ceremonials too openly, an outcry occasionally arose, but in the daily round of life they met with few checks from the authori-

ties. In fact, according to Dr O'Grady they enjoyed practically every privilege, except official recognition. In many ways, indeed, they were better off than the State Establishment, since the Statute of Mortmain made it illegal to bequeath or restore property to the Church of Ireland, whereas the Church of Rome, being unrecognised, endowments were freely bestowed on both regulars and seculars. Thus, when the abbey lands of Porto Puro were left back to the Church, 'a neighbour stepped in and pleaded the Statute of Mortmain, getting 60% a year of lands as a reward.' The truly Hibernian result of these conditions was that the illegal Church became as rich as the Church by law established became poor. The see of Cashel, after being looted by 'that wicked Bishop Mileus'—as Strafford called Magrath—was worth only 260% per annum, while the Roman Catholic Bishops of the same diocese enjoyed an income of 2000%.

The fact, noted by Bishop Bedell, that most of the regulars were the younger sons of the gentry, accounts for the support which the monks and friars derived from their families and relatives. On the other hand, the introduction of this class into the priesthood meant a distinct deterioration in spiritual quality from the ardent missionaries of Spenser's era. In 1613, the regulars did not exceed a total of two hundred in the length and breadth of Ireland. By 1630, in the diocese of Tuam alone, there were twenty-eight Priors. Nor were these gentlemen a subject of pure joy and edification to their Bishops. The laxity, which increasing prosperity had brought in its train, is revealed in the rules drawn up at the Synod of Connaught in 1631; rules forbidding ecclesiastics to lend money, to foreclose on mortgages, to keep dogs, or more than one horse, or two servants. Evidently, the average stipend of the Roman Catholic priest was not calculated on Lord Cork's estimate. It is amusing to note that Comerford, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, openly lamented that 'our country is so furnished with clergymen that ere it be long we are like to have one in every house. A man cannot sit down to a raffe of tripe but one or two clergymen will come in.' Of course in these circumstances the perennial strife between regulars and seculars blazed forth anew—to the

considerable embarrassment of the chief pastors. When a certain priest, Harris by name, set his diocesan at defiance and appealed to the King's Court, a regular calmly suggested that so inconvenient a secular should be quietly put out of the way.

Such in brief was the situation Wentworth found awaiting him when he landed in Ireland in 1633, and it says no less for his resourcefulness than for his energy that by the time he met Parliament in July 1634, he had gathered up the reins of Government into his capable hands, and was beginning to make his personality felt. His difficulties were not confined to Ireland. Charles I had only reluctantly given him permission to convene a Parliament, and he knew he must stand or fall—and his reforms and life work with him—by his management of the assembly. In the first session, devoted to Supply, the small Protestant majority of eight gave him the needful leverage to obtain the subsidies, without which Government would have been a vain mockery. But when the second session, designed for legislation, took place, and the members discovered that they had voted their money, and not got three of the most important Graces out of the forty promised by Charles, they broke into what Wentworth considered flat rebellion. It must be admitted that flesh and blood could hardly have submitted tamely to such a disappointment; and no act of Wentworth's has been more censured than his attitude on this vexed question. The grounds on which he extricated Charles from his pledge were, however, strictly legal. He had only to recall the fact that according to Poyning's law, which Dr O'Grady very truly calls the 'lynch pin of the Irish constitution,' no measure could be passed into law which had not been ratified by the Council. These particular Graces had actually been denounced by the Council, though the very men who signed the protest made Strafford's opposition to the measures one of their main charges against him at his trial. Whether Charles, though within the letter of the law in following Wentworth's advice, was acting up to the spirit of his pledge is another matter. Nevertheless, it is not sufficiently remembered that these Graces, involving as they did the regranting *en bloc* of patents to Ulster Planters, to cover the violation of original con-

tracts; a statute of limitations ensuring fixity of tenure of all property held for sixty years, and the continuance of the actual Connaught tenures, aptly described as 'a mixture of feudalism and clandom,' would have sanctioned a host of injustices, the stripping of Church property and general embezzlement on a monstrous scale. Though the Councillors, individually, would have welcomed measures that would have protected them from disturbance, officially, when confronted by Wentworth, they were bound to admit that the proper course was to bring all doubtful cases up before the Defective Titles Commission to be adjudged on their merits.

Nevertheless, one of the Privy Councillors, Sir Piers Crosby, though a signatory of the protest, engineered the revolt in the Commons as checkmate to Wentworth. It was an old trick in Ireland for the Councillors to turn on the Deputy, and oppose the measures they themselves had supported at the Council Board. But this Deputy was not easily checkmated, and he promptly struck Crosby's name off the list of the Privy Council. The return of the Protestant members, in whose absence Crosby had organised the revolt, restored Wentworth's majority, and though the opposition had thrown out a bill against bigamy, and another making accessories to murder liable to prosecution, a variety of useful Acts were passed without demur. This was an untold relief to Wentworth, for as he wrote: 'I was wondrous unwilling any malevolent tongue should seemingly charge us that having served the king, we now became meanly careless of what we ought to his people.' Indeed, so well pleased was Wentworth with the work of the Session that if it had rested with him he would merely have prorogued Parliament, but Charles, who said that 'Parliaments like cats grow curst with age,' insisted on a dissolution.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to analyse even the chief events of Wentworth's reign in Ireland. Moreover, his long series of fights with recalcitrant ecclesiastics in Convocation, with the Connaught juries, with Lord Chancellor Loftus, with Lord Cork on a host of subjects, from the vexed question of the latter's tomb to his financial transactions, loom too large in standard histories to escape the notice of the most casual reader.

Dr O'Grady dwells not only on these incidents in Wentworth's career, but gives material not generally accessible to the ordinary student. It all goes to support his contention that Wentworth's undoubted success in evolving order from anarchy, and prosperity from misery, was due less to his army of 2000 men, efficient though it was, than to the silent force of public opinion which he mobilised throughout the land. St Louis, the Justiciary under the oak at Vincennes, is generally held up to the admiration of posterity. Wentworth, presiding over the Castle Chamber Court, on the contrary, is generally regarded as the typical despot. The 'poor plain man' of the period would not, however, have endorsed this opinion, for he realised that the formidable Viceroy sat there four days in every week to secure justice for him and his. The cases that came up in that court were mainly those affecting the 'meaner sort,' involving a few acres, a few pounds, but all important to the pleaders, who knew that they could never have hoped for an impartial verdict if their opponent had carried weight in their own country; while the fact that cases could be brought on petition enabled Strafford to save much Church property.

The more important cases were tried at the Council Board, and could be heard *in camera*, a process to which the English Puritan took mighty exception, for very obvious reasons, not realising, however, that had some of these suits been brought into open courts, whole districts would have blazed into partisan warfare.

'When one great Irish peer stripped his daughter and flogged her to death the case was a matter of State, involving grave issues, and secret handling, and certainly not one to be entrusted to an ordinary judge and a common jury, composed either of his enemies or his retainers. When one of the Burkes said Lord Clanricarde was illegitimate, it would have been dangerous to leave the case to a libel action in one of the lower Courts. On that case depended the hegemony of Connaught, and a blunder might produce a civil war. . . . When the Dutch merchants denied the Dublin Corporation the right to collect coquet duties from them, it was obvious that no Dublin jury could be impartial' (I, p. 28).

It is curious to note that, though at Strafford's trial exception was taken to his trying cases on petition, it

was impossible for the prosecution to pick holes in his decisions, the only case they attempted proving a complete justification of the Deputy's verdict. But awe-inspiring as Strafford was, it is evident that he sometimes found it difficult to keep order in Court between the leading officials. Lord Cork gives a funny account of a wrangle of his own.

'The Lord Chancellor made a long and impertinent speech. I replied, "I was not of that opinion." His Lordship replied, "I care not for your opinion." "Nor I for yours," quoth I. His Lordship then said, "I care not a rush for you." The Deputy told us we were both great officers, and prayed us to be quiet, but we multiplying our unquiet conceits, one upon another, he then required, and commanded us to be quiet' (I, p. 38).

Dr O'Grady's work concerns Strafford the administrator rather than the man, of whom we catch glimpses in Radcliffe's touching little memoir, the Strafford who reveals himself in his letters as few personages of that iron age have done. All who know anything about him will remember the charming account of his little girls, 'Nan, who danceth prettily,' and 'Arabella, a small practitioner that way,' in a letter written to Lady Clare, their grandmother, and the mother of the 'Saint in heaven,' at whose mention he broke down in his last speech. In the matter of friendship, Strafford would have justified Dr Johnson's contention that a good hater makes a good friend, for few men have been more faithful to their friends than Strafford. Next to the 'Saint in heaven,' the children 'whom in His Mercy God lends to me,' were evidently the nearest to his heart. Of his third wife, Elizabeth Rhodes, we know little. She may have been colourless, and certainly she must have been of the meek order of spouses, judging from the following letter written to her immediately after marriage by her Lord and Master:

'DEAR BESSE, your first lines were welcome unto me, and I will keep them in regard I take them to be full as of kindnesse, soe of truth. It is not presumption for you to write unto me, the fellowship of marriage ought to carry with it more of love and equality than any other apprehension, soe I desire it may be ever betwixt us, nor shall it breake of my part. . . . You succeed in this family two of the rarest

ladies of their time; equal them in their excellent disposition of your minde, and you become every ways equally worthy of any thing that they had or that the best of the world can give, and be you ever assured to be by me cherished and assisted the best I can thro' the whole course of my life wherein I shall be noe other to you than I was to them, to wit your loving husband, WENTWORTH.'

Though this letter would hardly find favour with a modern bride, Besse seems to have been a happy wife, as well as an excellent stepmother. 'Implacable' though Wentworth was when crossed in his designs, he would not have exercised the influence he did socially, or even politically, had he been the sour-visaged tyrant depicted in the Puritan legend. Sir Philip Warwick, who did not love him, says: 'In his person he was of a tall stature, but stooped much in the neck. His countenance was cloudy whilst he moved or sat thinking, but when he spoke either seriously or facetiously he had a light-some and a very pleasant ayre, and whatever he then did he performed very gracefully.' Being well aware of the effects of pomp and shows on an imaginative people, his Court, according to Howells,* for sheer splendour could only be compared to that of the Spanish viceroy at Naples. Nor was it less carefully regulated than it was sumptuous. Drunkards were particularly abhorrent to Strafford. When he arrived in Dublin he found drinking grown to a 'disease epidemical,' and forthwith set himself to reform it. 'As he is very severe in the punishment of offences so,' says a contemporary, 'he is careful that his family (i.e. his household) should be exemplar in practice and ambitious of good and honourable employment.'†

Since it was part of his scheme that the setting of the Viceroy's establishment should be worthy of 'my Great master's' representative, Strafford did not merely plan, and begin to build a fine country seat in Ireland, but also set himself to beautify the castle in Dublin. Unluckily, however, though he could regulate the toasts at his table, and quell Very Reverend Deans with a frown, apparently, even he could not instil carefulness

* 'Howells' Letters,' vol. I, p. 342: Howells—Sir E. Savage.

† 'Fairfax Correspondence,' vol. I, pp. 250-2: J. Bladen to Lord Fairfax, July 2, 1634.

into Irish housemaids. It merely needed one of these damsels to leave 'a dust basket of charcoal embers' under a staircase, utterly to destroy the stately Chapel, the 'Chapel Chamber and my lady's lodgings' which he had built. Indeed, if the alarm of fire had not been given just in time, my Lady and the children would have perished in the housemaid's bonfire. They were safely carried out wrapped in blankets, but the new rooms, including the Chapel Chamber, a thing of beauty 'being most richly furnished with black velvett, imbroidered with flowers of silk works in tent stitch; all fruit trees and flowers and ships imbroidered with gold twist,'* went up in flames to the sky.

It was probably, however, in a simpler apartment than this gorgeous room that Wentworth's happiest hours were spent in Dublin. Conversation and a pipe of tobacco with his friends was more to his taste than cards or banquets. Ormonde, whose wit was so appreciated in later days by Charles II, was one of the little circle admitted to his intimacy. It was to Wentworth's advantage to be on terms of personal friendship with an Irish nobleman carrying the weight Ormonde did in Ireland, but the Deputy would give himself equal trouble to set a shy curate at his ease, as William Wandesforde's letter testifies.

'After supper,' writes the latter, a cousin of the Wandesforde who was Master of the Rolls, and Strafford's right hand in administrative matters, 'he (the Deputy) pulled me by the cloak privately and caused me to follow him into a private room when he takes tobacco . . . and was likewise pleased for three houres to discourse pleasantly and to draw from me often my poor opinion with much liberty by the noble and gentle openesse of his countenance and fashion towards me.'†

Dr O'Grady has given a full account of Strafford's trial, and has wisely included his great speech in the appendix. Even now it can scarcely be read without emotion; nor certainly without admiration for the man, deprived of his chief witnesses and tortured with pain, defending himself with a wealth of resource, controlled

* 'Autobiography of Mrs A. Thornton,' 11-12.

† 'Eng. Hist. Review,' ix, Jan.-Oct. 1894, p. 550: Wm. Wandesforde to Sir R. Wandesforde, Oct. 8, 1638.

temper, and high courage which have seldom been surpassed. In truth 'never man looked death more stately in the face.' It was, however, these very qualities that sealed his doom. His enemies realised that his acquittal meant their destruction. 'Stone dead hath no fellow'; and so Strafford was done to death, his works in Ireland, good and bad alike, followed him into the pit, and a tidal wave of anarchy swept over the country.

One-man rule has that drawback. The successor is hard to find; and never so hard as when 'constructive treason' can, in Strafford's phrase, easily prove 'destructive treason' to any ruler having the courage to enforce order in a land seething with disorder. Strafford's successors took good care not to court these dangers, and Ireland has paid the penalty of their prudence throughout the centuries. Richelieu's verdict we already know. A natural affinity between these two great men, the sworn enemies of anarchy, perhaps inspired the Cardinal's judgment. Archbishop Ussher, saint and scholar, who shrived Strafford in his last hours, has left another and a more surprising verdict. 'A white soul,' said the Archbishop—an epithet at first sight singularly inappropriate for a man all energy in his many-sided nature, loving and hating with an intensity given to few. Yet in the heart of the furnace the flame burns white; and it was in the hour of Strafford's supreme sacrifice that Ussher was enabled to see, further perhaps than others, into the soul of the Great Deputy.

WINIFRED BURGHCLERE.

Art. 7.—LANDOWNERS AND THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

IN the past few years the Conservative Party would appear to have surrendered without a struggle its first stronghold in Great Britain, the country-side. This is the more surprising, for the position had neither been won without effort nor maintained without sacrifice. But for the presence of a powerful and wealthy land-owning body, English agriculture might well have succumbed at several crises in its chequered career, indeed it may be that the impoverishment or disappearance of so many of the old landlords has something to do with the dilemma that confronts our greatest national industry to-day, for they alone in the season of their greatness were shrewd enough to recognise more lines than that of least resistance. Such a view is unpopular, clashes with democratic conceptions, affronts new creeds, and, indeed, has little save truth to commend it, for 'the evil that men do lives after them.' Perhaps the best way of arriving at the relations between landowning families and the people who work for them is to consider the conditions that brought those relations about. The urban worker looks with contempt upon the countryman, and yet, but for the landlord and the husbandman, industrial England had never been. They strengthened the arm now raised against them; to-day the city wage-earner refuses to support any proposal that would tax him, even lightly, for the maintenance of the class that brought him into being. The land has been the support of all our great experiments in Empire building and industry.

In Angevin England the manor fed the worker, the landowner lived from farm to farm; the hiring of land was not practised until money grew plentiful. It may be doubted whether the custom of rent-paying was established before the end of the 15th century. Down to that time relations were more intimate and personal, and it may be permissible to claim that the first important export trade of this country proceeded, in Tudor times, from the farm in response to the demand for English wool. Continental needs brought arable to grass in the 'spacious days' of Elizabeth and the more contracted era of James I, producing conditions similar

to those that obtained here immediately after the Great War. In the 16th and 17th centuries as in the 20th, the rich merchants and speculators hurried to buy English land; then, as in our time, successive Governments tried to return the pasture to the plough. Our Elizabethan houses in their mellow beauty testify to the value of our flocks. Wool dictated foreign policy, created the Poor Law, and led Sir Walter Raleigh to hold, as the Manchester School does to-day, that this country might well be fed on foreign corn. New landlords accepted the tradition of the land when the wealth won from commerce carried them from the towns.

Through the earlier times, from the passing of the Manor down to the years of the Dissolution of Monasteries, the land had been strongly held. It was not left entirely to the mercy of absentee warriors, or of those simple folk who farmed in common, strip by strip, whose methods were primitive, the bulk of whose cattle and sheep must be killed in autumn or starve in winter, who had neither clover nor roots. The monks appear to have mastered all agricultural knowledge. They practised continental methods, they cultivated fishponds and flower gardens, they were herbalists, they took the lead in raising the fruits of the earth. They maintained the best farming tradition, and it is clear that agriculture needed their wise guidance. This contention may be supported by reference to the times of the Civil War and the Commonwealth when the monasteries were a memory and the landowning classes, not yet accustomed to take the latter-day view of their responsibilities to the country-side, betook themselves to the more congenial occupation of fighting one another. Then the farm suffered, and we find that our complaints are no more than an echo of those older ones. For example, there is in the second half of the 17th century a cry for payment for the leaseholder's improvements, for more intensive methods of cultivation, for extension of drainage and extinction of vermin. The wheat problem was already serious; an import duty of 2s. a quarter was imposed on foreign wheat in 1660 and was standing at 16s. ten years later. In 1688 there was a bounty on exported wheat, payable when the home price was at or under 24s. a sack. The farmer had animal diseases

to contend against, slaughter became compulsory, and moderate compensation was paid. Without guidance and support agriculture must have remained ineffective. Apparently the landowning class returned to work at the end of the 17th century, and from that time we find that the condition of husbandry, if not always of the husbandman, improved steadily. But then, as before and since, agricultural prosperity depended on cheap labour.

The 18th century paved the way to industrial enterprise in England and strengthened the landowners. In that period upwards of two million acres were brought under cultivation. Jethro Tull invented a drilling machine and taught the first principles of economical seeding. Lord Townshend, retiring from the distinguished practice of diplomacy, applied Tull to turnips. He popularised the four-course rotation, which had only been followed in a few agricultural districts; he created the agricultural wealth of Lincolnshire; he insisted on the value of carbonate of lime, bringing fresh authority to an old belief. To realise the importance of drilling, turnip cultivation, and soil renovation we must endeavour to understand the state of English land in the years when these improvements were first essayed. A wasteful system of farming had not availed to tithe possibilities or to do much more than feed a small population. Transport was in its infancy; the rural community self-contained. The mere creation of a food surplus was sufficient to bring about a demand for roads good enough to carry it: England owes many of her roads to the farmer. What the country-side was doing and could do was becoming of the first importance to the towns.

Side by side with progress there was suffering. The necessity for enclosing land was grievous to those who had a traditional knowledge of and interest in the baulk or strip system which, though forgotten in England to-day, may still be studied in all its pristine absurdity on the continent. But, after the Civil War, when farming passed from incompetent hands, estates were strongly held, and men of means and intelligence strove to make what they could of the first source of national wealth. Corn and roots were not alone in receiving attention, Robert Bakewell in the mid-18th century improved the

breed of cart-horses, sheep, and oxen. He followed the purpose that breeders set before themselves to-day, to turn money into joints in the shortest possible time. He had pedigree sires, and received stud fees that appear tempting even now; he left the English dinner-table better equipped than he found it. Once the start was given there were plenty to follow, and before Bakewell died the average weight of market cattle had more than doubled; that of calves, sheep, and lambs had trebled. Yet we may doubt whether 'Turnip Townshend' and Robert Bakewell could have effected their peaceful and profitable revolution without wealthy landowner and poverty-stricken labourer; we recognise the bitter truth that, while the beast was cultivated, the man was neglected. In the latter part of the 18th century a farm labourer earned 7s. a week.

New undertakings involved considerable outlay, and while they might deserve success could not command it. Arthur Young saw that in the work of the pioneers there was a fulcrum for turning the whole of our agricultural method to better ends. He praised the large-scale method, he knew that the small man working on a limited acreage with insufficient means could not possibly turn his land to best advantage. He saw that the indigent farmer could not dress or drain meadows, improve stock, study or practise the latest acts of husbandry; across his stimulating discourse falls the shadow of the factory farm. Already the dawn of the manufacturing era was upon the land, together with the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. If England had not been strongly held, if the country had been given up to baulk farming by men who sought no surplus, it is hard to see how war could have been waged or our nascent industries cultivated. In the early 19th century, as in the early 20th, the agriculturalists of all classes helped to save England. Readers of Lord Ernle's brilliant work, 'English Farming, Past and Present,' a book that appeals to students of history and to practical farmers, cannot fail to realise that the Napoleonic era not only gave agriculture in England its golden age but consolidated the position of the landlords. 'Farmer George' was a keen breeder of stock and took a real interest in the developments that each

year brought; men like the Duke of Bedford at Woburn and Lord Egremont at Petworth were carrying out experiments of high value. To the light and shifting soil of Holkham, 'Coke of Norfolk' brought clay and marl. He replaced rye with wheat, introduced oil-cake for cattle, and fed so extensively that his stock ensured the quality of his corn, and in forty years his annual rent roll rose from 2,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* The old Board of Agriculture (1793-1822) came into being and the Farmers' Club with it. Smithfield Club dates from 1798 when the Bath and West of England Society had already come of age. There were experimental farms in various parts of England. Rents were rising, more waste land was being reclaimed, more open land enclosed by Act of Parliament, the Enclosure Acts of King George's reign run into thousands. Even poor soil could produce paying crops, new industrial centres clamoured for food and there could be no imports, war and the poor harvests of Europe forbade. Behind these efforts stood the landlord, guiding, directing, financing, establishing his hold and the tradition of his class, justifying in some measure his claim to rule because he was proving that he could serve. I think that there was a minimum of altruism in this attitude. He felt that he stood for England, that it was the property of the elect, and he sought to justify his stewardship to his peers. Of the agricultural labourer's needs he knew little and cared less.

The new industrialism demanded much money. There was a very generous note issue that led to financial crises; amid panics and fluctuations only the land appeared to possess stability. Big landowners won profit from high farming and properties in first-class order; Coke of Norfolk is said to have spent half a million on his estate buildings. Statesmen took a keen interest in agriculture seeing that, without it, the new industrial centres must disappear. There was a tempting reward for the man who could invent a useful implement to speed up acts of husbandry. Through a season of unprecedented prosperity the landlords consolidated their position in the country-side and the farmers were prosperous—for a time. But agriculture is not the business of landowners and big farmers alone. The small men, the yeomen class, giving the term its widest acceptance, won nothing

from war, and when prices fell and bills had to be met, their ruin was complete. The labourers suffered all the time, even in the war years with employment plentiful it was found necessary to supply them with food at less than the ruling price. Wages, though they rose steadily from 1750 and suffered only slight fluctuations following the reaction to Waterloo, did not keep pace with the rise in commodities. We can read, in the crisis through which agriculture has passed of late, a twice-told tale. After the war 'boom,' at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century, farmers sought to cut down expenses—they could not help themselves—and there was no relief for a poor man while he had any possessions. He must sell his cottage, his cow, his pig before claiming the scanty relief of the pauper, and so degradation set in. The country was suffering from effects of the kind we experienced four years ago, and through twenty years, long after there had been an industrial revival, agriculture declined. Lord Ernle has pointed out the solitary advantage that agriculturists enjoyed through those hard times. Money had been spent on their land. It had been limed, drained, manured as never before; they had better live-stock, better implements, and a wider knowledge, so that although prices fell to a half of what they were, many contrived to farm through the bleak years of George IV and William IV. But on scores of holdings the bailiffs replaced the farmer and much land went out of cultivation. If the landlords failed in this crisis, let us remember that their wealth was not very great and the tax-collector was urgent.

The plight of agricultural labourers was even worse than that of farmers. Commodity prices had soared beyond their purchasing power; though they were earning half as much again as their fathers they were worse off. In their despair it was easy to persuade them that they owed their ruin to machinery. The riots of the early 'thirties were the ripe fruit of this idea, but the political position of the landlords was not shaken. When the revival came they were the pioneers who, despite heavy taxation, mortgages, and reduced rentals, again financed agriculture and continued the work of surveying new paths of progress.

There was considerable incentive for the farmer in

the knowledge that England required more corn than home industry could supply; after six centuries of application, corn laws appeared to be a part of the established order of things. The margin of deficiency was small—as low as three and never higher than eight per cent. in the first half of the 19th century—but it sufficed, and the movement that led to the Repeal of the Corn Laws, like all important movements in this country, were of slow growth. Oddly enough, many of England's great landlords favoured Repeal in the thirty years' struggle. It marked the rising of industrialists against the greater industry that had made them possible; and we must remember that, when Repeal came, our population was little more than a third of what it is to-day, and that a small extension of the existing effort would have enabled the country to remain self-supporting. Indeed, imports had slow growth. The worst charge to be brought against the Corn Laws is surely that they enabled landlords to charge high rents and farmers to pay them to their profit, while leaving the hardest worker on the land with no more than sufficed to enable him to remain at work through early manhood and prime, and relegating him to the poor-house when his strength was spent. The plight of these men had been worsened by the enclosure of common lands, and some of this enclosure was made deliberately to drive yeomen into the ranks of penniless labour. Where there was common of pasture, a man could supplement his wages; when this was taken away, nothing remained to help. The tendency of the 18th and a great part of the 19th century was to deprive the small freeholder of his independence, to add field to field, to consolidate the position of the big landowner at the expense of poorest neighbours.

Yet it may be said that the landowner worked well for agriculture. Through years when no Government gave practical assistance, he carried out various experiments that have improved acts of husbandry, but his greed for land and for game was responsible for the first faint signs of the revolt that is now affecting the fortunes of his party. The real truth is that enclosure went too far, and was enforced without either justice or discretion. 'Peasant farming' can never compete on economic lines with the work of farmers who have capital, machinery,

and modern knowledge, but small holdings are essential to the prosperity of the country-side. Landowners made a great mistake when by their action, in and after the Napoleonic era, they ousted yeomen farmers and peasant proprietors to placate their tenants who saw cheap labour disappearing and clamoured after their fashion, protesting that without cheap labour England must go derelict.

We have not to look far to see what men will give of hard work for the pleasures of ownership. The strenuous small holders of France and Belgium are a standing example of accomplishment in face of every hardship. Enclosures had a bad effect upon the health of the rural population for the poor man's cow disappeared. They had a worse effect upon men's minds, because they became conscious of class tyranny, and, while many of the country's most influential landlords were doing their duty by agriculture and by all who worked for them, others were taking narrow views of their obligations and becoming persecutors not only of offences but of opinions. Non-conformity would appear to owe more to the attempts made to repress it than to any of the other factors that gave it prominence, and Non-conformity has proved the strenuous opponent of Conservatism.

Happily wounds heal. Man 'is born, is unhappy, and dies,' but his successor does not allow inherited grievances to depress him. Given a fair wage for labour, adequate returns for the farmer, and reasonable rents for the landlord, agriculture would forget its troubles, for such is human nature. When, about the time of Queen Victoria's accession, prosperity returned to the land, there were no difficulties that assumed national importance until the 'seventies. Through nearly forty years the landlords of England strengthened their position until the country-side could present a long roll of safe seats to their party.

One of the main causes of agricultural revival was the improvement of transport facilities. The railway which hampers agriculture to-day with high charges and ineffective service was a boon to the farmer in the late 'thirties and after. Canals had been useful, but railways superseded them. The impetus towards industrialism

had its reflex action on the farm, for England was and remained through the first half of Queen Victoria's reign almost self-supporting. Railways added to the wealth of great county families, and much of it went to the development of farms, improvement of stock, purchase of modern implements, erection of houses, cottages, buildings. Winter feeding was now possible. Modern methods were not widespread, but were practised on a varying scale throughout England, and nearly always under the guidance or patronage of some landlord whose ample means enabled him to run risks. The national importance of agriculture was recognised as freely as in Napoleonic times; Queen Victoria became the patron of the Royal Agricultural Society on its incorporation, and retained that position throughout her life. There was no better farming than at Windsor, and a well-managed profitable estate was the goal of the country gentleman's ambition. It provided him with an *imperium in imperio*, he supervised the husbandry on his home farm, and was prepared to criticise or commend that of his tenants. A pillar of the Church, he appointed to livings, he had a rotten borough or two in his pocket, and if he was not the ideal guardian of his own morals, he could at least control those of others, either at Petty or Quarter Sessions. He preserved game, sometimes by the aid of man traps and spring guns, and always by the sanction of abominable laws, persecuted Non-conformity, and withal had a kind heart and open hand for all whose principles did not offend his own. There were fluctuations in his fortunes. Collapse of railway speculation, repeal of the Corn Laws, a bad fall in prices (1848-50), shook but could not dislodge him; there was a national sense of confidence in agriculture, and home-grown food was still in demand. Free Trade did not mean large imports for many years; in 1854 we had four million acres down to corn. The Crimean War helped landlord and farmer, the Civil War in America was good for English trade, only the farm labourer won no ease from either. Even the cattle plague of 1865, not Foot and Mouth Disease, but the genuine 'rinder-pest,' did nothing seriously to check the upward movement, which on the crest found the Conservatives in control of the political situation. There were opposing forces, but they did

not amount to anything in rural areas. Truth to tell, the country-side has an innate conservatism that permeates all classes and accounts for the long-lived rule of landlords. Even the Luddite risings against machinery in the reign of George IV were the outcome of farm workers' bitter poverty and hatred of change. They were content with methods practised by their parents and grandparents, they possessed skill even though they lacked pace, and regarded all change as something to be resisted. This spirit lingered into the 20th century; it is passing, but has not passed, and, skilfully directed, must impede very seriously the progress of the Labour Party outside urban areas.

The troubles that came upon the farming community in the 'seventies and, with a brief interval, lasted for about five and thirty years, were due to too much confidence in the first instance and to world troubles after that. Men had gambled on the prosperity of farming just as they did in 1918-20, they were paying higher rents than the position warranted, they were living a life of comparative ease. When the crash came they followed their usual custom and forced the labourer who had enjoyed none of the fruits of prosperity to suffer. Foreign competition was making itself felt, there were many bad seasons. In the last thirty years of the 19th century, England and Wales between them lost two million acres of their corn area, while, to make home farming more difficult, the Americas and New Zealand began to export cheap meat. The trouble was widespread, confidence suffered. While the collapse following Waterloo could be regarded as a temporary matter, that of the 'seventies appeared to rise from causes destined to be permanent. Industrialism was so strongly entrenched, the demand for cheap food so insistent, that none could hope for a return to protection, and so vast areas of tilled soil were allowed to fall down to grass while good land was slowly starved out of fertility. Landlords as a class did not rise to the height of the occasion; some allowed their heritage to become desolate.

It was through these years, say 1875-1905, that Conservatism lost ground in the country and the farmers share the blame with the worst class of landlords. The best made sacrifices. An old friend showed the writer

his estate accounts over years covering the period named above. He had made rebates to his tenants of more than two hundred thousand pounds, denying himself many a wonted luxury that he might be true to his principles. In that time the farmers, who were thus enabled to carry on, neglected their labourers. They took everything, they gave nothing. Thirteen shillings a week was deemed an adequate wage for a man with wife and family, and even this miserable pittance was not safe. In bad weather, when horses could not work on the land, men whose income was less than 2s. a day would be sent home. If they could not steal a few roots and poach a rabbit for the pot they might starve. There was a measure of parish relief, generally inferior bread, and there was the workhouse. It is impossible to plead that the farmer could not help himself. Those of us who remember these years or at least the last of them, know that he was able in the worst seasons to hunt and shoot, to enjoy a jovial day with friends at market, and to live well while those who served him went hungry. He had always been taught, though none can trace the origin of the theory, to regard the labourer's weekly wage at the price of a sack of wheat, and in the 'nineties when wheat was round about 1*l.* a quarter wages were 12*s.* or 13*s.*, so, if he possessed a conscience, it was quiescent.

During this period the Labour Party first tried its 'prentice hand in the country-side—and met with a bad reception. The writer has seen an ardent Socialist stoned for saying that housing conditions in a certain village were a disgrace, and that the landlord ought to be ashamed to permit them to remain. The villagers would rather endure wrongs at the hand of the squire it knew than have them criticised by one who was not born in their neighbourhood. If farmers had but stood by their men as landlords stood by farmers, there would not have been the most remote prospect of success for the Labour Party in the country-side.

At the same time we will do well to remember the condition of isolation in which the average farmer passed his life before the war. Apart from the market gathering he went nowhere, the hunting field provided little social converse, he shot with his neighbours. It was his rule in life to speak to none about his business. Village

clubs were unknown, his one purpose was to make money and live as respectably and as secretively as possible. There was no public opinion to direct or influence the treatment of his workers, and he had an uneasy conviction that if he gave them any advantage they would ask for more. The general attitude of the farmer and the problems before him are set out admirably by Sir Rider Haggard in 'Rural England.' An agricultural expert himself, he visited two and twenty counties and examined crops and prospects with trained eye; the picture he presented will endure.

Since then the landlord has retired a little from the foreground, the Ministry of Agriculture has taken his place, but the change is temporary; against it we may set the establishment of Schools of Agriculture at Oxford and Cambridge. At the former centre future landowners are learning to master their business under favourable conditions, with a farm at hand where practice may be combined with theory. 'W-i-n-d-e-r, winder, a casement. When a boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it,' said Mr Squeers. 'Bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants, and when he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em.' The 'Educator of Youth,' placed under a cloud by his creator, was not a lovable person, but certain of his methods are of a kind that must commend themselves to practical men.

In the two great Universities all phases of modern thought are represented. The views of the Labour Party are canvassed widely, the position of the agricultural labourer will probably be far better in the future than in the past, even without the aid of legislation, for modern methods enable a living wage to be paid by those who adopt them, even though there should be a reduction in employment and a change in established methods of cultivation. Again, recent legislation makes it impossible to transfer children from school to land at the will of the farmers, so that a minimum of education is assured, and there are in rural England a few—far too few—secondary schools with 'an agricultural bias.' Yorkshire, Somerset, and, *mirabile dictu*, Wiltshire are among the progressive counties.

The agricultural labourer could not wait for the

foundation of the Oxford School of Agriculture. Fifty years ago he established his first trade union and helped upwards of half a million farm labourers—doubtless the most skilled—to leave England. Joseph Arch sowed the seed, and although his union encountered trouble in all directions, it did useful work and paved the way for others which have made labour articulate. The effect of the various efforts to improve the worker's position is not great, but is sufficient to show that his claims, even though not conceded, are no longer overlooked. More important than aught else is the clear recognition of the labourer as one of the three parties to the agricultural contract who, to survive and thrive, must unite in the face of a common danger. That danger is the attitude of the towns with their persistent demand for cheap food and their hordes of middlemen who thrive by robbing the producer and the consumer of home-grown food stuffs. It is not the old landlord who menaces the labourer, and the new one will probably fall into line and follow whatever customs obtain; it is not the farmer, because there is a public opinion he cannot afford to ignore, and the Wages Boards have established a precedent that no Government can hesitate for long to follow. The Labour Party is honestly anxious to grapple with a problem it has not yet found time either to understand or to master, and cannot be regarded as an enemy. The town and the middleman are bent upon reducing agriculture to impotence, and if they do that the worst of the suffering must fall upon those least able to endure it. 'From him who hath not shall be taken away.' Yet the towns cannot help the country by denouncing or by abolishing the landlord. They must find a substitute even though it be the State.

I have endeavoured to present an epitome, necessarily incomplete, of England's agricultural history and to point to the fashion in which the hegemony of the Conservative Party has been lost. If it were not for Universities, Agricultural Colleges, Farm Institutes, and Schools of Agriculture, one would be tempted to regard the issue as decided and land nationalisation as inevitable. But it is well to bear two salient facts in mind. In the first place, the Labour Party is urban in outlook, intelligence, and purpose; the inequalities of life are far

more marked in the town than in the country. Secondly, the landowners of to-day have their back to the wall. They know that the old life of hunting, shooting, entertaining, and autocratic rule is as dead as the Victorian era, and that in future they must live laborious days even if they do not go so far as to scorn delights. They are training their children under the best masters to take the widest views, and these children are going back to estates paternal or ancestral with the knowledge that, if they cannot help themselves, there is none to help. They will understand that there are many obstacles to overcome and that the folk with whom they have to deal are, in part at least, ex-service men who have forgotten fear and look all comers straight in the face, demanding more than mere birthright as a claim to respect or regard. On the other hand, they will have on their side the natural conservatism, a curious quality, from which even the country socialist is not entirely free, and they will have won a practical knowledge of conditions under which farming in all its branches may be made to pay. They will recognise, too, the enormous importance to the country of a thriving rural population, aided by industries once familiar, and they will be conscious, too, of the extraordinary strength of a land hunger which they can satisfy. You will not find any man who earns his living by tending the land and does not desire a little strip of his own. The world bears witness to the craving. The savage is happy in his ownership of a mealie patch, the philosopher grows old contentedly in his garden. We know of the pleasure that has come to holders of allotments, the strenuous efforts they have made to retain them. It is not too much to say that there are even to-day Englishmen, sane and of good repute, who would rather work on a holding than go to a cinema, a football match, or a race-meeting. There is no agricultural country in which the man who owns a few rods and a little live-stock is not prepared to work hard and take pleasure in working. A colony of landowners becomes a colony of Conservatives, whether it consists of a dozen men overrunning a county or one of a hundred men with an acre or less apiece. Rural Labour has gone to the Labour Party, not on account of its politics but in spite of them, because

men feel that the Conservatives and Liberals have overlooked the worst aspects of their plight. They forget measures that have brought them relief, custom has staled Old Age Pensions, Sickness Insurance, and the Franchise that gives them a choice of evils. They only remember that their lines are cast in unpleasant places and that there is no alleviation of hunger, thirst, and cold to be found in the bald recital of economic facts—or fallacies.

Unfortunately, for itself, the Conservative Party has not envisaged the problem. It has seen the weakness of the Labour programme, has realised that many of those who are most anxious to help do but imagine vain things; it has realised the advent of change, the approaching loss of many of the old-time amenities. But the party's spokesmen have not yet taught the truth to their followers, the truth that the greatest desire of those who are in the majority is possession, their greatest need a removal of their craft from the ranks of sweated industries. They do not understand that if they wish to gain supporters for the old tradition they must create or re-create them. When the agricultural labourer can pasture his cow on common land, when he has a few rods that are as much his property as the fork with which he digs them, when he learns that apart from his fair wage he has a chance of setting something by, and when he knows that, under a clause by which his master holds the farm, all his labourers have a right to buy at market price a sack of corn, or a pig, or even a sheep, a new position will arise. Programmes based on Conservatism and Land Nationalisation will compete on even terms.

At present if tillage gives way to grass labour is dismissed; if tillage remains, the only possible reduction in outlay is in rent. Sir Daniel Hall is wise in his belief that only the landlord can save the situation by giving the leadership that our rulers seem unable to supply. The whole basis of our present farming system is cheap labour, but while it tends to rise, following *longo intervallo* in the wake of prices charged to the consumer, farm products are kept down by world competition and modern methods have not moved in the direction of mass production. The farm is far from the factory, and

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Jupiter Pluvius resists all closer association between the two.

For the Central Landowners' Association or the National Farmers' Union to concentrate their endeavours upon smaller problems that come and go is the mark of inability to take long views.* On the other hand, the presence of so many young men who will be landowners in the future and are agricultural workers in the Universities to-day, suggests that the position is not to be surrendered without a struggle. This struggle should prove vastly interesting to the student of social problems and of definite advantage to those who take part in it. All stand to benefit.

* The crisis in agriculture that the landowning classes must face to-day is set out clearly in certain figures for which we are indebted to a leading agricultural authority. He has given us the average return of 23 mixed farms for the year 1922-3. It reads as follows:

Gross output per acre, 9L.	Payments.
Net " " 3L.	52% to landlord.
	115% to labour, and
	67% loss to the farmer.
Wage bill, 3L. 10s. per acre.	

For 12 grass farms in the same period the figures are:

Gross output per acre, 4L. 10s.	Payments.
Net " " 2L. 5s.	38% to landlord.
	53% to labour.
	9% to farmer.
Wage bill, 24s. per acre.	

Art. 8.—CRITIC AND ÆSTHETIC.

1. *Aristotle on the Art of Poetry*. By Ingram Bywater. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1909.
2. *Aristotle*. By W. D. Ross. Methuen, 1923.
3. *The Dialogues of Plato*. By Benjamin Jowett. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1875.
4. *Plato or Protagoras?* By F. C. S. Schiller. Oxford: Blackwell, 1908.
5. *The Construction of the World in Terms of Fact and Value*. By C. T. H. Walker. Oxford: Blackwell, 1920.
6. *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Critique chez les Grecs*. Par Émile Egger. Paris, 1886.
7. *Le Chemin de Velours*. Par Remy de Gourmont. Paris: Mercure de France, 1911.

IF one were to ask a critic of literature to define his object, he would reply probably that his aim was to appreciate the *æsthetic* value, which any particular work might have for him. We are somewhat indifferent, nowadays, in the use of terms. The method of scholastic disputation, or even of a Platonic dialogue, seems to us little better than a vain logomachy. It is reasonable, however, to ask our critic to define the term *æsthetic*. He might be conceivably a disciple of Aristippus; but, not to engage in any mimic strife with shadows, assume that he would reply in the words of Remy de Gourmont, a kind of modern Aristippus, somewhat fashionable at present. In 'Le Succès et l'Idée de Beauté,' Remy de Gourmont has the following passage:

'Le jugement de l'artiste en matière d'art est un amalgame de sensations et de superstitions. La foule ingénue n'a que des sensations. Son jugement n'est pas esthétique. Ce n'est pas même un jugement. C'est l'aveu naïf d'un plaisir. Il s'en suit nécessairement que seule la caste esthétique a qualité pour juger de la beauté des œuvres et leur déferer cette qualité. La foule crée la succès; la caste crée la beauté. C'est équivalent, si l'on veut, puisqu'il n'y a de hiérarchie ni dans les sensations ni dans les actes, et que tout n'est que mouvement; c'est équivalent, mais différent. Voilà donc un point acquis. En matière d'art, à l'opinion de la sensibilité s'oppose l'opinion de l'intelligence. La sensibilité ne se soucie que du plaisir; qu'à ce plaisir se joigne un élément intellectuel, et voilà l'esthétique.'

So easy and fluent it is, so graceful, that one is almost inclined to accept it, to agree; and yet, even from the standpoint of Gourmont's own sensationalism, how unsatisfactory it is: the opposition of intelligence to sensibility, of the intellectual element to the element of pleasure; the judgment, that is not a judgment, but a confession; and finally, that undefined difference, so easily acquired! One minor inconvenience, from the sensational point of view, might have been avoided if the word 'tradition' had been substituted for the word 'intelligence'; or if 'tradition,' by the moral implication which it carries with it, be offensive to a disciple of Nietzsche, perhaps 'memory' would have served; or even those words which Gourmont and his master used too frequently: *superstition*, *mensonge*; anything, surely, but intelligence or intellect. But the chief difficulty consists in the use, or misuse, of the term *esthétique*: given sensibility, which is itself *αἴσθησις*, why should it be necessary to add to it *un élément intellectuel* in order to attain to *esthétique*?

The term *αἴσθησις* is used by Plato in the 'Theætetus,' where he discusses the Protagorean doctrine of sense. In the 'Sophist,' which may be considered as a sequel to the 'Theætetus,' the fine arts are used to illustrate various problems, of being and not-being, of truth and error, of true appearance and false appearance, but no theory of fine art is formulated or discussed, except casually, and by the way. Art is accepted as 'a sort of dream created by man for those who are awake'; and it is agreed that the business of artists is with 'magic, and mimicry, and the making of images.' But the doctrine of Protagoras raised the whole question of knowledge, for as Plato said:

'if truth is only sensation, and one man's discernment is as good as another's, and no man has any superior right to determine whether the opinion of any other is true or false, but each man, as we have several times repeated, is to himself the sole judge, and everything that he judges is true and right, why should Protagoras be preferred to the place of wisdom and instruction, and deserve to be well paid, and we poor ignoramuses have to go to him, if each one is the measure of his own wisdom?'

The question of how Protagoras explained or interpreted his own doctrine remains obscure. It has been

contended that Plato did not understand the doctrine of Protagoras, that he neither refuted it, nor even met it fairly, and that the Socrates of the 'Theætetus' is a Platonic Socrates to whom Plato has attributed his own intellectualism. At the same time it is claimed that the defence of Protagoras, undertaken by Socrates in the course of the dialogue, is a substantially accurate representation of the Protagorean doctrine. Socrates argues, in attacking the doctrine, that if truth is only sensation, and one man's discernment is as good as another's, we have no need of Protagoras or any other teacher; and then later in defending it, he says that Protagoras would reply, that 'each of us is a measure of existence and of non-existence, yet one man may be a thousand times better than another in proportion as things are and appear different to him . . . in this way one man is wiser than another, and yet no one thinks falsely.'

But as the result of another series of critical arguments, one may accept the Platonic Socrates as in all essentials an historical portrait; since from one point of view Plato, and, from another, Aristophanes give us the same characteristic features of the man, of his doctrine, and of his method. It would be idle, if it were not laughable, in any discussion, however brief, of the relativity of knowledge to fix the measure of truth there may be in the various portraits of Socrates left by Aristophanes, Xenophon, Plato, and Aristotle. Probably one would be driven to adopt the Protagorean defence, and allow that Plato may be a thousand times better than the others, 'in proportion as things are and appear different to him.' He is, in any case, the primary source of our knowledge of Protagoras, and of his teaching. Moreover, if the case for Protagoras has been put fairly by the Platonic Socrates, and so much is generally admitted, it was surely because Plato fully understood what that case was. He refuted it in so far as it related to knowledge as fact, that is, in so far as it embodied what Dr Schiller describes as an extreme form of sensationalism. If he did not attempt to refute it in so far as it related to knowledge as value, it is more reasonable to infer that he accepted it in this connexion, rather than that he misunderstood it. The general effect produced on our minds by Plato's account of Protagoras,

and his teaching, is one of sympathy with the philosopher of Abdera. It is admitted that his case is put fairly, perhaps even in his own words, by the Platonic Socrates. Yet there is a widely spread opinion that the arguments used against it are unfair and misleading; that while the true doctrine of Protagoras is given in Socrates' defence of him, it is perverted in the previous and subsequent discussion, as, for instance, by attributing to Protagoras an esoteric doctrine imparted only to his 'disciples,' and akin, or at least allied, to the Heracliteanism of the day. If Plato, in the defence of Protagoras which he puts into the mouth of Socrates, was restrained from perverting the doctrine by the knowledge that his audience were familiar with the book, would not the same restraint hold good at other parts of the dialogue? Socrates and his teaching were equally, or even more, familiar to Plato's audience; yet Plato is accused of attributing his own intellectualist bias to Socrates. These difficulties are resolved and disappear if the reference to an esoteric doctrine, imparted by Protagoras only to his 'disciples,' is taken, as it should be taken, ironically. The irony is directed not against Protagoras, but against his disciples, who alone possess *The Truth* in its original purity. Dr Schiller contends that these disciples are imaginary and invented by Plato for his own sinister purposes. It is unnecessary to imagine a school of Protagoreans founded by and carrying on the traditions of Protagoras; but it is natural to suppose that he interested his age, and impressed his friends; and that some of these friends, perhaps themselves Heracliteans, saw in the dictum 'to whom a thing seems, that thing is' the necessary corollary to the saying of Heraclitus, that 'all is flux.' Or was it only the genius of Plato, as Jowett suggested, which discerned the connexion? Possibly the defence of Protagoras by the Platonic Socrates gives us the real position of Protagoras; or possibly the notion of *value*, that each man's opinion is equally true, but that the opinion of one man may be better than the opinion of another, emerged as a result of the Platonic criticism of the original dictum; in either case it is inconceivable that Plato misunderstood the theory, or that so great a literary artist should have perverted it so obviously.

Further, it is more than probable that the theory of Protagoras did not have, either for its author or for Plato, the same implications which it has for a modern mind. A short passage from Dr Schiller's pamphlet makes the point clear :

'It is noticeable, however, that Protagoras is represented as declining to call these superior values "truths." They are "better" but not "truer." If so he did not yet perceive that all "truths" are "values," and therefore "goods." . . . Nor can he have seen that the same ambiguity which pervades truth-values pervades also all the rest. Many things are judged "good" which are not really good. . . . But it is also possible either that Plato has not here reproduced the full subtlety of Protagoras's argument, or that Protagoras was hindered from expressing himself only by the poverty of Greek philosophic language, not yet enriched by the genius of Plato.'

The last clause vindicates Plato from the charge of having ignored the scope of the Protagorean argument.

The problem of the 'Theætetus' and its sequel in the 'Sophist' only concerns us here for the light it throws on the term *αἴσθησις* in its natural connexion with the doctrine of the relativity of truth, and in its casual connexion with the fine arts. It refers to the whole range of our sense perceptions without distinguishing the real from the illusory, or those of which the cause is to be found in nature, from those of which the cause is to be found in art. If we compare the theory of æsthetic formulated by Pater in England with that formulated in France by Gourmont, it is apparent that both have the same origins, following the same line of development: the Heracleitean flux, the *homo mensura* theory of Protagoras, the hedonism of Aristippus, which aims at the *ἡδωνὴ ἐν κινήσει*, and not at the Epicurean *ἡδωνὴ ἐν στάσει*, the pleasure of desire and satisfaction, not that of freedom from desire and repose. Quite apart from the inconveniences caused by the association of the term with kindred terms, such as *anaesthetic* or *hyperæsthetic*, and the fact that every neurotic, eccentric, and even merely vulgar tendency in art or letters seeks to justify itself on æsthetic grounds, the term when applied to a theory of fine art is insufficiently accurate

and particular, it denotes a general and not a special class. Its use in this connexion is comparatively late. Bentley, 'the very dust from whose writings,' as he said magnificently of another scholar, 'is gold,' describes the *Poetics* of Aristotle as a 'lecture of critic,' and the word *κρίσις* is sufficiently clear and precise. Aristotle himself would probably himself have misunderstood the modern writer who referred to the '*Poetics*' as 'a perfect little treatise on æsthetic.'

But if truth be only sensation, not only is each man a measure of truth, but the simplest organism, an *amœba*, for example, in which the special senses of sight, hearing, taste, and smell have not been separated from the primitive and original sense of touch, is also a measure of truth, being a sentient or æsthetic organism; and every other sentient creature, as Plato suggested, is also a measure, nor is the truth of one more true than the truth of another, but as Protagoras, or Socrates, or perhaps even the intellectualist Plato, discovered (for the last assigned it to the second, and the second to the first), it is only 'better,' proportionately, 'as it is and appears different to him,' in a gradually ascending scale of 'value' through all the intermediate stages of evolution to what is perhaps its final and perfect consummation in this wonderful piece of work, man. Let us, however, be modest on the score of our attainment, or, to use a more expressive word, our 'betterment,' for in 'the pragmatic testing of truth by time,' and like the poet, the pragmatists make 'Time the father of all truth,' it may come to pass that man will cease to exist, and in an earth returned to its primal innocence, the simple and rudimentary truth of the *amœba* will have perhaps a greater validity than any poor theories of our own about it. After all, the most intelligible form of 'progress' is biological, and we may assume that every stage in the process of evolution brings about a corresponding change in the nature of truth; and as the individual becomes more complex the truth itself becomes more complex. The primitive and simple sense of touch in the *amœba*, for instance, in Protagoras or in Remy de Gourmont, has become split up into several special senses, whose business it is to sort out the vibrations which are the objects of each one of them, as the

eye picks up the rapid vibrations of light, and the ear the slower vibrations of sound; and light vibrations are separated into colours, and those of sound into notes, and in this business of separating rapid from slow vibrations the individual recognises identity and difference; he separates all these diversities of sensations and groups them and classifies them, and arranges them into patterns; he ceases to be a merely passive receiver; he acts upon the sensations he receives, and in so far as he acts upon them he takes his part in the business of creation.

Value, it has been said, is either good, bad, or indifferent, but in so far as what is indifferent concerns no one, an indifferent value may be ignored as non-existent. To talk of a potential value is nonsense, for to recognise a value is to recognise its potentiality, and once a value is discerned it is a good to him who perceives it as such. Everything will have a positive value in some individual mind, and this value may at some time establish its validity. All value is actual. Against value we set fact, though the distinction may seem arbitrary, but the reasons for doing so have been put clearly by Mr Walker in 'Fact and Value.' Mr Walker describes four 'worlds': the world of the average man, the social world of common sense, the world of science, and the world of art. It is worth remark here that the *homo mensura* theory, the relativity of truth, which starts from the affirmation that all individual judgments are equally true, proceeds immediately to the statement that one truth may be better than another, that is to say, they differ in value; we then pass to 'the bridge of validation by use' or 'the pragmatic testing of truth by time': the individual judgment regarding a truth-value complex is submitted to a 'world,' which either accepts or rejects its claim to validity. One may consider this as the philosophic counterpart to the scientific theory of evolution: the origin of species arising from a process of natural selection by the elimination of the unfit. One may even borrow, perhaps, from Mendelism and speak of some truth-values as 'dominant' and others as 'regressive.' The seed of Protagoras lay hidden in the earth until it could flourish in the congenial air of Darwinism; and since it might be considered too

Platonic to attribute its preservation to Providence, we must attribute it to chance, or perhaps only to a misunderstanding. Since Einstein, there should be possibilities for a Neo-Eleatic school.

The world of science disregards 'value' to concern itself with 'fact'; the world of art disregards 'fact' to concern itself with 'value.' Both science and art, however, have a common origin in sense-perception, which is a truth-value, or let us say a fact-value, complex. The moment we are competent to distinguish identity and difference we recognise a fact and attribute a value to it. Science disengages fact from what, to science, are its irrelevant values; art disengages value from what, to art, are its irrelevant facts. Science proceeds by observation, classification, and theory, its results are continually being referred back to experience again, as the Einstein theory was tested by a reference to the deflection of light in passing through a gravitational field. Art also proceeds by observation, analysis, classification, and theory, its results are also continually being referred back to experience; but, as the author of 'Fact and Value' observes: 'viewing the world of art we encounter everywhere a three-fold distinction, which is only occasionally to be discerned in the other three worlds: the distinction of (a) medium of expression; (b) meaning; and (c) creative activity.' The fact that every art has a medium of expression; a material on which it works, is of itself sufficient to explain the nature of artistic as distinct from scientific observation, analysis, classification, and theory. Moreover, every work of art is a unity in itself, one does not look beyond it, while every scientific discovery is only a phase or stage in a continuous process. The art of Fra Angelico is not comprehended in the art of Michelangelo, as the work of Newton we may say is comprehended in the work of Einstein. There is no progress in poetry from Homer to Shakespeare, or from Sophocles to Racine, or in music from Bach to Beethoven, or from Beethoven to Debussy and Ravel; there is difference that is all. There may be some slight development in the skill with which the medium is handled, but it is strictly limited. In considering the development of a national art, or of a national literature, the medium we find imposes the same re-

strictions: there is no real progress from Chaucer to Pope, or from Pope to Browning; there is difference in the medium; but Pope does not surpass Chaucer, and Browning does not surpass Pope. The art of Chaucer, however, is more mature than the art of Langland, so that we may describe the development of a national art in the words which Aristotle used to describe that of tragedy: 'after passing through a long series of changes it stopped on attaining to its full nature (*φύσις*): there is growth, maturity, decay, and in this cyclic development, which should not be confused with progress, a national art is an imitation of life, in another sense of that phrase: subject, that is, to age and death.

Mr Walker thinks that, as regards the world of art, 'philosophy has not been particularly interesting or successful when it has attempted to deal with it.' At the same time his view of this world is Aristotelian; his 'three-fold distinction' is simply the Aristotelian distinction of *ἔλν*, the medium, *ἔδος*, the form or intention which he calls 'meaning,' and *ποίησις*, the creative activity. So interesting and so successful has Aristotle been that Lessing declared the 'Poetics' to be as infallible as Euclid's 'Elements.' On the other hand, in describing the world of science, Mr Walker observes, 'that it does not require any Platonic "Idea of the Good" to account for its existence, any substructure or superstructure of teleology to bolster it up. It does not directly and of itself generate value.' The principles of Aristotle's 'lecture of critic,' as one would expect, are all Platonic in origin. Egger attributed the theory of *κάθαρσις* to Platonic and Pythagorean influences, and Dr Burnet has shown the profound impression which the doctrine and example of Pythagoras had made upon Socrates and his disciples. Take the word *ἔδος*: *τὸ ἔδος ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ*, as Egger also pointed out, is close enough to the Platonic Idea; and when Aristotle speaks of *ποίησις* as divine, or of the immutable things of the mind, he is as absolute as Plato.* Modern philosophy, however, is hostile to any intellectualist or Platonic theory even concerning the fine arts, unless indeed value is only

* Egger: op. cit. p. 232, et seq. The Platonic doctrine of Ideas is less precise in Plato than in the Platonists.

another name for the Platonic idea; and perhaps this is why Mr Walker, even with regard to the three-fold distinction, which is Aristotelian and Platonic, ignores Aristotle and Plato, as not particularly interesting or successful.

We have, however, a clear distinction between the world of science and the world of art; the one dealing almost exclusively with 'fact,' and the other with 'value'; the one, the result of a collective and cumulative experience, the other the creation of separate and individual minds; the one continuous, and, if you will, progressive, the other limited by its medium, and limited also to a kind of cyclic development resembling the natural processes of growth and decay. The distinction may be expressed in Aristotelian form: matter is either natural and necessary, or it is contingent: science deals with the natural and necessary order of facts, art with the possibilities contingent upon the intention and creative activity of the artist. The one is discovery, the other is creation.

The distinction between *κρίσις* and *αἴσθησις* is equally necessary and should be made equally clear. To M. de Gourmont it seemed that:

's'il y a une esthétique, cela nous oblige à reconnaître qu'il y a un beau absolu, et que les œuvres sont jugées belles en proportion de leur ressemblance avec cet idéal vague et complaisant. . . . Il est bien évident qu'il n'y a pas de beau absolu, non plus que de vérité, de justice, d'amour. . . . L'idée de la beauté a une origine émotionnelle, elle se ramène à l'idée de procréation. . . . La beauté est si bien sexuelle que les seules œuvres d'art incontestées sont celles qui montrent tout bonnement le corps humain dans sa nudité. Par sa persévérance à demeurer purement sexuelle, la statuaire grecque s'est mise pour l'éternité au-dessus de toutes les discussions.'

Here were all the materials for a pretty piece of sophistry, and M. de Gourmont was quick enough to use them. The misuse of the term *æsthetic* has led to an inevitable misunderstanding, and matters which may be relevant in the discussion of sense are applied to the problem of beauty, of fine art, where they are simply misleading and stupid. Beauty and art are to M. de Gourmont merely perversions of thought and action. But sensation, sense-impressions, *αἴσθησις*, provide no more than the raw material of art. In 'the world of the average man,' as

Mr Walker calls it, the world, that is, of 'l'homme moyen sensuel,' the idea of beauty may very likely have the significance, and no more than the significance, which M. de Gourmont has attributed to it; but the true artist is as indifferent to the average sensualist as he is to the average Puritan. Neither is it just nor is it reasonable to assume that a theory of fine art necessarily implies the idea of an absolute beauty. Art no more implies an absolute beauty than science implies an absolute truth, but there is an artistic beauty as there is a scientific truth; and M. de Gourmont himself approaches to the assertion of an absolute beauty in his enthusiasm for Greek sculpture, though the nudity of a Greek statue is as casual and fortuitous as the hoops and panniers of Velasquez' Infanta.

If the secret of art's fascination for us is to be traced, say, to the physical attraction of a model's portrait, why should Rembrandt's men and women by the passive dignity of their acquiescence in the melancholy of age exercise upon our minds so irresistible a charm? By a natural reaction, the psychopathic school of criticism would reply: you revolt from the physical degradation of age, and in the mere act of revolt you distinguish yourself from it; and the sense that you yourself are still young, or mature, brings with it relief or even pleasure, for in the end you enjoy the luxury of compassion: 'Non quia vexari quemquamst iucunda voluptas, Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.' The charitable explanation of Lucretius does not mitigate the harshness of the original commonplace that we are pleased by the misfortunes of others. It is still only half true; and only in reference to irreflective experience. When Aristotle speaks of imitation, recognition, and catharsis, he is a psychologist: *μίμησις* is not only the presentation of character in action on the stage, there is also a mimic experience of emotion in the minds of the audience. Or, put in another way, all and this applies to every fine art since they are all *μίμησις* has its subjective as well as its objective side, modes of *μίμησις*. The artist, or poet, for we may apply these names equally to all who create works of art out of the rude material of human experience, isolates and rationalises a single and complete action. He objectifies

his emotion; it is 'bodied forth' in Shakespearean phrase, and this embodiment is dissolved into emotion and becomes a subjective experience again in the minds of the artist's audience. The subjective *μίμησις* in the audience may be complete and perfect, or it may be only complementary: it is complete when we experience subjectively the same emotion as that which is objectively presented to us. It is complementary when it induces in us a contrary emotion, as the sight of brutality and violence induces in us antipathy and fear. But even when this subjective *μίμησις* is complete and perfect it differs from the objective; and the difference is that the characters in a tragedy consider an action in relation to its motives, while the audience, however sympathetic they may be, consider it also in relation to its consequences. Our emotion in the presence of a Rembrandt portrait arises from a recognition of identity and difference; say of a general identity and of a special difference, as regards the general identity our subjective *μίμησις* is complete, *mentem mortalia tangunt*, and we identify ourselves with the person represented, recognising a common fate; as regards the special difference it is complementary, for the physical degradation of age evokes in us not actual suffering but compassion. At the same time it is obvious that the emotion experienced by the artist in the presence of his sitter is only one out of many possible emotions, and that had we ourselves been in the presence of the same reality we might have interpreted it quite differently. The final effect, then, of a spiritual serenity acquiescing in the physical degradation of age is imposed on us by the artist of his own will and choice. He has transferred to us his own emotion, and given to what was fortuitous and fleeting a permanent and rational form.

In the process of development from the consciousness of the *amœba*, which is sexless, to the consciousness of man, the acquisition of sexual characteristics was a factor altering all the conditions of life; but sex itself is not necessary to life, it is not even necessary to reproduction, the *amœba* being sexless and propagating by fission. The evolution of distinct sexual characteristics continued the process of separating the functions of life and assigning them to special organs, but in the

case of sex the reproductive function was itself divided between two individuals. The difference of male from female would seem to be rather a difference in degree than in kind and does not imply any radical difference between the consciousness or 'world' of the male and that of the female. The most primitive form of consciousness is probably concerned entirely with the business of nutrition or assimilation. Consciousness can exist without sex and without the stimulus to which sex reacts, it would not seem to exist apart from some process of metabolism dependant on nutrition or assimilation. Consciousness consumes us: we may almost identify it with the divine and immaterial fire of Heracleitus, purifying, burning up, as it were, the whole material universe. One might erect a theory of æsthetic on this basis: in the world of the *amœba*, things would either be assimilable or non-assimilable, and the assimilable would be either good, or indifferent, or bad, and discarding the indifferent at each stage, the good would be what was useful, and the rest useless or hurtful; and the useful, being naturally adapted to its use, would be beautiful also; and moreover, having passed the test of 'validation by use,' it would be true. The *amœba*, however, is only a simple cell without stomach or brain or any organs: its business is assimilation, so it is all stomach, but its assimilation is a conscious process, so it is all brain; and even though, in the slow process of evolution, it separated from the original and primitive sense of touch the other four senses, and the process of assimilation from the process of cognition, something of its original nature persevered in it, in its organs and in its senses, so that the brain became a kind of stomach into which sensations were absorbed, and it digested and assimilated them, such as were assimilable, the good and bad and indifferent equally. Even sex retained something of this primitive and original nature; and love is a kind of hunger, a desire to assimilate the beloved, though in the 'Symposium' Aristophanes maintains it to be the desire of lovers to return to their primal unity.

It is here, in Plato's 'Symposium,' that one finds the strongest support for the opinion, renewed by M. de Gourmont, that the idea of beauty is of purely sexual

origin, and that by their recognition of the fact the Greeks, in their sculpture at least, have set themselves above discussion, as the supreme artists of all time. The support is all the stronger since the opinion does not originate with the Platonic Socrates, who simply accepts the conditions of the argument, but is one held apparently as a commonplace by the general company. Eryximachus draws a parallel between love and music, in which the harmony results from the reconciliation of opposites. Agathon, the tragic poet quoted by Aristotle in the Nicomachean Ethics on the relation of art and chance, attributes to love the origin of all the arts. It is only then, after the speech of Agathon, that the Platonic Socrates comes into play, with light mockery of the influence of Gorgias on Agathon's rhetoric: *literature*, we should call it; and he proceeds, with his quibbling, ironical dialectic, to elicit from Agathon the statement that love is the desire to possess something which one does not possess, and then, as it were, having cleared the ground, he sets Agathon free from the discussion; but not to relinquish his favourite method he makes his praise of love into 'a conversation of the soul with herself,' and Diotima becomes the embodiment of his own mind. Love is the desire to possess the beautiful, and the beautiful is the good, and the possession of the good is happiness. Love, then, is the desire for happiness. Stendhal's definition of beauty *une promesse de bonheur*, quoted with approval by Gourmont, accords well enough with the Platonic argument, otherwise he would have said *plaisir*. *Bonheur*: to be well-starred, lucky in all chances, one is very close to Agathon's own thought here, and Plato himself is not free from all traces of 'sensationalism.' But then, there is the case of poetry:

'all creation or passage of non-being into being is poetry or making, and the processes of all art are creative, and the masters of all arts are all poets or makers. Still they are not called poets. . . . The specific term poetry is confined to that portion of the art which is separated off from the rest of poetry, and is concerned with music and metre. And the same holds with love. For you may say generally that all desire of good and happiness is only the great and subtle power of love; but those who turn to him by any other path,

whether the path of money-making, or gymnastic, or philosophy, are not called lovers—the name of the genus is reserved for those whose affection takes one form only—they alone are said to love, or to be lovers.'

So, as there are many forms of creation, there are many forms of love; and the function of art need not originate in that of sex, but art is a parallel form of creation or begetting; and love is the desire to possess endlessly the beautiful, and to possess a thing we must bring it under the control of our own will, so that it becomes a part of us and is assimilated into our own being. Thus is hunger, or want, as Plato calls her in his fable, the mother of love. Even the desire of immortality is of the same nature: the desire to possess and assimilate the whole of space and time.

But is the opinion of the other guests in the 'Symposium' representative of Greek opinion with regard to this matter, and did the Greeks see in art only a sexual desire diverted from its true object of reproduction? Love like any other form of human activity may be the subject-matter of art: the passion of Clytemnestra is the motive of the 'Agamemnon,' and that of Phædra, of the 'Hippolytus'; but if one were asked to state the means by which these tragedies effected a *κάθαρσις*, would one reply, by their 'persévérance à demeurer purement sexuelle,' or, as Aristotle replied, by pity and terror? Æschylus, contending with Euripides in 'The Frogs,' boasts that he disdained to exhibit on the stage the frenzies of amorous women. Euripides, in the opinion of Longinus, succeeded in giving the most tragic effect to love and madness, *μανίας τε καὶ ἔρωτα*, but even in the 'Hippolytus,' the *κάθαρσις* is effected by pity and terror. Probably the *κάθαρσις* of love, if it were not comprehended with a whole class of emotions, under the clause *τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων* of that famous passage, in which Aristotle defined the end of tragedy, like that of other dangerous enthusiasms, was effected by music. With no more than the merest trace of humour Egger suggested that Aristotle may have treated of it in his lost critic of comedy; and it is curious, in this connexion, that the physical aspect of love should be discussed in the 'Symposium' by the comic poet Aristophanes. That the Greeks considered love as irrational,

as a form of daimonic possession, is clear from the way Longinus, who, though late, possessed and continued the Greek tradition, couples it with madness, while one of the early Greek physicians in a treatise on medicine considers it as though it were a minor form of epilepsy. The function of art being to create with reflexion, and love being a spontaneous and irreflective action, whose effects are natural and necessary, not as art's are, contingent and at the will of the artist, it would seem that, while love may be the subject-matter of art, it is not the source from which art derives: it is simply one of the many forms taken by the desire to assimilate what is desirable. Even as the subject-matter of art it has no peculiar excellence. Turn from the Attic to the Elizabethan stage, and set 'Romeo and Juliet' beside 'Antony and Cleopatra.' The former, dealing with love to the exclusion of all other desires, is pathetic; the latter, dealing with love as the pretext or means of ambition, has the true profundity and extension of tragedy, expressing perfectly, in the spectacle of an ambition, cloaked in the guise of love, shattered by an ambition to which love is alien, its finer retributive function. Set 'Othello,' the greatest of Shakespeare's love tragedies, beside 'Macbeth' and only the diabolic genius of Iago saves it from being infinitely less. Set it beside 'King Lear' and attempt to measure, not the difference in greatness, but the difference between the pathetic and the sublime.

Apart from the excessive importance attributed to sex in it, and the notion that the existence of a standard is implicitly denied when the theory of the relativity of knowledge is accepted, M. de Gourmont's criticism of the idea of beauty is sufficiently Platonic: physical beauty is physical fitness, a beautiful man or woman is one who corresponds to a normal racial type, as the young athletes of Greek sculpture conform to it. Beauty is a mean. Greek art is above discussion because the Greek mind was saturated with the ideas of measure, unity, balance, order, and proportion; such ideas leading in action to an economy of effort, a strength kept in reserve, but above all to ease, speed, lightness. Such physical fitness may of course contribute to the welfare of the race, but one strives to attain to it simply because its

possession is a pleasure. Phrases such as 'natural selection,' or 'the preservation of the species,' seem to imply that the blind processes of nature have some conscious and rational object, but these processes depend ultimately on the force of individual egoisms; and, these being gratified, the process is complete.

In attempting to distinguish those qualities in a work of art which make for an immediate if transitory success, from those which are always considered beautiful, and yet appeal to no more than a few minds, distinguishing, that is to say, the success of Pradon from the glory of Racine, M. de Gourmont propounded a theory of fine art, and claimed to show how and where the idea of beauty originates, but the logic of his position forced him to accept the 'judgment' of a crowd, and the judgment of a 'caste' as equivalent, but different. The difference is in the admission of intelligence as the decisive factor, and the moment intelligence is admitted the æsthetic position becomes untenable. Take intelligence as simply an adjustment of memory: previous sensible experiences arranging themselves in the memory to accord with an actual experience happening now, something novel and unexpected intruding, as it were, like a strange guest among a company of familiar friends, not without some disturbance, a rearranging of chairs, a suppressed impatience surrendering, with many reserves, to curiosity, interest; and then the conversation is resumed, perhaps with some change of direction, or dropped. But the actual experience taking its place among the memories of other experiences, is practically already a memory itself: it does no more than add to the totality of our experience, since the difference between intelligence, the mass of acquired experience, and sensibility, the actual bombardment of the mind by sense-impressions, is no more than a difference in time: vibrations from the past surviving into the present like the overtones in music. And since intelligence itself is nothing but sensations we may ask: can one set of effects judge of another set of effects?

To assert of a crowd that it is incapable of judgment is to assert too much. The crowd, as a number of individuals, may form a number of individual judgments, and these may coincide not only regarding the fact or

action observed, but regarding some quality or defect, the 'colouring' or the 'value' which the fact or action may have or may seem to have, and this point on which they coincide is 'true' to all and represents the judgment of the crowd, individual differences being irrelevant. We cannot call such a judgment spontaneous and irreflective unless we agree to call the judgment of a caste, which is only a smaller crowd, equally irreflective and spontaneous. The latter is also narrower, more intolerant, more provincial, and its judgment is bound to be like the crowd's, a moral judgment, even though it run counter to accepted morality. But the fallacy underlying this part of M. de Gourmont's statement is not in the assumption that the crowd is incapable of judgment, but in the assumption that art is addressed to the crowd. Art is like religion in this, that its appeal is directly to the individual; when it ceases to appeal directly to the individual, and seeks to comprehend a number of individuals, or of groups, within the limits of some formula or creed, it ceases to be art and becomes a merely mechanical operation. The moral judgment of a group is irrelevant because, while in religion and in art the creation of value may have moral consequences, both religious and artistic values may be in conflict, as for instance in the 'Antigone' of Sophocles, with current morality. Science considers fact alone, without reference to its value or its moral implications. Art considers value alone without reference to its moral consequences or its factual origin; and if the world of science, though it rings like a paradox, be at once the most abstract and the most concrete of worlds, the world of art is at once the most general and the most individual. The limit of intensity in emotion is reached in situations in which the issue depends entirely on the decision made by the individual mind alone without reference to any 'world,' and such situations are common to all individuals, and a part of general experience.

Beauty, in the physical sense of the term as Remy de Gourmont used it, is not always relevant in art. It is irrelevant, for instance, in 'Le Penseur,' and Rodin is one of Gourmont's *pierres de touche*, though it is relevant in 'La Pensée' or in 'La Baiser.' The artist in his work is doubly a creator: through the medium in which he

works he creates an image of some isolated reality, and gives a durable form to an experience transitory and fluid in reality; and through the meaning, the emotional content, of his work he creates value, and makes objective for us his own subjective experience. It is a commonplace that one cannot separate the form from the content in a work of art, but the validity of the statement will differ in almost every case in which the principle is applied. Form is too often confused, either wilfully or ignorantly, with medium; and content, with material. The creation of an image, and the creation of value result from the creative energy of the artist acting on his material: they result from a single action. Even accomplishment in the handling of the medium is sufficient to confer some measure of value on a work of art, but even the most accomplished manipulation of the medium may fail to embody it in a measure equal to that of a less accomplished work, the product of a ruder and more primitive author. What, then, is technique? Define it as the creative action of the artist on his material. The simple definition presents apparently no difficulty; but the material of an artist, of a painter for instance, includes more than his brushes and paints and canvas, even if we include his sitter, or, the object he seeks to represent it is not sufficient, the term includes really, besides all these things which are his medium, the whole of his consciousness. The point of view from which an artist considers his sitter, or the object he seeks to represent, is a critical point of view: it is rather like the point of view from which a doctor considers a patient, as a case awaiting diagnosis. Any beautiful or cultivated woman sitting to a portrait-painter is already, without any intervention on the part of the painter himself, a consummate and perfect work of art: she presents him gratuitously with the ideal synthesis which she has composed out of the elements of her own character, and she is her own medium of expression. She is unconcerned by his examination, for her whole training in life has fitted her admirably to provoke curiosity while remaining apparently indifferent to it; and, as the artist examines his patient, while concerned, it would seem, with no more than the point of his pencil, or the colours on his palette, he resolves that carefully

composed synthesis into its component parts: just as a doctor asks a number of questions the purport of which it is difficult for the patient to understand, so the painter interrogates the elaborate simplicity of the ideal character which she has built up from the material of her subjective consciousness. It is dissolved under his analysis. He sees her as a type only: *virgo, mulier, mater, meretrix, musa*; and still sharpening his pencil he proceeds to eviscerate the type. He confronts eventually an abstraction of qualities and a more or less irrelevant fact. It is at this point, where the critical faculty has exhausted itself, or its object, that the creative faculty begins to assemble a new synthesis. The two processes of course may proceed *pari passu*, but the measure of an artist's originality is the measure in which his critical faculty has dissolved the objective synthesis presented to him in reality.

The higher values in art are created and expressed by the artist's subjective criticism of his own experience. Our life in thought is a continual correction or adjustment of our own life in action. Action in itself, empty of any reflective purpose, is easy, one might almost say it escapes from us. We do many things which we regret almost at the moment we do them. Our errors, our defects, faults, vices, come to have in our mind the character of accidents: only their effects, regret, remorse, repentance, are relatively durable, but in time even these weaken. We hear our own confessions, we absolve ourselves, and come as it were fresh and innocent from this process of rebirth: but as a necessary precedent to conversion there is always the conviction of sin. Like the persons in a tragedy we see our action, coloured and aureoled by our motive, our desire, as an end in itself; and the motive exhausted, the desire achieved, what was an end to us becomes a cause, unrolling, before our eyes, an inevitable series of fatal consequences. The motive and desire having fallen out of our consciousness we are disillusioned. Since, however, it is a condition of our activity, almost of our existence, that the loss should be repaired, our imagination itself merely a function of the will creates again the illusion of motive and desire, fastening upon some new object, as though the failure, the error, the catastrophe of the previous

action were the result of some fault inherent in the previous object, and not merely the sequel, inevitable sooner or later, of the action itself.

An object is desirable, because the will has endowed it, imaginatively, with value; subsequently the desire is satisfied or frustrated; either we possess the object which we desired, or it has escaped us. If we possess it, its value may or may not be diminished; but the desire for it has ceased to be active; or the peaceful enjoyment of it may alternate with a new disturbance of desire at the threat of loss. If we fail to secure the object desired, the value may be enhanced, or the desire diverted to some other object, with or without some loss of value in the previous object of desire. In all these cases the value is in proportion to the amount of energy expended in the act of attaining the object desired. Prior to its attainment we attach value to the object itself; subsequently we attach it to the action by which the object was attained; there may be anterior to both, a pleasure and therefore value in the desire itself, before it is sufficiently strong to be precipitated into action. But the value of anything is most sharply and clearly expressed in our effort to attain it, and at the highest tension of that effort. The will, the desire, may be exhausted in action, but the value remains once it has been completely realised. To the mystic it is the revelation of 'grace,' to the artist it is the revelation of 'beauty.'

It will be seen then that there is a subjective technique in the artist, just as there is a subjective *μίμησις* in the spectator. The artist has consciously or unconsciously built up a scheme of 'value' for himself in his subjective criticism of his own experience; from the point of view thus gained he analyses the objective synthesis presented to him in the person of his sitter, and having dissolved it, he replaces it by his own synthesis, injecting into it his own value, his own 'truth,' apart from which she is nothing but a more or less irrelevant fact; and this transference of value from the mind of the artist to his work is what we mean by style, no merely superficial quality, but the very being or essence of all great art.

Technique is a term better applied to the handling of the material including the subjective consciousness,

of the artist, than to the handling of the medium. The reason why work of a rude and primitive origin has often a greater value than that of a more polished age is probably to be found in two facts. Desire creates value in the object desired, and in the action by which it is obtained, and the value is in proportion to the amount of effort used, and the difficulty to be overcome in obtaining it. In all primitive art there is a certain inadequacy in the tools and in the medium: a greater difficulty, and, therefore, a greater patience, and a greater reverence for the medium. But above and beyond this is the fact, sufficiently well established, that among rude and primitive peoples the subjective life, the life of dreams and visions and of the images of desire, has a far stronger validity than the objective world of reality: the world of what we call common sense: in all primitive art there is magic, the translation of desire through action into experience.

To follow the question any further on these lines would probably lead to a discussion of the moral consequences of the values which art creates, and the rational form which the artist has given to his assimilated experience. He has imposed on us his emotion and his own value by making them objective: an illusion, if you will, has become for us a reality; but if that reality exists for us, as the effect of his will, his consciousness has intervened in this mechanical universe of cause and effect, and he has created, freely, something which does not exist of nature and necessity, and which has for us the strength of actual experience.

FREDERIC MANNING.

Art. 9.—INDIA.

The Lost Dominion. By AL. Carthill. Second Impression. Blackwood, 1924.

INDIA is quieter than she has been for some time. The Legislative Councils are in recess ; the after-unrest of the War has subsided ; the peculiar conditions which favoured Mr Gandhi's campaigns have largely disappeared ; crops have been magnificent ; food prices have fallen considerably. Altogether the people are happier ; and the work of the Services which, *pace* the politician, most certainly are the framework of the whole fabric of government, is easier and pleasanter. But there are ominous indications that all is not well ; the elaborate system of constitutional reform, which was launched only three and a half years ago, is loudly denounced by those to whom it offers the widest opportunities of national service ; the sowers of racial hatred are still busy ; and although the British and Indian members of the Lee Commission tell us that 'India still needs the services of capable and broad-minded Englishmen and will long continue to need them,' the supply of British candidates is drying up. If it ceases in our day the Indian Army will certainly go the way of the Civil Services ; India will no longer receive the assistance of British troops, and will, indeed, become a lost dominion, lost not only to Englishmen but also to patriotic Indians, for not only is British control the one central power which can hold together the varied races of India, but the British Army is the one force which can unite them in defence against invasion from the fanatical and eagerly waiting Muslim tribes of the North-West Frontier, able, if combined, to raise some 150,000 well-armed fighters, and certain, should the favourable hour come, to be joined by Afghans, Turks, and, in all probability, the forces of Soviet Russia.

'Al. Carthill' (the Executioner) is not a very accurate or impartial historian ; but with his vivid and picturesque style he compels attention to a subject of vital importance to India and to all British subjects. If, moreover, some of his passages are exaggerated in their pessimism or drearily cynical, others are plangent in their just

reproach. Take, for instance, this presentment of the racial and communal riots of recent years and their causes.

'I have seen riots put down with severity, but, I never knew one riot which could not have been prevented had proper precautions been taken in time. To him who is fond of the Indian peoples it is a matter of indignation. You see the artful agitator at work. No one interferes. You see some seditious doctrines preached publicly. That is a point of view which the subject may properly hold and express. You see the first beginnings of disorder. These are mere temporary ebullitions; let the angry passions of the people find that vent. Next day you are struggling with the whole mobilisation of anarchy. One mob is looting in the bazaar, another is killing swine in the mosques, a third cows in the temples. Flames are going up from all the public buildings. Isolated Europeans are flying for their lives; stragglers are being clubbed to death. Women are being left for dead. Loyal officials are being plundered of all they have and are being put to death with tortures. Then the troops are marched into the city.'

The fundamental basis of our author's pessimism is the 'antagonism between Eastern and Western civilisation,' a phrase too common in these days. There is, indeed, an antagonism which gives occasion for philosophic meditation and the drawing of vivid contrasts. But need it inspire despair? How has the meeting between East and West really worked out in India? Some of its fruits, indeed, have been to the palate bitter and to the stomach cold; but thoughts of others may well lie as a glowing coal at our hearts. Has not the debt of India to England and to Western civilisation been again and again acknowledged by leading Indians in words of unmistakable sincerity? Has not their gratitude found expression in deeds? Is it not a well-known fact that Indians have always preferred Englishmen to try cases in which they were interested? Is it not true that when Mr Montagu and Lord Chelmsford visited Bombay on their reforming tour they were presented with an address by the depressed classes stating that all hopes of the upliftment of the latter were 'inextricably bound up with the perfect maintenance of British authority'; that the British rulers were their

'true friends'; their own countrymen were 'the declared enemies of their interests, moral and material, social and spiritual'? Did not the investigations of the Lee Commission, more recently, indicate the same mind abiding in these many millions? Was not a memorial presented to Lord Reading, in October 1921, from all grades of a population which had been suffering from the bloody outrages of the Moplah rebellion, urging, among other things, that 'prompt and effective measures' should be taken to stop 'speeches and writings circulated directly or indirectly to create violence or hatred against the British Government'? Was not, in 1922, a petition addressed to the Punjab Government by Muhammadans and Hindus in Multan begging that a British magistrate should be appointed to try the cases arising out of recent communal riots? Did not a prominent Hindu, who had strongly supported Mr Gandhi in 1919, fresh from a visit to the scene of the 1923 riot at Saharanpur in the United Provinces, declare that the Muhammadan district officer should be replaced by a 'strong and just Englishman'? What is the real history of the recent attempt to Indianise the Indian army, and why is it that, despite the constant efforts of the Swarajists to pervert that noble force to their purposes, its members have refused to be corrupted? Is not the reason simply the daily personal influence of the British military officer who is in himself a palpable refutation of a propaganda fed by lies? I have mentioned only a few of many facts which find little or no place in official utterances in this country. Those acquainted with them will be slow to accept any current phrase as an excuse for lymphatic defeatism or base desertion of old friends. And, to take a further survey, is not the number of Indians who visit and are educated in this country yearly increasing? Do they come because they or their fathers are repelled by Western civilisation?

We must, however, return to 'Al. Carthill.' We need not follow his summary of the events which established in India the only government which could give it unity, the Government which served as an abiding-place and a covert from the tempest to hundreds of millions of the human race. He describes the Mutiny in one passage as a military revolt and in another as the answer of

Hinduism to Western civilisation in its intrusive form. John Company had since 1830 abandoned 'laissez-faire,' abolished widow-burning and similar practices, and was preparing to go further.

A third contributory cause of the Mutiny was what Lord Canning, in speaking to his Legislative Council on June 13, 1857, called 'the audacious extent to which sedition was poured into the hearts of the native population of India by the native newspapers.' A fourth cause was the resentment of scions of fallen dynasties, and notably the bitter hatred of the Nana Sahib, the adoptive son of the last of the Maratha Brahman Peishwas who had reigned at Poona. With the failure of this man's desperate throw, all hope of a re-established Brahman empire came to an end. But, although the field was lost, all was not lost. Brahmin power, still unshaken in the spiritual sphere, might be gradually recovered in temporal affairs. And here our author personifies the Brahmans, and particularly the Maratha Brahmans, as a single individual whom he names Panditji. Panditji lays his plans for a new campaign of a kind suited to his peculiar talent for intrigue. Surveying British politics, he decides to employ the catch-words of Democracy, and simultaneously searches out the joints in the harness of British administration in India. The British nation must be persuaded that both their own political principles and sheer necessity demand a retransfer of power to Indian, i.e. Brahman, hands. Persuasion will only be potent when their system of government in India has been so effectually ham-strung as to be unable to function. Their military strength will be useful for defending the country and even, on emergency, for maintaining internal order; but they must be induced to hand over the administration of the country, and Panditji will then recover his lost ascendancy. 'Al. Carthill' considers that Panditji has now virtually reached his goal. He represents him as following the political history of England from 1832 to 1924, the ups and downs of parties, the growth of a gullible interest in India, the passing of the Victorian age, the banking up of clouds on the domestic and foreign horizons, the quality of British statesmanship immediately before and during the War, the emergence of a new division of

political parties. We need not follow this survey, which is merely 'Al. Carhill's.' We doubt if within twenty years of the Mutiny any Panditji, with the wide-sweeping vision and far-reaching designs of our author's hero, existed at all. There was, of course, a Panditji who, incarnate in Bal Gangadhar Tilak, emerged later; but Tilak's active interest in British politics, and especially in England's difficulties with Ireland, commenced with the last stage of his career. Since his death in 1920, a Panditji of a particular kind has devoted close attention to British politics; but he is only one of those enemies of England in India who hope to profit by them.

In depicting British administration in India after the Mutiny 'Al. Carhill' lays on lavish colouring which he afterwards tones down by stating that at first certain evils existed only in germ. We are left to infer that they blossomed when Panditji's plans, favoured by European reverses in various countries and notably by Japan's victories over Russia, produced a revolt of Eastern against Western culture. Simultaneously the harvest of the educational policy which had been pursued since the days of Lord William Bentinck, was gathered in. This policy had diffused a Western literary education among the clerical or professional classes, a culture permeated with Whig and Liberal ideas, highly inimical to racial ascendancy and despotic government. Indian literates had thrown themselves on it with avidity. The old faiths and ways of India had become repellent to many; novel religious and philosophical ideas had germinated which vainly attempted to compromise between East and West, for the new culture was impotent permanently to modify the old. The irritation thus engendered was increased by the fact that the men affected by it, while imbibing the doctrines of democracy, were still confined to the inferior branches of the administration. They began to cherish vaguely atheistic and subversive ideas, the spread of which was unchecked because the Government took no trouble to make or insist on a wise choice of teachers. Neglecting its educational department, it allowed the Universities to go as they pleased. Aware that sedition was incubating, it regarded only the overt act, omitting to counter the ideas which engender action. A large class of Western-

educated Indians led by lawyers and journalists became the tool of Panditji. Against it Government opposed nothing solid either in the material or in the spiritual sphere. The situation deteriorated for various reasons, such as the Government's neglect of its judicial department, the repeal of the Vernacular Press Act, the extension of the factory system which provided Panditji with valuable forces for rioting, the regulation of the Indian cotton-duties in the interest of Manchester, increasing visits of Indians to England, 'the arrogant contempt of the ordinary Anglo-Indian' for Oriental culture of all kinds.' 'Al. Carhill' omits to notice that Hindu Western-educated thought was beginning at this time to be influenced by the conception of an ancient unified independent India, a conception which originated partly from Arya Samajist and partly from European teaching.

He then draws a picture of the old order which is in certain respects exaggerated and misleading. This is not the time to discuss it in detail. But we may say that the Governments of those bygone days were not composed of selfish intriguers who valued their district-officers in proportion to the willingness of the latter to become pure functionaries; nor did they regard their subjects merely as 'food units, tax-payers, or algebraical expressions.' The district-officers did not stand coldly aloof from the people among whom their lives were cast, nor were they as a rule wanting in sympathy or geniality provided that those qualities met with the least response. There was, indeed, too much writing and too little leisure for intercourse with the people. This was the fault of the under-staffed machine; of the growing abundance of case-work, of the multiplication of lawyers, of the spinning out of trials, of the anxiety of the Central Government to do its duty by hundreds of millions of peoples, rapidly increasing in numbers, cramped and plagued by religious animosities, rigorous sectional divisions, severe epidemics, and natural calamities. 'Al. Carhill's' suggestion that, in or about 1906, Hindustani or Urdu should have been made the official language of all India is remarkable in its simplicity. He is well aware that the Indian National Congress and all general gatherings of Indians from different provinces have always conducted their proceedings in English. Urdu

is not spoken by ordinary people in certain provinces. Finally, we would ask him to ponder whether passages in his book do not reflect some portion of that 'arrogant contempt' for Indian culture which he has laid so recklessly to the charge of others. On p. 182 of Lord Ronaldshay's 'India: a Bird's Eye View' he will find some remarks on this subject which may profit him.

His account of Indian developments between 1883 and 1917 is not entirely correct. We shall never understand these completely unless we realise the fact that within this period England herself was becoming more and more democratic, and that contact between the two countries was rapidly increasing. It was, therefore, only natural that a demand for some kind of parliamentary system should gradually shape itself among a section of the Western-educated classes. This section consisted almost entirely of Hindus, and its ideas were tinged by a certain racial resentment which was intensified by the Ilbert Bill agitation, and fanned into flame later by the triumphs of Japan. The Congress movement proceeded from a mixture of influences among which that of Panditji was early observable. As the movement progressed without attracting serious attention of any kind from the Government, Panditji began to play a more prominent part, and his Press poured forth a stream of more or less veiled sedition. The Government still took little notice, persuaded that the agitation, which proceeded from a section of the clerical or professional classes only, was of negligible importance, and that the establishment of any parliamentary system would both fatally embarrass the paramount power, and was *per se* impracticable. The agitation, too, was disliked not only by the landed and martial classes, but by the Muhammadans, then headed by Saiyid Ahmad, a political leader of quite exceptional calibre, who owed his wide power solely to the originality, the force, and the stainlessness of his character. This great man has long gone to his rest, but neither his co-religionists, nor Indians generally, nor we ourselves, will be any the worse for recalling some of his weightiest words: *

'Now suppose that all the English and the whole English

* 'Speeches and Letters of Sir Saiyid Ahmad,' pp. 37-49 (extracts).

army were to leave India, then who would be rulers? Is it possible that under these circumstances two nations—the Muhammadans and the Hindu—could sit on the same throne and remain equal in power? Most certainly not. It is necessary that one of them should conquer the other and thrust it down. To hope that both should remain equal is to desire the impossible and the inconceivable. At the same time you must remember that although the number of Muhammadans is less than that of the Hindus, and although they contain far fewer people who have received a high English education, yet they must not be thought insignificant or weak. Probably they would be by themselves enough to maintain their own position. But suppose they were not. Then our Mussulman brothers, the Pathans' (Afghans and frontier tribes), 'would come out as a swarm of locusts from their mountain valleys, and make rivers of blood to flow from their frontiers on the north to the extreme end of Bengal. This thing—who after the departure of the English would be conquerors—would rest on the will of God. But until one nation had conquered the other and made it obedient, peace would not reign in the land. This conclusion is based on proofs so absolute that no one can deny it. Now supposing that the English are not in India and that one of the nations of India has conquered the other, whether the Hindus the Muhammadans, or the Muhammadans the Hindus. At once some other nation of Europe will attack India. . . . When it has been settled that the English Government is necessary, then it is useful for India that its rule should be established on the firmest possible basis. And it is desirable for Government that for its stability it should maintain an army of such size as it may think expedient, with a proper equipment of officers; and that it should in every district appoint officials in whom it can place complete confidence, in order that if a conspiracy arise in any place they may apply the remedy. I ask you is it the duty of Government or not to appoint European officers in its empire to stop conspiracies or rebellions? Be just and examine your own heart and tell me if it is not a natural law that people should confide more in men of their own nation. . . . Reflect on the doings of your ancestors and be not unjust to the British Government to whom God has given the rule of India; and look honestly and see what is necessary for it to do to maintain its empire and its hold on the country. You can appreciate these matters; but those men cannot who have never held a country in their hands. Oh! my brother Mussulmans! I again remind you that you have ruled nations. For seven hundred years in India you have had

Imperial sway. You know what it is to rule. Be not unjust to that nation which is ruling over you, and think also on this, how upright is her rule. . . . Make yourselves her friends, and prove to her that your friendship with her is like that of the English with the Scotch.'

For many years Indian Muhammadans, whether Western-educated or not, remembered these warnings. That after a time some forgot them was, as 'Al. Carthill' explains, largely the result of circumstances over which they had no control. Panditji's first aggressively nationalist movement, which culminated in the Poona murders of 1898, was originally anti-Muhammadan.

'Al. Carthill's' tracing of the Hindu revolutionary movement between 1898 and 1914 is hardly accurate. There was peace for some years after the convictions of the Poona murderers and the first prosecution of Tilak. Then came the revolutionary movement in Bengal and a sympathetic Brahman conspiracy in Bombay. The Bengal revolutionists were not predominantly Brahman but belonged to the Hindu professional classes. They drew much inspiration from stories of the French Revolution and Russian secret societies. They drew more from the victories of Japan over Russia and from a distorted conception of the partition of Bengal. They made their goddess of destruction a magnetic centre to attract enthusiasm; they established recruiting-centres in the ill-managed, ill-disciplined secondary schools and colleges of the province. But the long series of murders and gang-robberies which they accomplished was almost entirely confined to Bengal. The parallel movement in Bombay was stopped and baffled by the vigorous action of the Government of Sir George Clarke (now Lord Sydenham), and by the second prosecution of Tilak, who was imprisoned for six years. In other provinces, too, revolutionary teaching was vigorously met and consequently produced nothing more than occasional crime or disorder. Even in the Punjab, which from 1906 to the present day, on account of the martial and excitable character of the Sikhs, their political and religious traditions, has been the main objective of all revolutionary plotters, conspiracy was resolutely countered with complete success. Up to 1914 the total sum of its achievements was as follows: (a) attempts on the lives

of two Viceroys, one of which nearly attained success ; (b) a very limited degree of penetration into some educational establishments in provinces outside Bengal ; (c) the establishment of a few sympathetic agencies abroad ; (d) a subterranean anarchist movement in Bengal, with considerable ramifications among schools and colleges, which had accomplished a long series of gang-robberies and of murders almost entirely of Indians whose crime was loyalty to the British Government ; (e) the utter destruction of the careers of many youths of the clerical or literary class systematically decoyed into crime by an inner ring of Hindu revolutionists who, by exercising ruthless terrorism on a timid and generally ignorant population, with the hardly veiled support of various organs of the Press, were frequently able to render evidence in Court unobtainable and prosecution abortive. The fact that the statute law had been frequently evaded by the methods of these criminals was well known to the Secretary of State and Government of India ; the position was carefully discussed ; but only when, under the additional pressure of the War, the Defence of India Act was passed was any effective remedy adopted.

Such were the earlier successes of the Revolutionists. On the other hand, they had alienated sane political opinion and thus had created a 'Moderate' party from which they had been compelled to separate after violent scenes. That Moderate party, led by the late Mr. Gokhale a politician of exceptional courage and capacity, while exercising a potent voice in the Morley-Minto Councils had retained sole possession of the Congress. After the attempt to assassinate Lord Hardinge, in December 1912 the Revolutionaries fell into the gravest disrepute ; and in August 1914, Tilak, who had recently been released issued a loyal manifesto. But in the following December in a dark hour for England, he endeavoured to organise an attempt to bring the administration to a standstill in order to enforce capitulation to his demand for self-government. He was completely baffled by Mr Gokhale and another Moderate leader, both of whom unfortunately died not long afterwards.

To go further back, we agree with 'Al. Carthill' that it was Lord Morley who, standing at the definite turning

of the ways, took the path which inevitably led sooner or later to the establishment of a parliamentary system in India; but we think that he fails to show that any other course was practicable. Lord Morley was so conscious of the presence of perils on the new path, that he succeeded in persuading himself that he had not taken it. Proclaiming aloud 'I go not,'* he in fact consented, and went. And despite his anxiety to avoid in any way taking from the central power its authority, he appointed an Indian member to the Viceroy's Executive Council against the advice of some who considered this step a breach in the inner citadel which would certainly widen and eventually result in vacillation and compromise on occasions of unusual pith and moment. The Morley-Minto Legislative Councils, however, worked as well as any bi-racial Councils seem ever likely to work in India. They enabled the Moderate party to gather strength and assurance; they introduced the landlords to the political arena; and they associated non-officials with officials in consultations which generally proceeded in friendly and pleasant fashion. They did not weaken district administration, although 'Al. Carhill' thinks that they did. Incidentally, we may note that it was the incubation of the Morley-Minto Reforms which led the Muhammadans to organise a Muslim League in self-defence.

No passages in this book more clearly disclose the author's bent of mind than those which present a picture of India during the war period. He is, we think, unfair to India, and belittles the warm response which the country, as a whole, made to the demands of a supreme and sudden emergency, the free and spontaneous acknowledgments of the benefits of British rule which came from so many quarters, and were so welcome, during those opening months of that momentous period. He stresses the failure of Lord Hardinge's Government to wage war successfully in Mesopotamia, without in any way referring to the efforts which they had previously made to assist the Empire with troops and munitions in France, Egypt, and East Africa; their liability to heavy attack from the North-West frontier; their responsibility for peace in India at a time when subterranean anarchy

* 'Indian Speeches,' p. 91.

was searching diligently for opportunities in the Punjab and Bengal. 'Al. Carhill' is, moreover, wrong on important points. 'The political Indian,' he says, 'never ceased from his agitation, an agitation which was the more insistent as the chances grew worse for England.' The facts are these. Up to April 1916, the month of Lord Hardinge's departure, the attitude of the ordinary politician was one of support to the Government. He neither started nor joined in any agitation. On the outbreak of the War he was plainly moved by the general sentiment. Before the end of 1914, Tilak meditated mischief, but found himself powerless to carry out his plans. In 1916 his opportunity came. There was a new Viceroy; a bloody rebellion had broken out in Ireland and had occasioned pressing anxiety on the part of the Home Government to conciliate the party of revolt; India was becoming somewhat war-weary, and the educated classes were increasingly disposed to see in the prolonged and desperate struggle the bankruptcy of Christian civilisation. Muslim politicians, moreover, resented the British attitude toward the rebellion of the Grand Sharif of Mecca from the authority of the Sultan of Turkey, the Khalifa of Sunni Muhammadans. They began their Khilafat movement, which was immediately checked by the Government, but only for a time. All round, circumstances were propitious for Tilak's plans. In concert with Mrs Besant he started a 'Home Rule' campaign, the lady, to use her own words, assuming the functions of an 'Indian tom-tom.' The movement swept along the Moderates, who had lost their strongest leaders; it enlisted the support of Muslim politicians; it diffused racial excitement among the Western-educated class, but it was regarded with indifference by all other sections of the population. We have traced it far enough to show that 'Al. Carhill's' indictment of the politicians is overdrawn. But he points out accurately the mischief which was done by the ascription in England to all Indian peoples, provinces, and castes, of war-honours peculiarly due to some. 'To the Bengali and the Guzerati, the Marwari and the Brahman were, attributed the merits of the Punjabi Mussulman, the Rajput and the Parsi. To "India" was attributed the cheerful and gay valour of the Gurkha

and the erratic energy of the Pathan.' From such lack of discrimination sprang the vague impression which was diffused in England 'that "India" was very loyal and yet very discontented.' As a matter of fact, those sections of Indians who then were sealing their loyalty with their blood or with free gifts of money were showing no signs whatever of discontent.

'Al. Carthill' apparently regards the famous declaration of August 20, 1917, as merely a preliminary flourish of trumpets inspired by Lord Chelmsford and Mr Montagu. He does not even mention it. Yet this pronouncement was carefully considered by the whole Cabinet of that day, and is, in fact, the sheet-anchor by which in future perplexities all Cabinets should hold. The vital importance of noting its exact terms, which were afterwards embodied in the preamble of the Government of India Act of 1919, becomes at once apparent when we turn to the circumstances which elicited a memorable speech from Mr Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, in the House of Commons on August 2, 1922. Between the enactment of the Reforms and that date grave mischief had developed in India, arising partly from a widespread idea that Britain meant to abandon the country. This apprehension was due to popular misinterpretation of the Reforms and of the *laissez-faire* policy long followed by the Central Government in dealing with Mr Gandhi's campaigns. In order to correct such erroneous views, the Prime Minister uttered the following words; and evil will be the day both for England and India when any of his successors abates or departs from their spirit :

'One thing we must make clear—that Britain will in no circumstances relinquish her responsibility to India. That is a cardinal principle, not merely of the present Government, but I feel confident that it will be a cardinal principle with any Government that could command the confidence of the people of this country. It is important that that should be known not so much in this country, for there is no doubt about it here, but in India, where for many reasons there seems to be doubt disseminated, sometimes fortuitously, sometimes quite unintentionally, sometimes from facts which seem for the moment to justify conclusions of that kind. It is right that it should be thoroughly understood that it is a fundamental principle which will guide every party that

ever has any hope of commanding the confidence of the people of this country. We stand by our responsibilities; we will take whatever steps are necessary to discharge or enforce them. We owe this, not only to the people of this country, but we owe it to the people of India as a whole. We had no right to go there unless we meant to carry our trust right through. There is a great variety of races and creeds in India, probably a greater variety than in the whole of Europe. There are innumerable divisive forces there, and if Britain withdrew her strong hand nothing would ensue except division, strife, conflict, and anarchy. . . . In fact if we were to do so, it would be one of the greatest betrayals in the history of any country. We have a duty not merely to the vast territory in India, where we exercise supreme control, but we also owe a duty to the great Princes of India and to the Indian states which are the feudatories of His Majesty the King Emperor. We owe an undoubted duty to them. They have been loyal to the throne and to the Empire under conditions when loyalty was tried in every fibre and when loyalty was vital to the existence of the Empire.'

Unfortunately, another passage in the speech which contained this much-needed pronouncement, gave rise to complaints and explanations which afforded opportunity for advancement in India of the theory that the Prime Minister's object was merely to encourage the Civil Service. Clearly, however, he had in view a far larger audience and was convinced that the whole surroundings of the hour called for the plainest speaking, as indeed they did and do still. Unless the conviction sinks in that England is not abdicating and that, therefore, constitutional advance will be graduated by Parliament with regard *simply* to actual experience of genuine and sustained co-operation and to well-grounded confidence in a proved sense of responsibility, the situation in India can only further degenerate. Face to face with revolutionists and fanatical doctrinaires who have been able to sweep weaker men along with them; have raised considerable funds, and mean to concede nothing while they hope, by extorting further concessions from a Government which has nothing left to give, to accomplish a rapid asphyxiation of the Executive, vacillation and ambiguity can only produce a supreme catastrophe. This catastrophe, 'Al. Carthill' holds, has virtually arrived, partly by reason of the illogical character and

functional defects of the present make-shift constitution. British dominion has perished because it could oppose no faith or will of its own to the 'strong faith and unfaltering if evil will' of its enemies.

The functional defects of the present constitution are undeniable. They are manifest just now when constitutional issues of unusual magnitude are before the Cabinet and have been referred to India for full consideration and report. For while it is difficult to see how united opinions which go to the root of the matter can be expected from dyarchical governments in present circumstances, united opinions will probably be produced. If, however, the present constitution suffers from functional defects, it is at any rate still functioning over all India, and by using its reserve powers has survived the strain which was to have accomplished its collapse. The walls of Jericho have not yet fallen, even though the enemy has marched continually round the city with loud shoutings and obtained an entrance in order to disarm the garrison. But the garrison has not been disarmed. We suspect that the enemy's eagerness to destroy the constitution which has been subjected to so many adverse attempts is due to the perception that if allowed to remain and grow stronger it will prove inimical to his projects. What are those projects? Do they indicate a united and constant faith? Notoriously they do not. The sole unity to which they can lay claim is unity in the design to overthrow the only power under the sun which can secure India from hopeless disruption. On one side of India the political Extremist stretches out his hand to the revolutionary Sikh who is working merely for a restoration of Sikh dominion over the Punjab; and on the other side he applauds the Bengali anarchist who aims at reducing the present to ruins in order to rear thereon some visionary fabric of his own. All over India Swarajist plans are disturbed by the palpable fact that British abdication must bring insecurity for person and property, flagrant oppression of various kinds, and violent communal strife. The state of affairs six months ago is obvious from the following newspaper article by a prominent Hindu politician : *

* Mr. T. Seshagiri Aiyar in the 'Hindu' Annual Supplement.

'I do not know whether it is contemplated that the Britisher, disgusted with what he finds to be the attitude of the people, would clear out of this country, bag and baggage. Granting all this to happen, where shall we find ourselves? We shall be the prey of every marauder from the north and east. We shall have internal dissensions of every degree and magnitude; and we shall have to sit "dhurna" at the door of the new power whose love of fair play, and whose ideas of government would surely not be more humane than that of the Government of the day. Is that the sort of self-government that we want?'

We could quote other utterances of this nature and must wonder that sensible politicians so often allow themselves to be towed in the wake of those whose mischievous activities they deplore. But the temptations and the difficulties of such men in India are in these days enormous, moved as they are by a new national sentiment, goaded and spurred by a practically unbridled Press, believing as they do that some arrangement between the Government and the Extremists is always a possibility.

Lord Morley held the faith that there is a 'better mind' in Indian Nationalism which statesmen should strive to evoke and apply to practical purposes for the improvement of the conditions of a vast community. The same faith animated the Reformers of 1919. But they hardly appreciated a truth which Lord Morley emphasised and strongly commended to Indian idealists, the fact that many 'a weary step' must be taken before the various races of India 'can form themselves into a mass that has a true political personality.'* To insist on the contrary assumption can only lead to the bitterest disillusionment. 'This world hath not in it the expectations of happiness which men have of it.' The trouble of to-day, which is partly the result of the disturbed state of the world, will subside in time if met by unity and resolution in this country, for, despite the events of the past five years, the peoples of India, as a whole, believe in the British Government and know that they cannot dispense with it. New forces are slowly coming into the political arena; the Indian military officer

* Viscount Morley's 'Indian Speeches,' p. 42.

regards it with growing attention; the non-Brahman movement in the south and west of the country is enveloping outcastes, untouchables, all the millions who for centuries have been depressed by Brahman tyranny; Hindu and Muslim rivalry tends to increase. Whatever the future may bring, in the difficult present only the British Government, supported by a sufficient number of British Civil and Military officers, can hold the balance steady and keep the peace. Yet in the face of such palpable realities, the cry is ever for concessions which would effectually hamstring it; and threats are even held out of a renewal of that 'civil disobedience' which two years ago culminated in a tragedy disgraceful to humanity. We may well recall the words of some Indian gentlemen who visited the scene of that catastrophe.

'We cannot help observing that these acts of violence, the brutal fiendish murders, and the roasting to death of living human beings, can on no account be justified, and are the result of carrying on a propaganda among the inflammable masses with the avowed object of destroying respect for law and order by persons posing as apostles of non-violence.'

Art. 10.—THREE MEDIÆVAL KINGS.

1. *Richard the Lion Heart*. By Kate Norgate. Macmillan, 1924.
2. *Henry V.* By Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. Second Edition. Putnams, 1923.
3. *The Life and Reign of Edward the Fourth*. By Cora L. Schofield, Ph.D. Two vols. Longmans, 1923.

THE appearance within the space of eighteen months of three separate Studies on the Lives of three Mediæval Kings of England is especially pleasing at a date when the Faculties of Modern History at both our Universities have been largely diverting their students into the pursuit of Economics and Political Theory, or at best of the history of European problems after 1789. Such diversion would have been far from the mind of the two great historians who did so much for the Oxford School, Bishop Stubbs and Samuel Rawson Gardiner; nor (though of this we should not like to speak so confidently) would it have been pleasing to Frederick William Maitland at Cambridge. Gardiner, indeed, used to say that if he had to lecture on the French Revolution he was always tempted to begin with the Norman Conquest. Yet, to-day, one finds illustrious specialists in our History Schools who know more about Bismarck and Marx and Bakunin than about Domesday or the Frankish settlements in Gaul, and may be safely trusted to be completely ignorant of the Crusades.

Such persons would learn much if they would take up the first of the books now before us, Miss Kate Norgate's '*Richard the Lion Heart*.' The veteran author is the more to be commended because she sees in her hero the Crusader, soldier, and knight-errant alone. As she says in her Preface, the 'master who inspired her earliest venture and thereby indirectly all her later ventures' considered Richard important mainly for his 'lavish recognition of municipal life'; in other words, because he was so completely indifferent to the government of his own country that he was quite willing to give (or rather to sell for extremely hard cash) a whole string of charters and grants to *communes* and towns, in all, but principally in his English, dominions. Miss Norgate seems to be almost apologising for herself as here

deserting the principles of her 'master,' John Richard Green. Indeed, no such apology is needed. Green was, like his pupil, an incomparable story-teller when he got a subject to his liking; but it may well be doubted whether he ever told such a story as Miss Norgate unfolded, page after magic page, on the early history of the Counts of Anjou, in her first and greatest book, 'England under the Angevin Kings.' Green, however, had a 'master' standing over him in the massive person of Freeman; and that master had theories to maintain and compelled his pupil to maintain them. Miss Norgate, though much under the influence of the tradition of her master and grandmaster, has steadily shaken herself free from any theories, and has woven her books patiently, slowly, and accurately out of the warp and woof supplied by the chroniclers of Western Europe, and in the volume now under consideration, from the equally valuable Arabic chroniclers, whose writings are still, we believe, in process of translation and publication in the sumptuous 'Recueil des Historiens des Croisades,' begun in 1841. There is not, it must be confessed, in this latest 'venture' of hers, the freshness which she showed in the first; yet it is a better book than her 'John Lackland' (1902), or her 'Minority of Henry III' (1912). And it was a book that was due for two simple reasons; in 1887 she was so much under the spell of Henry II's amazing personality that she did, and perhaps has recently felt that she did, some injustice to Richard (to whom also the school of her masters habitually did injustice) in his youth, and also because she then wholly omitted the story of his Crusade. For these two mistakes, if they were mistakes, she has now amply atoned.

Miss Norgate has the art of extracting out of her chronicular authorities a 'story as a whole,' and, therefore, we can say at once that this is an artistic book. Yet for the general reader—and we humbly confess ourselves to be the incarnation of that much-abused person—there are some grave defects, and the gravest of all is the lack of a map of Syria and Palestine. Who can read the ringing names of 'Blanchegarde' (the great castle built by King Fulk at Tell-es-Safieh), or 'Montreal,' without longing to know their exact situation? Who would grasp, even from Miss Norgate's day-by-day account of

the marches, how tiny is the theatre on which the great game between Richard and Saladin was played? The second serious defect is that the author makes no attempt to weigh for us the relative merits of the European chroniclers on whom she relies (she does more than once discuss the trustworthiness of the Arabic writers); to her, no doubt, Ralph de Diceto, Roger of Hoveden, Richard of Devizes, William of Newburgh, Abbot Ralph of Coggeshall, are as familiar as the Prayer-book; but considering how wholly she, and we all, are dependent on such authorities, there is need, both for the European and the Asiatic part of her story, of some attempt to weigh their respective merits and trustworthiness, such as is made by Stubbs in his famous Preface to the *'Itinerarium Peregrinorum et Gesta Regis Ricardi'*, published in the Rolls Series in 1864. To Stubbs, however, was unknown the parallel authority whom Miss Norgate prefers even to the *'Itinerarium'*, although scraps of it were already in print, one as far back as 1844. *'L'Estoire de la Guerre Sainte'*, a French poem on the Third Crusade, was only published whole, from a unique 13th-century MS. in the Vatican, by Gaston Paris in 1898, three years before Stubbs's death, the author being one Ambroise or Ambrosius, of whom little more is known than that he was an eye-witness of events of 1191-2 and was alive in 1196. It seems pretty certain that the authors of the *'Itinerarium'* and the *'Estoire'* were familiar with each others' work, and each perhaps used it in the compilation of his own. So much, at least, has been proved by Miss Norgate, from the notes of the late Mr T. Archer, in her article in the *'English Historical Review'* for July 1910. The *'Itinerarium'* has most frequently been attributed to Geoffrey Vinsauf; but Stubbs was able to prove the superior claims of Richard, Canon of Holy Trinity in Aldgate, and commonly known as *'Richard of London.'* Gaston Paris, indeed, denounced Richard as a plagiarist, who had simply cribbed from the *'Estoire,'* mistakes and all; but Miss Norgate has little difficulty in refuting this view.

We must make a very brief summary of the points on which one might be inclined to criticise Miss Norgate's book unfavourably. On p. 16 she is, we venture to

think, a little severe on Louis VII; no doubt this King fomented the discord between Henry II and his sons, but he did not begin that discord any more than he had begun the War of Toulouse in 1159; he was, on the contrary, more anxious to keep the peace with his powerful neighbour of Normandy and Aquitaine; and we believe we are not wronging Henry II when we consider him to have been, in every instance, down to 1180, the aggressor in the struggles against his overlord. Feudal complications were at their height in the twelfth century and it was almost impossible to say who held what of whom; or rather it was quite possible to say that Peter held of Thomas the same lands that Andrew held of Matthew while Thomas was doing homage to Andrew and Peter to Matthew. No one has succeeded in unravelling for us better than Miss Norgate the story of those feudal complications, just as no one has depicted so well the enormous difficulties in the way of a King of England or France when confronted with them, or those of a Count of Poitou (Richard himself) in dealing with an Aquitaine largely peopled with mad fellows like Bertrand de Born. But Louis VII *quâ* man (and *quâ* man he is intensely interesting) does not live for us in her pages. If Henry II does not 'live' here either, or rather if his faults and his follies are thrown into a relief which almost entirely obliterates the nobler side of his character, it is because this last side has been so wonderfully set forth in the author's 'Angevin Kings.' Her Chapter II of Book I is only too well headed by the motto, '*Domus divisa contra se*': the truth is that Henry's endless schemes for preserving intact the whole of the Angevin inheritance after his death, self-contradictory as they constantly were, not only failed in their ultimate object but nearly led to its break up during his own lifetime. For the opponent of his old age, young Philip 'Augustus,' whose peaceable accession at Paris he had done so much to secure, was made of very different stuff from his good father Louis VII; the flowing tide of nationality was with him, and, poltroon as he may have been, and probably was, in war, false friend and treacherous enemy as he proved to be to Richard on the Crusade, the gods of old Gaul were at his back. The awful story of Henry's last two years is

admirably retold, pp. 72-90. Yet it seems almost incredible that such a man as Henry can have intended complete disherison of Richard—of whose *military* ability at least he must have been well aware—out of mere 'foolish fondness for John,' especially when he could hardly help seeing how much such disherison would be to the advantage of Philip and of Philip alone (p. 86). On p. 110 the author is not altogether happy in her attempts to explain away the re-sale to William the Lion of the independence of Scotland, although, as she says, no doubt the terms of the treaty of Falaise would have been 'extremely difficult to enforce at the moment,' i.e. of Richard's departure for the Holy Land. And I am afraid we must read into the story the sad fact, on which Stubbs over and over again insisted, that, in startling contrast to his father, Richard did not care tuppence about his island-realm except to drain money out of it for the Crusade and for the maintenance of the Angevin dominion abroad. Like the second of his name, he was 'landlord of England, not King'; and if that realm was decently governed during his ten years' reign, it was wholly owing to the officials who had sat at the feet of his great father. William of Newburgh was quite right when he put into Richard's mouth the statement that he would have 'sold London if he could have found a buyer' (p. 101). In Miss Norgate's excellent account of the Dartmouth-Marseilles-Messina fleet (pp. 138-9) we are not quite content with her translation of *esneccae* as 'smacks'; we prefer 'yachts,' for the best-known *esnecca*, which is referred to in the 'Dialogus de Scaccario,' I, 6, is the King's yacht in which he makes his journeys between England and Normandy; the word does not appear in Ducange, and is probably of Norse origin. More serious is our quarrel when we find Miss Norgate, on p. 185, apparently accepting Saladin's force at Arsuf as 300,000 men, Richard's at a third of that number. Here, indeed, the 'Itinerarium,'* and the 'Estoire' curiously agree, which indicates a common origin of information. Yet such a slip, made in the teeth of Mr W. B. Stevenson's 'Crusaders in the East' (1907), adds, if we may put it so strongly, to the 'unreality' of mediæval history,

* P. 259, Stubbs's Edition.

and resembles nothing less than the enumeration of the fighting-men of the Twelve Tribes of Israel in the Old Testament. In the twelfth century 400,000 soldiers could hardly have found food for a week in the whole of Palestine. The misprints of the chapter headings on pp. 152 and 264 are corrected in the 'Errata,' but it is not there stated that these misprints appear throughout their respective chapters. We rather protest against 'Mentz' instead of 'Mainz' for the old city of Moguntiacum, but we are aware that it is not uncommon; still, it seems to be neither German, French, nor English. We do not like, on p. 284, the attempt to declare 'void in law, on two grounds' the feudal submission of Richard to the Emperor Henry VI. The weight of authority (given in full by Miss Norgate) is in favour of such submission having been made, and not made wholly under duress, but rather as an expedient for escaping from captivity. We do not say that Richard was not right to repudiate it afterwards; but that it was 'void in law' as far as England was concerned we fail to see, whatever avoidance the position of the King of France, as overlord of Richard's continental dominions may have sanctioned. Henry VI was a disgusting grasper, and as false as any one of his time; but he had a fair chance for once of grasping at something big, and took it not wholly unfairly. Finally, we feel a little unhappy that the mystery of the still more unhappy Alice or Aloysia, half-sister of King Philip, and betrothed in infancy to the much-betrothed Richard, is never cleared up. We confess to some relief when, on p. 302, she is at last restored to her native country, for she seems, perhaps for the mere fault of being an impossible bride, to have been detained in captivity (for a time in the Tower of Rouen) for something like twenty years. The darker story of Henry II's passion for her is passed over, and yet allusion is just made to it—which is fair neither to her nor to Henry.

But all these—except perhaps the '400,000 men'—are very small, and most of them perfectly arguable points, and it is much more pleasant to be able to single out for high praise not only the whole of the consecutive stories of the events in Palestine, from the landing at Acre to

the departure for home, of the adventures on the journey home, of the captivity, of the building of the 'Saucy Castle,' but also to some special points and conclusions to which Miss Norgate's *flair* has led her. Such are the attribution to Queen Eleanor herself of the selection of Richard for Count of Poitou, inasmuch as there 'was no likelihood of a good understanding between her Angevin husband and her own people' (p. 9). Richard, indeed, was a true Poitevin, and, with the possible exception of Simon de Montfort and the Black Prince, the only person who ever succeeded in reducing his country, whether you call it Poitou, Gascony, Guienne, or Aquitaine, to anything like order. It was in his early struggles there that he learned all his war-craft, and especially his astonishing siege-craft and his use of the 'artillery' of the day; there, too, that he learned the art of scouting which stood him in such good stead in the East; there that he learned to set his men the splendid example of working with his own hands; there, in short, that he learned to be the first soldier of his century if not the greatest *mere* soldier of the Middle Ages. No one has ever shown this so clearly as Miss Norgate. We have to thank her also for the delightful, and hitherto unknown, discovery that John at the age of one year was destined by his father to be a monk of Fontevraud and actually spent five years as an 'oblate' there (p. 58); there is a grim humour in this notion of John as a monk, and one is tempted to reflect how much trouble would have been spared his house if his father had adhered to his purpose. Richard's enrolment for his Crusade of all the hooligans whom he could collect in Poitou—he spared their lives only on condition of their taking such service—is delightfully recorded by Gerald the Welshman, but has hitherto escaped the notice of modern historians (p. 74), and it reminds us of St. Bernard's view of the first Templars: 'Wicked men flock into the Order, and the miracle of their services is the greater for their wickedness.' Richard's excessive clemency, on his accession, to criminals awaiting punishment (p. 96) had probably a similar motive; indeed, he only hanged three men (and one of these had robbed a Christian) for a most appalling massacre of Jews which was held in London in celebration of that event. Nowhere better, not even in

Stubbs's own masterly sketch in the Introduction to the 'Itinerarium,' has the whole difficulty of the expeditions to the East been set out than in the book before us. In contrast to the haphazard but glorious exploits of Godfrey de Bouillon in the First Crusade, the Third was a thoroughly business-like attack, with the very best elements of practical Western soldierhood engaged in it. The 'Kingdom' of Jerusalem had had eighty-seven years of existence and two generations of 'barons' had been born and grown up in Syria and Palestine. Yet the task of maintaining this outpost of the West became more difficult for each succeeding generation; for it was a dominion of one race and one faith over another even more unnatural than that of the Moors in Spain. The 'born crusader,' such as Richard himself was at heart, desired nothing but a military pilgrimage to the holiest place on earth; if he could slay a few hundreds of infidels while making this pilgrimage, it would be so much the better for his soul hereafter. But to stay for life and guard those Holy Places was very far from the thoughts of such a man; and those whom Godfrey and the Baldwins and Fulk tempted, by lavish gifts of land and riches, to stay, were probably not the best of their class. The total feudal force of Syria seems to have been, in the middle of the twelfth century, only 600 knights and 5000 footmen, many of the last being hired Syrian mercenaries, renegades, or 'Turcoples.' Yet, good or bad, the barons found themselves lords of Syrian peasants and Syrian townsmen, just as the Norman conquerors of England found themselves lords of Englishmen. These, indeed, were not far apart in kindred from their new vassals; while a Syrian baron was removed from his by the whole moral distance between supine Asia and ever-stirring Europe. Such a man had no choice but to 'easternise' himself, and that the climate and the new conditions of life helped him to do very quickly. And once the change was effected, and he had learned to live at peace with his vassals, and even with neighbouring Moslem Emirs just across the border, did he want to don his heavy armour, and 'grunt and sweat under a weary life,' to be forced into quarrels with these neighbours, or made to slay them in the name of his faith? He did not; and it was the notorious

indifference of the second generation of these barons which had wrecked the Second Crusade in 1147. The third generation was even more averse from fighting a big war. And the result was that, when ambitious and 'crusading' Emirs arose in the persons of Imadeddin, Nureddin and Saladin, the kingdom was at once on the defensive and made a weak defence. The later descendants of Baldwin I were minors, or heiresses who married successive husbands; husbands who claimed the crown in right of their wives. So, when Saladin was at last able to strike, the quarrels between the Christians were rampant, and the Holy City and most of its ports on the sea-coast fell at once. It was to avenge this fall that the West, thoroughly roused and horrified, threw itself, with all its chivalry, into the Third Crusade.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign was that Saladin's men were little keener on the 'Holy War' than the Syrian barons. His fighting troops were drawn from many races and from a vast extent of territory reaching from the Tigris to the Nile, desperate fellows for an onslaught or perhaps even a year's 'crusade,' but wholly disinclined to stay and obey a particularly and adventurous successful Emir—and after all Saladin was very little more—to fight for a land that was not their own. If the Franks had only known the exhaustion and the terror of all their enemies (except their illustrious leader) between July and September 1192, they might have taken Jerusalem. Richard, sick almost to death as his mighty frame was, did know much of this; but the Frenchmen would not follow him any longer, the few Syrian barons that survived (including the leaders of the two great Military Orders) were content with what had been saved from the wreck, and all the Westerners were only mad to get home. On the other hand, if the Emirs as a whole had realised that which Saladin knew, the utter exhaustion of *their* enemies, if Saladin could have led again the flower of Moslem chivalry that he led at Hattin in 1187, he could have driven the remnant of the Christians into the sea at Joppa or Ascalon. Rightly Miss Norgate concludes the sixth chapter of her second book with the reflexion that, after 'following in detail the story of the expedition, one is led to marvel, not at its so-called failure but at the extent of its success.'

It is a far cry from the closing years of the twelfth to the opening years of the 15th century. In the second book before us, on Henry V, we have the story of an attack, made by one country on another, even more business-like than the Third Crusade; an attack infinitely more wicked and unprovoked, and in the long run an infinitely more dismal failure. The Crusades were a noble dream, the noblest of the whole Middle Ages: they led to some real beginnings of the Renaissance in Europe; they were the school not only of chivalry and romance, but of toleration and culture. The English wars, in France, begun, by no means without justification, by Edward III (for in 1340 the independence of Flanders was at stake, as well as the maintenance of Aquitaine and the dependence of Scotland, both of which last might not unfairly be then considered justifications for war), were the very reverse of all these things; and they were renewed by Henry V without its being possible to advance any show of such excuses as Edward III had. And our quarrel with Mr Kingsford must be held a serious one, because he, a thoroughly well-trained historian, who has made this particular period his own, who has shown in his 'English Historical Literature of the 15th century' that he knows the sources from end to end as well as Miss Norgate knows her twelfth-century chroniclers, has deliberately ignored throughout his book the reverse side of the picture. Henry is still for him the almost blameless hero which Stubbs would fain have represented him to be but could not. There were excuses for Stubbs, an ardent Churchman, Constitutionalist, and Lancastrian; there are none for Mr Kingsford since Sir James Ramsay laid bare the whole story in his 'Lancaster and York' (1892), from which there is, so far as we perceive, but one quotation in this whole book. The statement, on p. 398, that 'the old dispute between England and France could not be settled by any patched-up truce, that the internal divisions of France made finality impossible and were a standing menace to the peace of Europe,' seems to be held by the author as giving to any strong warrior-king the right to spring upon the body of any enemy who may happen to have been reduced to impotence by internal dissensions.

It is also, we think, *un peu fort* for a historian of

Mr Kingsford's eminence to reprint (it is little more) a work of twenty years ago as it stands because of 'the necessity (imperative under present circumstances) of making use of the stereotype plates' which 'has precluded any revision of the text other than the occasional correction of positive errors,' and then to refer the reader, who may wish to study the changed views of the author, to an intermediate work of his own on 'The First English Life of Henry V' (1911), which he has analysed since this book was first stereotyped in 1902; an analysis which, by carrying back the legends of Henry V to a 15th-century source, throws an entirely new light on that part of the history. There is, it is true, a new preface in Mr Kingsford's second edition in which he discusses his own 'finds' since the date of the first. The most important of them is as follows:

First Edition.—"The *Gesta Regis Henrici Quinti*" was the work of a chaplain in the Royal Service. . . . Dr Lenz has argued that in the "*Gesta*" we possess the genuine prose "*Life of Henry V*," composed by Thomas Elmham, Prior of Lenton. But we have no evidence that Elmham ever was in Henry's own service . . . whilst the authorship of the "*Gesta*" is uncertain, of its value there can be no question. It is the vivid narrative of an eye-witness who had access to official records, and is our best authority for the first four years of Henry's reign. Next in importance to the "*Gesta*" comes the prose "*Vita Henrici Quinti*," which passes under the name of Thomas Elmham. This ascription is due to Hearne, as editor of the only printed edition; it is, however, almost certainly erroneous.'

Second Edition.—'The "*Gesta*" has now been proved to be the work of Thomas Elmham, Prior of Lenton, who accompanied the King to France in 1415. It is the vivid narrative,' etc. (*ut supra*).

This is, of course, a real and important find, yet one would expect the references to Elmham in the text and notes of the second edition to have been modified to meet it. The following are, however, the only corrections which occur: (i) the date of Henry's birth is put forward by a little above five weeks 'by the positive statement of Thomas Elmham' (pp. 12, 13); (ii) 'The Coldharbour in Eastcheap (a mansion built by Sir John Pulteney . . .), where at one time the Black Prince held his court' (so

in first edition), becomes 'The Coldharbour in Thames Street, a famous mansion which had fallen to the Crown through the forfeiture of the Earl of Huntingdon and was granted to the Prince by his father in 1410' (second edition). No references are given in either edition (p. 69). (iii) The origin of the story quoted in Sir T. Elyot's 'Boke named the Gouvernour,' of 1531, of the committal of Prince Hal to the King's Bench by Gascoigne, C.J., mentioned on p. 90, has a slightly different pedigree given to it in the second edition. (iv) On p. 146 there is a valuable correction on the formation of the archers in the English single-line at Agincourt, and this is made still clearer by the alteration of drawing in the map which faces this page. (v) The last correction (on p. 168) seems hardly worth disturbing the stereotype to make, for it is merely the attribution to 'one of Ormonde's stories' of the account of the Duke of Gloucester riding into the water with drawn sword, to meet the Emperor Sigismund at Dover; whereas in the first edition this is called 'a late legend.'

Now, surely, these newly-found 'Ormonde stories' deserved some fuller treatment in all the earlier part of the text—and Mr Kingsford admits (p. v) that 'under other circumstances alterations might have been desirable'—for on them hang many of the traditions of Henry's youthful wildness and of his change of heart at his accession, so familiar to us all as handed on by Holinshed to Shakespeare. These stories do appear in the 'Vita' written in 1437-8 by Tito Livio da Forli, and translated into English early in the reign of Henry VIII; this is the translation which was edited by Mr Kingsford in 1911. Their source was James Butler, fourth Earl of Ormonde, who had served under Henry V in France and survived till 1452, and 'may well have been present' at at least one of the scenes which he describes. 'They have to do with Henry both as Prince and King.' We may, therefore, deplore the 'circumstances' which have been too hard for Mr Kingsford, and there we may leave it.

The rest of the book can hardly be called profoundly interesting. Mr Kingsford perhaps exaggerates Henry's youthful friendship for Oldcastle (p. 31) as he certainly minimises the King's fierce determination to purge his kingdom of heresy. This determination was the more

unpleasant because Henry was not only powerful enough to override a whole bench of bishops, had it pleased him to do so, but was also a man of considerable culture, with eyes fairly well open to the awakening opinion of Europe on such matters. The bargain had, however, been struck between the House of Lancaster and a decadent Church, and Henry would adhere to it at all costs. Again, to represent Henry as striving to keep peace with France, when his demands of 1414-5 are in cold print on Mr Kingsford's pages (116-7 and following) seems to us an outrage on common sense; and for the King to call God to witness in the most solemn fashion to his desire for peace was, as Sir James Ramsay well pointed out, nothing but blasphemous hypocrisy. But Mr Kingsford can even excuse his hero when, nearly heart-broken by the coming failure which he was far too shrewd not to foresee, he took with him, to his latest sieges in France, the poor mad King who had become his father-in-law, in order that he might be able to hang with some show of legality 'rebel' Frenchmen who were rash enough to defend the fortresses of their native country against him; nay more, when he sent for poor little King Jamie of Scotland, a prisoner in England since 1405, and took him also to these sieges in order to be able to hang Scots in the French service. No wonder that 'King James showed little inclination to favour the interests of England' (p. 372), though, at Henry's Westminster funeral, he was made to march as chief mourner alongside of John Duke of Bedford! (p. 384). All this might be intelligible if we could swallow the notion that the hero of Agincourt really believed in his divine right to the throne of St Louis. But we cannot swallow this. He was far too enlightened a man to believe anything of the kind. The English Parliament may have had the right to give the crown of England to the House of Lancaster; but even Edward III, who had a (bad) title to it, never pretended that the French crown was a necessary appendage to the English.

Mr Kingsford has a curious discrepancy in the distances between Harfleur and Calais, '150 miles' in the note to p. 136,* and '250 miles' from Harfleur to Agin-

* This would be the minimum by the straight road as far as the Somme; the C.T.C. Road-book makes the modern road, *via* Dieppe, 173.

court (which is about twenty-five short of Calais) in the note on p. 203. Nor is he free from a too-common lapse into 'jargon,' when on p. 142 he tells us that 'my cousin Westmorland' was 'of course' on the Scottish border on the day of Agincourt. He means 'as is well known,' for he has already told us on p. 127 that the Earl was on the Scottish March. A casual reference on p. 110 to the 'mutual piracy of the maritime populations on either side of the Channel' might well have been expanded into a real, and the only possible, excuse for the war; but we should never learn from our author that this piracy was the greatest scourge of Northern Europe and had been vastly increasing ever since the severance between Normandy and England. But he is wise, and it is one of his best points, when on p. 187 he lays real stress on Henry's thorough grasp of his own Navy and Mercantile Marine, if not of the potentialities of Seapower itself. His account of the ships employed, and of naval gunnery, and of Bedford's great victory off Harfleur, are the best things in the book. But we should like to know what authority Mr Kingsford has for the statement on p. 201 that the longbow 'could disable an armoured knight or his horse at a distance of three or four hundred yards.' Though we can claim no special knowledge, we have hitherto believed 250 to be the 'record' for *effective* range, and, in any event, there is some difference between '300' and '400.' Statements like this go far to make mediæval history 'unreal' to ignorant but reflective people. Again, on p. 215, we have the English fleet arriving 'at Caen from Touques' and landing its artillery; was the Orne navigable, or, as now, canalised, up to Caen? or were the guns landed at Ouistreham, nine miles away? The Captains of Rouen, when the fall of that city was imminent, not only 'burned all their galleys lest they should fall into English hands' (p. 245), but burned their whole Arsenal as well, and there was a vast exodus of Norman sailors to the Atlantic and Mediterranean ports of France, as is related by La Roncière in his '*Histoire de la Marine Française*,' (Vol. II, 233).* It was perhaps the desperate resistance of the old

* With this book, probably the best authority in either country, and, like Mr Kingsford's, based wholly on original documents, the author shows no acquaintance at all.

Norman Capital that first led the self-seeking English King to put forth proposals of some sort for peace; and Mr Kingsford might well have thrown the tenacity of his hero into still greater relief if he had realised how far greater was the tenacity of all the best elements of France, and how the cruel war was making her a nation in spite of her wicked and selfish nobles. After this, it is, perhaps, only with a touch of humour, of which the author is not elsewhere lavish, that we are told, on p. 259, that it was 'as a consequence of the defect of spiritual authority' that 'both the system and doctrines of the Church had been called in question in the 15th century.' The allusion is, no doubt, to the schisms in the Papacy; yet we have hitherto believed that it was the *excess* rather than the *defect* of the Church's authority that led to the growth of heresy, which was, in fact, a protest against an authority that had become insupportable both to the consciences and the intelligence of mankind. On p. 328 we meet the rather surprising statement that England was 'on the whole contented and prosperous' in the latter part of Henry's reign. This is in strong contrast to what Sir James Ramsay has taught us. Mr Kingsford's estimate of the population at about 2½ millions, on p. 341, is probably not far out, and we know that the merchants and yeomen were flourishing and making money; but 'contentment' was far away. The 'Wars of the Roses' had begun in 1399 and there were parts of England in which private war hardly ceased during the next ninety or one hundred years. Oldcastle had been able to keep Lollard plots and Ricardian plots lively till he was at last caught and hanged at the end of 1417. One does not expect the Scots Border to be quiet and it was not; some of the Agincourt prisoners, notably the Duke of Orleans, managed to keep on foot intrigues with the Scottish Regency, and a younger scion of the House of Mortimer had to be sent to the lowest dungeon of the Tower.* After the Treaty of Troyes even the faithful Commons showed a good deal of anxiety at its terms: they prayed the King to return, they feared the subjection of the people of England to their King *quid* King

* Ramsay, I, 255.

of France, they withheld a grant of money both in the Parliament of December 1420 and that of May 1421,* though it was given in that of the ensuing December. At the siege of Meaux, October 1421-May 1422, though the English army was reduced to a skeleton, as indeed was its King through the hardships he had undergone, no more men could be got from England, and Henry was reduced to beg—in vain—for soldiers from Germany and Portugal. Mr Kingsford's maps are clear and good, and the rather ridiculous (and singularly unreal) pictures are not worse than such things usually are, though they are a little worse printed, perhaps owing to the plates being worn. Pictures, however, are not the strong point of this otherwise excellent 'Heroes of the Nations' series, which has, in its time, included the 'Pericles' of Evelyn Abbott, the 'Cæsar' of W. W. Fowler, the 'Cicero' of J. L. Strachan-Davidson, the 'Charlemagne' of Professor Davis, the 'Cromwell' of Sir Charles Firth.

That there were fine traits in Henry V's character few will deny. He was frugal, patient, painstaking, temperate, chaste, merciful to the poor, accessible to all his subjects. We should feel happier about the piety and devotion that is always attributed to him, if we could get over the shocking hypocrisy which underlay, and alone supported, the one great effort of his life. But to call him the 'Typical Mediæval Hero' seems to us a serious mistake, and unjust to the dear, blind, blundering, heroic Middle Ages. Rather was Henry the first in date of the great modern soldiers. The screen which hid the panorama of the world from mediæval eyes was already wearing very thin, and this King's vision was penetrating enough to see through it in several places. Of his military talents, and of his splendid courage in the field, there can be no question whatever.

And it is in these two points, but only in these, that we can compare with him, *longo intervallo*, the third of the Kings whose Lives lie before us. If one could call a book 'modest' which, to the history of one reign of twenty-two years, devotes 1121 closely printed pages in two volumes, large 8vo, that adjective would be the right

* Ramsay, I, 288, 293.

one to apply to Miss Cora L. Schofield's 'Life and Reign of Edward IV.' The author is already known to scholars by her thesis on the 'Star Chamber,' and by several learned articles in Historical Reviews on both sides of the Atlantic. The book before us is wholly founded on original research, of the deepest and most patient kind, among the MSS. in the Record Office, the British Museum, and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. All the Rolls, Warrants, Inquisitions, and Accounts have been laid under contribution, as well as the printed Calendars of State Papers and the Chronicles of all Western European countries. Through this maze of diverse materials Miss Schofield sails with an ease, an evident pleasure to herself, and indeed, a grace, such as few learned historians have succeeded in showing. And these qualities, it must be remembered, are shown in the account of a period hitherto held to be one of the darkest and most dismal in our history. Miss Schofield is, moreover, absolutely impartial: her 'subject' is very far from being either a 'villain' or a 'hero' to her; indeed she has no hero, unless it be the simple patient sufferer Henry VI, and no arch-villain. More strange still, Miss Schofield is never dull; a reader not usually interested in history might pick up the book, expecting to be bored, and find a good deal of difficulty in laying it down; and if it were not for its inordinate length, in comparison with the slight interest of the period, one would be tempted to say that here is 'History as she ought to be wrote.' Shall we seem fanciful if we say that the writer of whom, in this matter, Miss Schofield most reminds us is Leopold von Ranke? Like that great man she has such complete mastery of her details that she never seems to need to 'force a conclusion,' nor to indulge in premature or speculative generalisations. Like him, she makes those details tell the story; and this, we think, is supreme art. There is just the right amount of quiet humour, as, for instance, in this hit at the shuffling King Charles VII: 'to ask others to aid a helpless Queen is one thing, to aid her yourself is another' (I, 116); or, again, take the picture of the Mayor and Common-Council of London when letters from Edward and Warwick, with exactly opposite commands (or entreaties), arrived on the same day (I, 574). She seldom 'draws a character'; more

often, with a few happy touches thrown in, she leaves the story itself to throw it up into relief: thus, Philippe de Commynes himself has not left us a better picture of Louis XI than Miss Schofield—and yet nowhere does she make any attempt at a formal description of him. The intriguing Legate Coppini—‘no lover of danger’—whose help in 1461 was so invaluable to the House of York, and who paid so dearly for his shiftiness when he got back into the clutches of Pope Pius II, is one of the liveliest persons in the book. Yet Miss Schofield appears to know her own limitations, for she evidently has no taste for battle-pieces, and quietly stands aside when Towton or Tewkesbury might have tempted her to become eloquent; nor does she attempt descriptions of scenery, nor of mediæval towns, nor, save in the instance of St George’s Chapel, Windsor (Edward IV’s greatest building feat), of churches.

There are just a few Americanisms which we regret, e.g. the frequent use of to loan as a verb, and loaned as a participle; program; antagonise; imposter; but surprisingly few for such a long book. There are a few queer words like issuance, beautification; Bishop-Chancellor Rotherham is sometimes spelt Rotheram; and there is a curious omission of the word ‘nineteenth’ on p. 3, Vol. II, which makes nonsense of a very happy point in Edward IV’s mental development. On I, 120, ‘wash-outs’ is not, as one might think, a bit of modern slang, but a strange word to describe a piece of a road broken by floods. The *Scala Celi* (in Rome) II, 451, is probably a slip between the *Ara Celi* and the *Scala Santa*. There are no maps, but the want of them is not seriously felt, and, thank Heaven, there are no ridiculous reproductions of mediæval drawings! Perhaps the worst want is some kind of date-headings for chapters, if not for pages; Miss Schofield expects our attention to be very close, or we may miss the fact that she has got a year ahead of her readers here and there.

All the praise that we give must not be taken to mean that we can agree with the author in all particulars; if we found her differing from Sir James Ramsay, except where such difference depended upon some new discovery of her own, we should not hesitate to say that Sir James’s inferences were probably the

more defensible; and we do find it hard to assent to her view that Edward was not a 'bloody' king. She has, however, made out a very good case to the effect that he really began his reign, at the age of nineteen, with the best intentions, and that the ministers of Henry VI's last years were mainly to blame for their own overthrow. They were, and their terrible Queen was, vindictive to the last degree. So were many of Edward's own supporters, including, perhaps, the famous King-maker himself. Yet let us be fair, even to Warwick; there were 'no savage reprisals' when he had the government in his own hands during the brief Lancastrian restoration of 1470-1. Edward, says Miss Schofield, was not naturally vindictive, nor was he, like his stupid father, 'rash, hasty, and indiscreet' (I, 123). His fault, in the first half of his reign, was that he gave too little thought to possible dangers ahead, including a 'certain small boy' (afterwards Henry VII) 'with a pious and cultured mother,' whom he almost accidentally captured at Pembroke (I, 202). 'As soon as an enemy became powerless to hurt him Edward gave him no further thought' . . . 'like all easy-going people he detested a quarrel' (I, 315, 343) . . . 'he was almost incapable of cherishing anger long.' So the poor fellow was twice caught in a trap, and at last began to realise how deep and vindictive were the treasons and the traitors, even of his own party, who stood round him. When he did realise this his character steadily changed for the worse. Adversity, which quickened his wits, certainly lessened his mercy. And it was a horribly cruel age, the age in which torture was first definitely used to extract evidence, the age in which the headsman, 'seldom enjoyed his breakfast unless it were preceded by an execution.' To us, at least, it seems as if Edward was, in this matter, even a little worse, or more indifferent to the sacrifice of human life, than his grandson, Henry VIII—and this is saying a good deal.

Even when he was at his laziest Edward had never been a fool. 'He understood the temper of the English people far better than Warwick ever did' (I, 450). His greatest 'crime,' or at least that which sat most heavily on his own conscience, the judicial murder of his brother Clarence in 1478, is almost excused by Miss Schofield, who is the first historian to show that, from 1468, if not

earlier, Clarence had aimed at the crown for himself, and was ready to sell himself (and his country) to any one who would help him to get it. If there is a villain in the piece it is George Duke of Clarence (see especially II, 29, 207); and indeed it is very difficult to see what the most high-minded King—and Edward was very far from being that—could have done with such a brother, except kill him.

Miss Schofield is at her best in following the thread of tangled diplomatic intrigues. These were tangled indeed when the game was being played by a Louis XI, a Scots Duke of Albany, traitor to both countries, a comparatively loyal Duke Philip of Burgundy and his wholly disloyal son Duke Charles the Rash, a Duke of Milan like Francesco Sforza, a Pope like Sixtus IV; when Calais lay at stake between England, France, and Burgundy, and when no one on the Continent really knew whether it would pay him better to support the claim of Lancaster or that of York to the English throne. The terrible drain of money which Calais meant is well brought out by the author; the wages of the garrison were constantly in arrear, the men were always on the edge of mutiny. Edward, on the whole, seems to us to have grasped the essential fact that he could not give it up any more than he could give up invoking, and actually pretending to give effect to, his hereditary claim on the French crown. 'His people expected this of him.' Miss Schofield is, we think, inclined to overrate the warlike temper of his people in this matter; yet it is quite evident that, whenever the King gave out that he intended to 'recover his inheritance' in France, his usually stingy Commons were ready with a large grant, although they twice took precautions, not unlike that of their successors in the reign of Charles II, to see that the money granted should be spent only on the coming war. In 1475 Edward took to France the largest and best appointed army that left the shores of England before the Revolution; and, as we know, he brought it safe home, without a blow struck and with large French pensions in his own pocket and in the pockets of his chief councillors. The author does not blink the fact: 'Edward had sold himself to Louis' (II, 155): yet he had honourably refused to abandon his Breton ally to Louis's vengeance.

The difficult business of Scotland Edward seems to have managed quite as well as, if not better than, any of his predecessors, although it was not till the end of his reign that he recovered Berwick, which Margaret had sold to the Scots as the price of help. And it certainly looks as if he had a fair control of his own country when he was able, without help from Parliament, to send across the border a very large army which, in 1482, swept up to Edinburgh and took that city. Even so, we hesitate to accept Miss Schofield's figure of '20,000 soldiers,' although we agree that 'this must be considered the most remarkable fact in the King's career' (II, 387). It was the future Richard III who led 'this remarkable fact' to victory.

Nor was this comparatively sordid King so dishonest financially as one would have expected. He did not repudiate the heavy debt (largely inherited from the Lancastrian government) to the Merchants of the Staple: he remitted a portion of the first subsidy granted to him by Parliament: his 'benevolences' were a monstrous innovation on constitutional practice, but they probably spared the country a much more serious and regular form of taxation, and they do not appear to have ruined any individual contributors. When he had become, owing to his private financial speculations in wool, cloth, and other exports, a very rich man, Edward set about paying his debts in a fashion not common among mediæval kings, and also set about a serious reduction in the expenses of his household. In breaches of the Seventh Commandment his private life was notoriously scandalous, and he has even been compared to Louis XV of France; but while there is evidence that his debauchery (and perhaps gluttony as well, for he grew very corpulent) killed him at the age of forty, there is none that he allowed his concubines to influence his policy, except when Mistress Shore contrived to beg off some victim destined to the block or to some ruinous fine. Nor is there any hint of the darker vices which Miss Norgate is obliged, in guarded fashion, to admit as probably indulged in by Richard I.

Edward IV thus stands before us, most vividly portrayed, yet a subject for doubt. We cannot exactly 'place' him in the gallery of our Kings. He was not a great man, or a good man, or a very bad man; yet he

was by no means wholly the plaything of the forces of his age. He was not the 'Founder of the New Monarchy' that J. R. Green believed him to be, but he was clever enough to see that something like a new monarchy was what his country needed (the private wars continually breaking out, and continually needing repression, would have opened his eyes to this), and he took, in his cautious dealings with his few Parliaments, some steps towards that goal. He was not a great conqueror like Henry V; but if France had lain at his feet as it lay at Henry's in 1415, he might quite conceivably have used it a little better than that great conqueror did. Though he burned at least two Lollards and professed a strict orthodoxy, he was certainly not, as Henry was, the chief executioner of his bishops; he refused, much to his honour, to allow sacrilege to be made into high treason, and he seems to have handled his Popes—poor creatures, indeed, compared with Henry's Martin V—with some dexterity. In the few battles he had to fight he showed himself an excellent soldier, with a true *coup d'œil* for the critical points of a field; and a man of swift marches, well able to keep his troops in hand on them, and during the battle; but he was never confronted with such dangers as Henry had to face at Agincourt, such difficulties as those of the sieges of Harfleur, Rouen, and Meaux; still less, if we are to compare him with the greatest soldier of our 'Three Mediæval Kings,' with such an antagonist as Saladin.

Art. 11.—AIRSHIPS AND THE NAVY.

THERE are those who would persuade us that aircraft have rendered surface warships more or less obsolete. The Air Force, not the Navy, is now our 'first line of defence' proclaims this school of thought. This catch phrase, 'a first line of defence,' is often used without consideration of what it really means. In the late war it was not aircraft, making sporadic and spasmodic raids behind the enemy's lines, nor yet the Grand Fleet at a Northern base, dominating the situation afloat, which was literally and actually the 'first line of defence'; it was the Infantry in that stretch of trenches on the Western Front which prevented the enemy from bursting his barriers. Ships and aircraft cannot replace the soldier when it comes to a question of holding a position on Land. On the other hand, it was the exceptional conditions of the late war, alone, which gave us a land frontier to defend. Normally the foremost defences of our island country must be those on the sea *and* in the air, the one no less than the other.

Defence by sea must extend far out over the oceans to those sources from which come the vital commodities by which we live, and which are necessary to equip our fighting forces; it must keep intact those arteries which link up the Empire and make of the widely separated parts a coherent whole, and it must prevent the enemy's ships from landing an invading force or making raids on our coasts. All this may have to be done by maintaining throughout a war a 'fleet in being' with far-flung units, guarding and watching the open seas, yet deriving their strength from the covering shield of a mighty battlefield at the strategical focus. Alternatively the whole naval situation may be cleared up at one stroke by the defeat of the enemy's main fleet. To secure decisive results through the medium of a sea-battle, however, is far more difficult now that the submarine has appeared on the scenes. A victory which sweeps the enemy's surface ships from the seas may still leave his submarines free to roam at large and conduct a species of guerilla warfare. This submarine menace, as we know, requires a huge organisation to deal with it alone, and for the most part this measure

of defence must be built up in wartime, because we cannot possibly afford to maintain it in peace.

Security in the air can only be obtained by the possession of sufficiently powerful air forces to stop enemy air raids, and to prevent his aircraft from impeding naval or military operations on sea or land. To defeat the enemy in a great air battle is a project still more difficult to achieve than that of a modern fleet action. In practice it seems probable that the most effective use which can be made of our air forces will be to make counter attacks against the enemy's territory, especially his air bases, although doubtless there will be plenty of opportunity for air fighting on a small scale. In addition to such 'offensive defence,' particularly vulnerable or valuable localities in this country will have to be protected by anti-aircraft artillery and other static defences. These two great systems of defence, the one by sea, the other for the air, are quite distinct in character and have therefore become the business of two separate departments of State—the Admiralty and the Air Ministry. Aeroplanes, clearly, cannot patrol the ocean lanes, nor can they prevent the enemy's fleet from putting to sea any more than ships can intercept aircraft.

Nevertheless aircraft are coming to play a more and more important part in sea defence, for sea warfare now involves the use of the air over the sea even as it does the water beneath the surface. The aeroplane has become a recognised unit of the main fleet, and huge Noah's arks, specially designed aircraft-carriers, provide mobile hangars and flying grounds, so that aeroplanes may accompany it wherever it may go. Aeroplanes, however, have distinct limitations for high-sea work. They cannot fly off or return to a carrier if the sea is at all rough, and they can only remain in the air for a few hours. Even with such limitations they may nevertheless be invaluable for the duration of a fleet action, but they will not suffice for the more extensive demands of commerce protection on the ocean routes.

Vision, and yet more vision, has been the Navy's cry since the days when Nelson and his contemporaries were begging for an increased number of frigates. Vision means the power to locate an enemy and to marshal the necessary forces to destroy him. It lengthens the arm

when opportunity occurs to strike and enables disastrous encounters with a hopelessly superior enemy to be avoided. To the Admiral his aeroplanes are the eyes of his fleet, not only to find the enemy, but also to guide him how best to engage, and how to frustrate manœuvres intended to outwit him, and to direct the gunfire of his ships. All these sea-air services are already in the making, but now the Navy is asking more of the air. Whereas the tactical requirements of the main fleet necessitate aeroplanes to operate, when occasion arises, up to a radius of action which can be measured in tens or hundreds of miles, the strategical needs of the Navy employed in commerce protection demand aircraft capable of sustained work in the air and with a radius or action of thousands of miles. Such requirements can only be met by airships.

Germany built her 'Zeppelins' avowedly for reconnaissance duties over the North Sea, and, although they were diverted to the more spectacular occupation of bombing London, there can be little doubt that the German Naval Staff regarded them as vital elements in its more ambitious plans for the use of her Fleet. Airship reconnaissance was very largely depended on to prevent German squadrons from being cut off by our superior forces, and a plan aimed at engaging part of our fleet with a superior German one, had to be abandoned because, for days on end, the weather conditions precluded the employment of airships. It was the alternative to this plan and the absence of airship reconnaissance which brought about the battle of Jutland. In a future war, however, it is improbable that airships will be able to work in a confined area, like the North Sea, where they will be within the range of large numbers of aeroplanes, but the Navy will need airships to keep a watchful eye on the myriad solitary steamers where they plough their lonely tracks across the wide ocean spaces, and to give instant notice of any attempt on the part of an enemy to interfere with the flow of our deep-sea shipping. If they fulfil expectations, airships should be capable of watching a thousand square miles where a cruiser can only cover some hundred and sixty. Moreover, airships should enormously increase the range of influence of our detached cruiser forces.

An enemy raider, which it might take weeks to run to earth with surface ships, cannot long hope to elude the far-seeing eye in the air. Once sighted, a wireless call from the airship will bring our cruisers direct to their quarry and her doom is sealed.

The cruiser-submarine will be driven to take cover below the surface if sighted by an airship. In the deep waters of the open seas, the submarine cannot lie *perdu* at the bottom, conserving her energy as she was wont to do in the shallow North Sea, but must be continually calling on her battery power to keep moving under water. This means that she may be forced to come to the surface to work her surface-running engines, in order to recharge the batteries. If this could always be done at night, all would still be well for her, but she may not be able to remain under water until then, and a submarine caught on the surface in the daytime and unable to dive because her batteries are run down is in a serious predicament. In any case, if she can only operate at night her opportunities to do harm are considerably curtailed. If, therefore, airships can be built with sufficient range and endurance, they will be of the greatest service to the Navy for protecting ocean-going commerce against both surface and submarine attacks.

When we come to consider the question of airships and cruisers we find an optimistic school of thought which sees in the airship a cheap substitute for the cruiser, but enthusiasts of this class are wont to be blind to the limitations of the cause they champion, or ignorant of the conditions which must be fulfilled. It has yet to be proved that an airship can be built which will function, with certainty, in all climates and in all seasons. Extremes of cold or heat; blizzards and tropical sun-rays; gales and storms; typhoons and hurricanes may inconvenience the surface ship, but a well-found vessel ploughs steadily on and is not driven from the seas through stress of weather, nor does she require a prolonged refit every time she rides out a storm.

The enemy ship-raider, whether surface or submarine, may have her activities temporarily curtailed by bad weather, but will resume them as soon as it moderates. The airship, before it can challenge the powers of the surface warship, must first prove its capacity for remaining

in the air under all conditions when ships can remain at sea. At times, it is true, bad weather at sea may be far less trying for the airship in the air, for high seas do not affect it, and strong winds only decrease or increase its speed according to the course steered. On the other hand, snow, heavy rain, or great heat, which do not affect the structure of a ship, are liable to put a severe strain on the powers of endurance of an airship.

Apart from this matter of endurance, the powers of attack of an airship in a duel with a surface warship are distinctly limited. The airship may carry a few very large bombs capable of sinking the warship, or a number of smaller ones which cannot be expected to do more than cause superficial damage. In either case there is the problem of hitting, or possibly of dropping one of the large bombs so close to the ship that it will act like a mine by exploding under water. If the airship comes down to a height where bombs can be dropped accurately, it presents a huge and vulnerable target for the ship's anti-aircraft guns. If it keeps up at a height where it is fairly immune from attack, the chances of hitting are considerably lessened and the whole cargo of bombs may be discharged without achieving any result. Clearly it is useless to employ airships to locate an enemy unless means are also provided which will ensure his being subsequently exterminated. The defence of our trade routes must be as far as possible continuous, the weapons with which any enemy is to be fought must be certain of accomplishing their task. Until the airship can fulfil both these conditions it must remain a useful auxiliary to the cruiser, but cannot wholly replace her.

A further most important consideration is that of airship bases. The areas in which the Navy will require to employ airships will not always be those within reach of the air bases on the ordinary commercial routes, and an airship is infinitely more dependent on its bases than a ship.

Airship bases may be of two kinds, a main or repair base, equipped with one or more huge sheds and full workshop facilities, and a base where there is only a mooring mast, fuel and gas, and possibly facilities for doing running repairs. The first kind is comparable to a naval dockyard, the latter to a good anchorage, but

the difference is that an airship needs 'docking' far more often than a battleship and, without a mooring mast, it is like a ship that has lost all her anchors. On the regular commercial routes, main bases will probably be established at each end and mooring masts will be erected at intermediate stages. Unless, however, we are going to establish permanent airship bases all over the world, far in advance of commercial needs, other means must be found to enable airships to fulfil their naval functions in war.

The first essential is to provide a mobile airship base or, in other words, a *depôt* ship with a mooring mast, fuel storage, gas plant, and workshop accommodation. Such a vessel would move with the other fleet auxiliaries—repair ships, hospital ships, and so forth—and would lie in some sheltered and secure anchorage to which the airship could return to replenish and rest her crew without having to go, perhaps a thousand miles or more, to the nearest commercial station. The need for airship *depôt* ships has already been foreseen by the United States Navy Department, and an experimental ship is now being equipped for that purpose. When the responsibilities of our own Admiralty in the matter of airships have been determined by the Government, doubtless similar provision will be made to enable these aircraft to work with our naval forces.

In addition to these mobile mooring masts, however, there is still the question of permanent bases with sheds, and these, by reason of their importance and cost, are a far more serious consideration. It remains to be seen whether airships will, in practice, be able to stand the weather and climate which prevail in the Indian Ocean and China Seas, but if so, here is a typical instance where the strategical needs of the Navy will have to be carefully compared with the commercial needs of airship routes. The matter is one likely to have a bearing on the future development of Singapore.

There seems to be a strong probability that Singapore will become a sort of Clapham Junction of the Eastern air routes, as it already is, in great measure, for shipping. If this proves to be the case, its importance as a strategical base for the Navy will be still further enhanced. Airships, in fact, like surface warships, require

an operational base, a 'jumping-off place,' to which they can return to re-fuel, and where they can lie in safety until needed, and also a repair base on which they can fall back to 'dock' and make good defects. Unlike warships, however, their presence does not provide any great degree of protection to their base. It is no part of a fleet's duties to fulfil such a defensive rôle, but the presence of warships in the locality may often constitute an effective barrier against enemy attack on a base port. The limited offensive powers of airships, and the uncertainty of their being able to attack at all in bad weather, or at night, precludes them from being regarded as an efficient form of defence for their base; moreover, they may often be operating very many miles away from it. It is clear, therefore, that airships must work in close association with warships, in fact, they must be regarded as an integral unit of the fleet in the whole scheme of naval strategy, and not as an independent force.

There remains the question of the personnel to provide the crews of airships. For economic reasons it is unlikely that we shall seek to maintain a great fleet of fighting, as distinct from commercial, airships. The Navy will obtain its airships in war by taking over the great airship liners in the same way that it obtains vessels for armed merchant cruisers from the Mercantile Marine. In the case of the latter, the greater part of their crews come from the same source. The Mercantile Marine provides men used to sea ways, and officers trained for the Royal Naval Reserve, and therefore accustomed to naval requirements and weapons. Commercial airships will be useless to the Navy in war, and there will be little justification for Government assistance and support of them in peace, unless their crews have qualifications corresponding to those of the Royal Naval Reserve.

The principle that the personnel of the fleet's air arm must be Naval Officers has at length been accepted by the Government to the extent that 70 per cent. of the fleet's aeroplanes will be manned by them. Although the complete control of this indispensable part of the Navy has not yet reverted to the Admiralty, it obviously must do so in war, if not in the very near future. There are neverthe-

less good reasons why the remaining 30 per cent. should be officers of the Royal Air Force. These officers should be attached to the Navy to man the 'fighter' aeroplanes. Not only is this class of air warfare essentially associated with the Royal Air Force, but the close co-operation of the two Services in air matters will thereby be all the better ensured. Such essentially naval work as sea reconnaissance, identification, and observation of the movements of an enemy's ships, will naturally be performed by individuals brought up from earliest youth to appreciate what is required of them by the fleet, and who are able to interpret what they see from the air with the understanding of Naval Officers. It is these latter duties which airships will also have to perform in war. We might as well set a chauffeur to hunt hounds as a landsman to do naval work in an airship. To change the crews of all the airships taken over by the Navy on the outbreak of war, would mean training a separate personnel for the purpose in peace. To add a naval personnel to the civilian crews normally carried would mean lack of mutual confidence and loss of efficiency.

There is also another aspect of the question. Long distance transport by air must go hand in hand with that by sea, if these two transport services are not to militate against the financial prosperity of one another. The big shipping companies cannot afford to ignore the development of airships any more than the railways have been able to ignore the arrival of the motor vehicle for road transport. A close bond will have to exist between the management of ocean liners and airship liners in the near future, and this matter of the crews of airships is one in which the Shipping Companies will doubtless want to take a considerable interest ere long. The source from which they obtain their best officers is one which could also supply those for airships. The same type of officer who is the mainstay of the Royal Naval Reserve would, with the necessary training, be invaluable to the Navy for airship work in war. The 'ship of the air' is moreover peculiarly like the 'ship of the sea' both to handle and to navigate. The officer trained to sea duties is already half trained for airship work. There are very few men now in this country with practical experience of handling airships, but there

is a large community with many years' experience of handling ships at sea. Just at present, too, there are still a large number of officers lately retired from the Navy because the sweeping reductions in the ships of the fleet compelled corresponding reductions in the personnel. These officers, besides having sea knowledge and experience of a high order, have had a thorough naval training and some have also had air experience. They are therefore eminently suitable to man airships which are intended for naval use in the event of war. As years go on, however, this source of supply will cease to be available, and the Navy cannot enter additional officers and men whose primary calling will be service in airships normally used for commercial purposes. The junior ranks of the Mercantile Marine, however, could provide a steady stream of recruits for officers of airships, all of whom would first have served their apprenticeship at sea. To these officers the Navy could give a course of training similar to that of the Royal Naval Reserve, but adapted to fit them for their duties in airships in war-time.

The Government on behalf of the nation is about to take a considerable part in the development of airships, but so far there appears to be no clear policy with regard to their use and control in war, the provision of strategical, as distinct from commercial, bases, and the qualifications and Naval training of the personnel which is to man them. We are on the verge of a new era in flying, an era which will introduce a new factor both in commerce and defence. It is most important, therefore, that we should not embark on it in a haphazard fashion. The Ministry with the predominant interest in airships in war should be the one to be closely associated with their commercial development in peace. It is the Admiralty who will have to regulate their strategical distribution on the outbreak of hostilities, and the Navy who is chiefly concerned in their tactical employment. To the Admiralty, therefore, should be assigned the responsibility for formulating a definite policy in the matters referred to, and for exercising such measure of Government control as is expedient to ensure that airships will be developed on lines which will make them of definite value in the scheme of Imperial Defence.

Art. 12.—MRS CARLYLE AND ENGLISH LETTER-WRITING.

Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to her Family, 1839-1863.

Edited by Leonard Huxley, LL.D. Murray, 1924.

THE art of letter-writing is that of talking with pen and paper intimately and naturally, in an easy, unlaboured, idiomatic style, with an absent friend. To write as you talk is the first step to success. It may sound easy; in effect it is difficult. Put a pen into a man's hand and, on paper, however light and entertaining his conversation, he will, as often as not, become flat and prosy. Only those who do not feel that a pen kills intimacy, or confers dignity, will avoid the pamphlet, the essay, the lecture, or the sermon. Even when the first step is assured, much remains. To excel in the art, many gifts are required, though none should be displayed. The power of telling a story, of dramatic representation, of observation and description, are all needed. Yet each must be controlled by the gift of selection, for the scale to which the letter-writer works is one of his difficulties. Humour in any of its various forms—broad, ironic, playful, whimsical, tender, bitter, or whatever its type—is invaluable. It is the best of preservatives. Wit is a more dangerous ingredient, unless it is of the best, because the conception of it varies so greatly from generation to generation; if it is forced, or misses its mark, or loses its savour, it repels. Artificiality is fatal. Above all things a letter must be natural. Yet art is also essential—unconscious if possible, but, when conscious, skilfully concealed. Form triumphs over subject and literary charm over matter. Cowper and Charles Lamb, a countryman and a cockney, each in his own sphere, are two of our greatest masters in the art. But they very rarely owe anything to their material; nearly always, on the contrary, they have to conquer and transcend it. No subjects are too trifling for one who has in him the true spirit of the letter-writer, and he will never make them trivial.

In a letter the writer necessarily monopolises the talk, while to conversation a monologue is destructive. Herein lies the main distinction between the two arts. Other equally obvious differences are admirably summed

up by Mrs Carlyle in a passage from one of her letters in the new collection which has recently appeared. She is writing in 1843 to her cousin, Jeannie Welsh (p. 159):

'An hour's talk with you were "welcome as flowers in May"—or what were a more delicious novelty surely—tho' no one says it—as flowers in *December*! Why the devil then do I not write more diligently if I feel such need of talking—to write is to speak after a sort—ay—but "with the reciprocity all on *one* side" and that makes such an irksome difference! and another difference is that one cannot in writing eke out one's word with tones of the voice—looks—gestures—an occasional *groan*—an occasional kiss! and speech reduced to bare words is so inadequate to certain "*beings*"—like *me*. Besides *talking* comes *natural* to every woman—writing is an *acquirement*—and between the exercise of one's natural and one's acquired faculties there is no comparison in point of ease.'

Differences apart, the nearer letters approach to the ease of good talk, the better they are likely to be. Perhaps the extract itself illustrates by a somewhat tiresome trick, one of the special difficulties of a letter and one of the temptations of the writer to evade rather than overcome them. In conversation tones of voice give the emphasis which in writing is most easily produced by the mechanical process of italics.

Few people nowadays practise the art of letter-writing. If a letter of the old-fashioned sort were received to-day, it is doubtful whether pleasure at the receipt would predominate over consternation at the prospect of answering in a similar vein. Fewer still among our more remote ancestors wrote or received letters of the kind under discussion. Their written communications were mainly on matters of business; they may have biographical or historical interest, but they must be judged by different standards. Letters which come within the region of literary art are rare and comparatively late. To one 17th-century figure we naturally turn with expectation. But Samuel Pepys is a disappointment. To himself he talks inimitably, but not to an absent friend. Delightfully indiscreet in shorthand, he is in longhand caution itself. James Howell comes nearer the mark. Though much that he wrote was intended for publication, and, therefore, falls outside the limits of private letters,

Howell was, in a very real sense, the Horace Walpole of the Stuarts. Dorothy Osborne wrote charming letters to William Temple. So gay and lively are they in their spontaneous freshness that we forget to be ashamed of reading the correspondence of a girl with her lover. The two names so nearly exhaust the list of earlier writers that it is justifiable to date the practice of writing letters from Jonathan Swift. The art came late to England, and its fashion proved to be short-lived. It was rapidly brought to perfection; with almost equal rapidity it has been, it is supposed, already abandoned. Beginning with Swift, it practically closes with Jane Welsh Carlyle. Born in 1801, she is the last of the great English letter-writers, the youngest of those who, in the bulk and quality of their output, can be compared with the masters of the reign of Queen Anne and of the Georgian era. Among her contemporaries and successors, who were born since the dawn of the 19th century, she has no serious rival. The recent publication of a further series of her letters confirms her position.

It is not difficult to find some of the reasons for the late development of letter-writing, for its sudden and immense expansion, or for its subsequent decadence. The art was not likely to be practised before it was needed or after it had become superfluous. So long as society consisted of detached isolated groups, whose members met every day or every week, oral communication satisfied all but exceptional requirements. The only common interests of each group were those of the locality. For the vast majority of people the living world was, to all intents and purposes, represented within the limits of the parish or the country town in which each individual lived. People were seldom at once absent from home and within reach of their friends by the use of such postal facilities as were then available. Even younger sons rarely left their old surroundings to seek their fortunes. Only, from time to time, some wandering scholar wrote his experiences to fellow-enthusiasts, and he, till well on in the 16th century, probably wrote in Latin. Even at periods when the pulse of national life was running high, and all England was absorbed in momentous issues which broke down the local barriers, a formidable obstacle remained to the

interchange of private letters between absent friends. The instrument was not perfected. The miscellaneous contents and intimacy of a letter required, as Mr Saintsbury justly observes in his brilliant 'Letter Book,' some vehicle of expression which was less stately and magnificent than the prose of Elizabethan or Stuart times. It is difficult even to imagine a sketch of a tea-party in the style of Bacon, or a discussion of the fashions in the periods of Hooker, or the communication of some tit-bit of scandal in the manner of Milton. What was needed was a prose which, without being too familiar, was sufficiently supple to meet, not only the necessities of ceremonial occasions, but the uses of every-day life.

By the beginning of the 18th century the old conditions had already changed. Life was widening out in a variety of directions. Means of communication improved. Local communities were, so to speak, decentralised. More people left their homes to pursue study, business, or pleasure at a distance. They travelled in greater numbers; yet journeys were not so rapid or so easy that friends could keep constantly in living touch with one another. Nor were friends often separated by such distances of time and space as to extinguish the wish to communicate their news. Walpole's correspondence with Mann is a remarkable exception to the general experience that friends who never meet seldom write to one another. Men and women grew less provincial and more cosmopolitan in their interests; they became curious about the lives and manners and customs of other communities, abroad as well as at home. Politics and political personages began to attract more attention. Education multiplied readers who desired to discuss books, or exchange their views on literary, philosophical, and scientific subjects. New tastes were being formed; notes had to be compared on painting, sculpture, music, history, gardening, or antiquarian pursuits. As London became more and more the centre of the fashionable, political, and artistic world, countrymen and countrywomen were eager to hear the latest news of life in 'town.' Society was ripe for newspapers; but as yet journalism barely existed. Letters between private friends were the Press of the 18th century. At distant intervals, to individuals here and there, they supplied

the discussions of politics, social life, literature, plays, entertainments, sport, fashions, gossip, scandal, which, every morning, are to-day provided in print, for all the world, at every breakfast-table, by the daily newspaper.

Letter-writers, in fact, met a demand for news, which was hardly felt before the 18th century, and enjoyed a monopoly in its distribution which their successors have lost. With the felt need came the appropriate instrument. A means and form of expression were developed which were admirably adapted to the varying requirements of the new purposes. In the work of perfecting the new vehicle, letter-writers, notably Swift, did excellent service; they helped the essayists and playwrights to raise the level and maintain the standard. A prose style was thus created which was brisk, pointed, and supple. Unpretentious and too simple to be pedantic, it was idiomatic and colloquial without being either slovenly or vulgar. It resembled in ease and liveliness the best conversation of well-bred men of the world.

Fortunate in their opportunity, fortunate also in the possession of the appropriate instrument, the 18th-century letter-writers were also happy in the abundance of their leisure. Life had widened its interests; it had not yet quickened its pace. Zeal was at a discount in other spheres of effort than religion or politics. The century was slow-moving, rich in material comforts. It resembles a fertile plain between two ranges of hills. Behind it lay the picturesque highlands, tenanted by Cavalier and Puritan. Before it loomed the mysterious heights of the French Revolution. On the low-lying levels which lay between, society took its ease, ate, drank, and wrote letters. All the world did so, and the abundance of letters is almost more striking, as a literary phenomenon, than the number of those who wrote them superlatively well. It is the age, to mention only half a dozen outstanding names, of Swift, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Chesterfield, Walpole, Gray, and Cowper. To the end of the same century belong, by birth and, to some extent, in characteristics, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

This rich and sudden expansion of letter-writing is not more vividly contrasted with the poverty of the preceding period than it is with that of the period

which follows. As in the efflorescence of the art, so in its decay, the explanation may be partly found in social changes. The cause usually assigned seems inadequate. It is often said that the penny postage has killed the art. If stress is laid on the cheapness, the accused may be acquitted of the crime. No one is conscious of writing or receiving better letters when the postage rate was raised to twopence. On the other hand, the rapidity, regularity, and frequency of deliveries, as compared with the former condition of expensive, slow, and intermittent circulation, make it less worth while to write at length and with care. In this sense the penny post has not been wholly free from guilt. More directly responsible for the decay of the art are the ubiquity of the press and the strain of modern life. The immense development of the newspaper, daily, evening, and weekly, has undoubtedly contributed largely to the disappearance of letters. It has taken away one of the motives for letter-writing. It seems wasted labour to discuss books with a distant friend, or to describe eminent people or striking scenes, in competition with a skilled journalist who has the advantage of print. Still more fatal is the want of leisure either to write or to read letters. The hustle and turmoil of existence have enormously increased within the last eighty years. None of the time-saving inventions which have recently come into use have added to leisure. Rather they have increased the breathlessness of life by multiplying occupations and amusements, and accelerating the pace at which society lives. It is significant that two of the writers who, in the later 19th century, make the strongest claims to be considered masters of the art—FitzGerald and Stevenson—were both recluses, the one from choice, the other from necessity. One other cause may perhaps be suggested. Men want megaphones. Thoughts and ideas, which were formerly interchanged in the correspondence of friends, have now become 'copy' for publication. They appear in signed letters in the morning papers, in magazine articles, or in novels. Women, especially, have found new channels for their abilities. Jane Austen, for instance, might have excelled as a letter-writer if she had not been so eminent as a novelist.

Social causes come so slowly into operation, and one

generation so far overlaps another, that no definite date can be assigned for the alleged decay of letter-writing. The art continued to flourish long after the close of the 18th century, though it assumed a somewhat different and more modern form. The style of the earlier masters harmonised well with the elaborate courtesies of their age. Their literary workmanship was high; they described objects rather than their own impressions; they selected their words with leisurely care, so that the form of the expression exactly matched the thing expressed. They are the classics. With Cowper began a change, which was accentuated in the work of the great group who belonged both to the passing and to the coming century. Letter-writing follows the general tendency of English literature towards a wider range of sympathies. Its interest passes, so to speak, from without to within, from external objects to revelations of personal feelings and impressions, from human generalisations to the distinctive characteristics of individuals. It reflects the social transformation and the rise of temperature which accompanied and followed the French Revolution. It mirrors the movement with greater vividness, because so many of the group were poets who wrote in the flowering time of their genius. Wordsworth is the only eminent poet of the day who failed as a letter-writer. He had too little of the requisite lightness of touch and too much of the tendency to preach. Most of his contemporaries added to their poetic achievements a considerable body of first-rate letters. On the intrinsic value of the material opinion will probably be divided. Scott's correspondence heightens and confirms the impression of his generous, buoyant, manly nature; Southey's letters, to those familiar with his other work, are surprisingly good, and are more worthy of preservation than the great mass of his poetry. But it is the letters of Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley that, each in their different way, most distinctly bear the stamp of individuality, and most conspicuously illustrate the new sources of interest.

The letters of the three poets bear as little resemblance to one another as do the natures of the men. In Coleridge there is a half-humorous, half-pathetic, and sometimes divine simplicity, illuminated by unique expressions and

suggestive thoughts which intermittently reveal his colossal intellect. Byron, with careless, almost rollicking vivacity, and not without a touch of reckless devilry, lays bare his feelings and experiences, or, in his combination of man of genius and man of the world, passes his opinions on his contemporaries, current events, society, politics, and literature. Shelley, the irreconcilable, irresponsible idealist, urges, with eager arguments that at least convince his own ardent mind, the generous wrong-headed enthusiasms which for the moment sway the feelings of his rebellious spirit. But their letters have this common characteristic. They are intensely autobiographical, unconscious witnesses to character, and, in the case of the two younger men, indispensable to the interpretation of their poetry. Swift, in his letters, does indeed reveal something of his own nature and between the lines still smoulders the fire of his passion. But little of the interest of the correspondence of the older group lies in the personality of the writer. It rather lies in material external to themselves, and in the perfection of the skill with which it is handled. There is no close resemblance to the freedom and frankness of the outpouring of thoughts, ideas, passions, and personal feelings which are to be found in the unguarded improvisations of the younger writers.

It is the personal interest which makes the posthumous publication of any new collections of modern letters irresistibly attractive. A private correspondence, especially if it is unreserved in its intimacy, strongly appeals to the wide circle of readers who despise avowed fiction or prefer real life to literature. Genuine letters bring us into actual intercourse with other human beings on terms of peculiar intimacy. They may contain for us true comedies and tragedies, which are as dramatic as any of the creations of the imagination of the novelist. If they are written by eminent persons, or deal with remarkable events, the attractions are doubtless enhanced. It is agreeable to know how great people deal with domesticities or to have sketches of historical scenes from the pens of eye-witnesses and actors. But letters of the highest class are independent of such supports. The writer may be obscure, the life uneventful, the subject-matter commonplace. If the self-portraiture is

unconscious, and is aided by the natural charm of presentation, the letters will live on their own merits.

It is often difficult to distinguish how far the interest of a collection of letters is derived from the subject-matter, from the writer's personality, or from the literary form. Yet, in considering critically whether the letters are in themselves of first-rate value, the distinction may become necessary. Some correspondences, for instance, which, from the literary point of view, are of very second-rate importance, are widely read because of the autobiographical, biographical, or historical matter that they contain. The writers are not, for that reason, among the great masters. But, in the case of Jane Welsh Carlyle it is unnecessary to attempt to draw the distinction, because all three sources of interest contribute to the attraction. Her own character is singularly arresting; she is the wife of Thomas Carlyle; she is the friend of many well-known contemporaries; she is a mistress of literary form. Her letters are in the modern rather than in the classic style. They chronicle her own personal feelings and the impressions that events or people produce upon her. Her own life-history is laid bare without reserve yet not without restraint. Her daily life, domestic, social, personal, is recorded with an amazing facility of expression and frequent felicity of phrase, with a keen eye for the ludicrous, and with a humour which masks the earnestness, and sometimes the bitterness, of the thought and feeling.

Mrs Carlyle's story has in it the elements of tragedy. In her romantic youth she had, with the help of Rousseau, pictured an imaginary husband.

'No lover,' she wrote to her cousin, Miss Stodart, in 1821, 'will Jane Welsh ever find like St Preux, no husband like Wolmar (I don't mean to insinuate that *I should like both*); and to no man will she ever give her heart and pretty hand who bears to these no resemblance. . . . O Lord, O Lord! Where is the St Preux? Where is the Wolmar? Bess, I am in earnest—I shall never marry.'

Later, in the same letter, she says that she has heard from Thomas Carlyle.

'He is something liker to St Preux than George Craik is to Wolmar. He has *his* talents, *his* vast and cultivated

mind, *his* vivid imagination, *his* independence of soul, and *his* high-souled principles of honour. But then—Ah, these *but*s—St Preux never kicked the fire-irons, nor made puddings in his tea-cup. Want of Elegance! Want of Elegance, Rousseau says, is a defect which no woman can overlook.'

Above all things, she wanted a man of genius for her husband. It was her youthful ambition, and it was gratified. If happiness always lay where Gibbon so complacently found it—in the mature fulfilment of an aspiration of youth—she should have been abundantly happy. Unfortunately, her life rather illustrated the cruel maxim that to those whom the gods curse they grant the desire of their hearts. She could not always take Carlyle humorously, or habitually practise the cheerful Horatian philosophy of her rival among women letter-writers, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In the course of years, the 'but's' of life, aided by ill-health, became too strong for her happiness.

In her correspondence, as well as in her social intercourse with friends, acquaintances, and strangers, she made a gallant fight, with fine courage. To her came for sympathy and help all the 'maimed and halt' in life, and to none did she refuse her best. She was worshipped with foreign fervour by the political refugees who flocked to Cheyne Row, and in her presence even the craziest recovered their sanity. She was adored by a succession of servants. Socially, she was much more than the Lion's Wife; she made her own position, and won her own triumphs. She was asked out to make parties 'go.' However ill she might feel, 'even when in a humour that a person under sentence of death might have envied,' her vivacity and wit did not fail. At the Macreadys, she had not had, she says:

'one cheerful feeling in my mind for days and weeks; but of course one does not make calls to make oneself a *spectacle of woe*. I talked—talked about the feats of Carlyle's horse &c.—and they laughed till their tears ran down. I could not *laugh*—but no matter—perhaps my own gravity made the things I was saying only more amusing by contrast.'

No wonder that Mrs Macready should have believed that Mrs Carlyle did not know what it 'is to be ever sad for a minute!!! One never sees you that you do not keep one in fits of laughter!' Even an 'outrageous

pimple' on her nose, which distressed her sorely, did not alienate her admirers. 'Damn your nose,' said Anthony Sterling, to whom she complained of the annoyance, 'for a sensible woman you have really the *oddest* ideas! As if anybody really attached to you could love you an atom less if you were all covered over with smallpox!'

Yet the letters of the last twenty-five years of her life are not those of a happy woman. If this new collection, which belongs to the period 1839-63, stood alone, or were taken with absolute literalness, it might be thought that things were worse with her than, in all probability, they really were. Allowances must be made. Some of the letters were written in the morbid mood of ill-health. In others, as Mr Huxley reminds us, she uses the language of humorous exaggeration in writing to a niece who had been an inmate of Carlyle's household and an eye-witness of his wife's domestic troubles. Yet, in spite of discounting much that appears on the surface of the letters, they do, as we turn the pages, strengthen the impression that we are the spectators of the tragedy of a woman's heart. It was not that she seriously doubted Carlyle's deep affection for her. But, as penurious of praise as he was of pence, he was too self-centred to be considerate or to pay those small tributes of recognition which mean much to a wife. Toiling for him from morning to night, mending his clothes, cooking, cleaning, upholstering, and papering and painting with her own hands, her Cinderella-like labours were grudgingly accepted as something less than his due. She was starved for the expression of affection or approval from the man whom she admired and loved.

Great books are not written without blood and tears, nor is it always only the writer who weeps and bleeds. Habit and custom had done something for Mrs Carlyle, though they never subdued the 'fatal romance' of her character. She had passed beyond the 'dreary helpless' stage of 'first unlearning to be a much-made-of Only Child.' But her 'fur-mantle of imperturbability' was not always proof against 'the winter of our discontent' which set in when a book was being written. These were indeed times of tribulation. Carlyle, never easy to live with, must have been almost intolerable to the inmates of his household. He ought to have had, says Mrs Carlyle,

'a strong-minded woman for wife, with a perfectly sound liver, plenty of *solid fat*, and mirth and good humour world without end—men do best with their opposites. *I* am too like himself in some things—especially as to the state of our livers, and so we aggravate one another's tendencies to despair!'

The fattest and strongest-minded of women might have endured the 'sulphury and brimstoneish' atmosphere of one of the periods of composition with more philosophic calm; she could not have described these occasions with more vivacity.

'Carlyle,' says his wife, 'is now got about as deep in the *Hell* of his Cromwell as he is likely to get—there is a certain point of irritability and gloom, which, when attained, I say to myself "now soul take thy ease—such ease as thou canst get—for nothing worse can well be!" Desperation in that case induces a sort of content.'

Or again:

'The Cromwell-turmoil is again subsiding. . . . *Thanks God!* and now I hope we shall really be done with that man! if he had been my husband's own Father he could not have gone thro' more hardship for him! We have lived in the valley of the shadow of Cromwell now, as of Death, for some three years. But everything comes to an end if one have patience. What is to come next Heaven knows.'

At times like these, Carlyle was 'a man of sorrows *not* acquainted with *silence*—tho' he does love it platonically.' Even when some 'Reign of Terror,' established by the writing of a book, was not raging at its full height, there were other permanent troubles. Carlyle belonged, said his wife, to the 'perplexed and perplexing section of humanity,' to whom 'the difficulty of realising their desires is small, compared with the difficulty of ascertaining for themselves what their real desires are.' Incessant changes of plans exercised Mrs Carlyle's patience sorely. She found it impossible to live 'a rational, never to say a contented life' in a state of always 'hanging in the wind.' Nor, if she had really been the kind of woman who could never overlook 'Want of Elegance,' would she have always been satisfied with her husband's appearance. Carlyle was in the habit of stuffing his ears with cotton wool to shut out the sound.

'C's hair,' writes his wife, 'is creeping slowly over the tops of his ears, but that is all the way it has got. Meanwhile the cotton is still used for *one* ear—in which, however, it never stays long, but is generally to be seen (not without astonishment by the uninitiated) sticking, a small white pellet, at the end of some stray hair—for all the world like a snow berry.'

On the other hand, there are abundant signs of mutual affection and good understanding between husband and wife. She knew that he could always be relied on to be 'good on great occasions'; she wrote to him every second day when he was absent, defended him against his critics, treasured his sayings, took pride in his growing fame, noted with satisfaction the signs of the 'Millennium—attentions from Booksellers are more infallible proof of *rise in the world* for people in our line than a whole string of coroneted carriages at the door.' She helped him to choose his pipes. He even trusted her to order his coats and trousers, till, one day, she ordered a coat of '*Sky blue* and *yellow buttons* which made him an ornament to Society in every direction'—and quite shook his 'faith in my judgement (he told me) "so far as the dressing of him was concerned."' He, on his side, was proud of her social gifts, of her popularity with his men friends, nicknamed her 'Destroyer of the peace of families' from the number of wives whom she made jealous, or suddenly exclaimed, as she was sitting half-awake over her coffee, 'just to look at you there, looking as if butter would not melt in your mouth, and think of the profligate life you lead!' Readers of the 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle' will remember her touching letter (No. 87, July 14, 1846) expressing her delight at a birthday present of a card-case, and her remorse at having, for a moment, thought herself forgotten. In the new collection of letters two similar presents are recorded, and the explanation given illustrates the thoughtful kindness of Carlyle. It shows him in a pleasant light. So 'sacred' was his 'horror of shopping,' that he was 'puzzled to buy his own indispensables.' It needed no ordinary effort for such a man, not only to buy but to devise a gift. Yet, after the death of Mrs Welsh, in order that his wife might feel less desolate on such anniversaries as her birthdays and New

Year's Day, Carlyle made a practice of giving her presents on these occasions. For Christmas, 1847, he had

'in a fit of audacity almost incredible chosen to buy a cloak! a woman's cloak. . . . he was much consoled by my assurance that *it could be worn*. He had bought it by gas-light, he said, and "felt quite desperate about it when he saw it in the morning." But it is a wonderful cloak for *him* to have bought—warm and not *very* ugly—and a good shape.'

The letters contain many details about Carlyle's friendship with Lady Ashburton. Mrs Carlyle was by no means always blind to the comedy of the situation. She notes with amused satisfaction that Lady Ashburton has set up

'a green parrot to which she pays the most marked attention even in spite of his calling it a *green chimera*. And the Parrot does not mind interrupting *him* when he is speaking—does not fear to *speak thro' him* (as the phrase is) and her Ladyship *listens to the parrot*—even when C is saying the most sensible things! By Heaven she is *the very cleverest* woman I ever saw or heard of.'

Nor, whatever Mrs Carlyle might write in private letters to her cousin, did she wear her heart on her sleeve. Waiting for dinner at a party given by Dickens,

'old Rogers, who ought to have been buried long ago, so old and ill-natured he is grown, said to me, pointing to a chair beside him, "Sit down, my dear,—I want to ask you; is your husband as much infatuated as ever with Lady Ashburton?" "Oh, of course," I said *laughing*, "why shouldn't he?" "Now—do you *like* her—tell me honestly is she kind to *you*—as kind as she is to your husband?" "Why you know it is impossible for *me* to know *how* kind she is to my husband; but I *can* say she is extremely kind to *me* and I should be stupid and ungrateful if I did *not* like her." "Humph! (disappointed) Well! it is very good of you to like her when she takes away all your husband's company from you—he is always there isn't he?" "Oh gracious no! (still *laughing admirably*) he writes and reads a great deal in his own study." "But he spends all his evenings with her I am told?" "No—not all—for example you see he is *here* this evening." "Yes," he said in a tone of vexation, "I *see* he is *here this* evening—and hear him too—for he has done nothing but talk across the room since he came in." Very devilish

old man! but he got no satisfaction to his devilishness out of *me*.'

Whatever may have been the trials of Mrs Carlyle's life, there were compensations. As 'the Man of Genius's Wife'—it is her own phrase—she lived among some of the most interesting men of the day. If they came to Cheyne Row, in the first instance, to see Carlyle, not a few returned to see his wife. Alfred Tennyson was one of those who did so. On the first occasion, he had come to see Carlyle who was dining out.

'Alfred is dreadfully embarrassed with women alone—for he entertains at one and the same moment a feeling of almost adoration for them and an ineffable contempt! adoration I suppose for what they *might* be—contempt for what they *are*! The only chance of my getting any right good of him was to make him forget my womanness—so I did just what Carlyle would have done, had he been there; got out *pipes* and *tobacco*—and *brandy* and *water*—with a deluge of *tea* over and above. The effect of these accessories was miraculous—he *professed* to be *ashamed* of polluting my room, felt, he said, "as if he were stealing cups and sacred vessels in the Temple"—but he smoked all the same—for *three* mortal hours!—talking like an angel—only exactly as if he were talking with a clever *man*.'

The humility of the attitude of a clever woman towards a man, and, perhaps, even the adoration for Tennyson, may strike some people as early Victorian. Anyhow, it was not long before Tennyson came again—this time to see Mrs Carlyle and not her husband. At an 'Amateur Play,' in which Dickens and Forster acted, she

'met Alfred Tennyson in the lobby—and that was the best of it! And better still he came to take tea and talk and smoke with me—me—by myself me—the following evening—such at least was his *intention*, not a little flattering to my vanity considering his normal state of indolence—but the result was that he found *Creek* (Craik) and *John* (Carlyle) and *they* made a mess of it. "The Devil fly away with them both."

Interesting figures, vivaciously described, appear in the letters, or take part in improvised dinner-parties at Cheyne Row. Mazzini and other political refugees, especially Godefroi Cavaignac, drop in at all hours of

the day or night. Many ludicrous episodes are recorded of the Italian artist, Gambardella, who painted her portrait for nothing, or, as Carlyle suggested, because 'he must be very much in love with the *subject*—that is all.' One of the most absurd arose out of his unfortunate wording of an advertisement for a servant which he had inserted in the press: 'Wanted a very genteel girl to do very genteel work—not under fifteen nor exceeding eighteen years of age,' etc. But the whole story, told with admirable spirit, is too long to quote.

In December 1843, at past the age of forty-two, Mrs Carlyle danced. The occasion was that of a party at Mrs Macready's house. It was

'the *very* most agreeable party that ever I was at in London—everybody there seemed animated with one purpose to make up to Mrs Macready and her children for the absence of "The Tragic Actor" and so amiable a purpose produced the most joyous results. Dickens and Forster above all exerted themselves till the perspiration was pouring down and they seemed *drunk* with their efforts! Only think of that excellent Dickens playing the *conjuror* for one whole hour—the *best* conjuror I ever saw—and I have paid money to see several) . . . Then the dancing—old Major Burns with his one eye—old Jerdan of the Literary Gazette (escaped out of the Rules of the Queen's Bench for the great occasion!)—the gigantic Thackeray &c &c all capering like Mænades!! Dickens did all but go down on his knees to make *me*—waltz with him! But I thought I did my part well enough in talking the maddest nonsense with *him*, Forster, Thackeray and Maclise—without attempting the Impossible—however *after supper* when we were all madder than ever . . . a universal country dance was proposed, and Forster *seizing me round the waist* whirled me into the thick of it and *made me dance!!* like a person in the tread-mill who must move forward or be crushed to death. Once I cried out "Oh for the love of Heaven let me go! you are going to dash my brains out against the folding doors!" to which he answered (you can fancy his tone)—"your brains? who cares about their brains *here*? let them go!" . . . After all! the pleasantest company, as Burns thought, *are the blackguards!*—that is: those who have just a sufficient dash of black-guardism in them to make them snap their fingers at ceremony and "all that sort of thing." I question if there was as much witty speech uttered in all the aristocratic,

conventional drawing rooms thro'out London that night as among us little knot of blackguardist literary people who felt ourselves above all rules, and independent of the universe!'

Another ball at which Mrs Carlyle was present was at Bath House in July 1850. Carlyle insisted on her going. He was 'quite determined for once in his life to see an aristocratic Ball.' Her objections were overruled. He would buy the dress. Of course, it must be cut low.

'True propriety consisted in conforming to other people's fashions!!! and Eve he supposed had as much sense of decency as I had and *she* wore no clothes at all!!! So I got a white silk dress . . . cut down to the due pitch of indecency! I could have gone into fits of crying when I began to put it on—but I looked so astonishingly well in it by *candle light*, and when I got into the fine rooms amongst the universally *bare* people I felt so much in *keeping*, that I forgot my neck and arms almost immediately. I was glad *after* that I went—not for any pleasure I had at the time, being past dancing, and knowing but few people—but it is an additional idea for life, to have seen such a party—all the Duchesses one ever heard tell of blazing in diamonds, all the young beauties of the season, all the distinguished statesmen &c &c were to be seen among the six or seven hundred people present—and the rooms all hung with artificial roses looked like an Arabian Nights entertainment—what pleased me best was the good look I got *into the eyes* of the old Duke of Wellington—one has no notion, seeing him in the streets, what a dear kind face he has.'

The times at which Mrs Carlyle wrote were less passionate and exciting than those of Byron and Shelley. The temperature had cooled. The tone of feeling had dropped to a lower pitch. But whatever was left of fervour and unconventionality was to be found in Mrs Carlyle's intimate circle, and she lived in daily communion with the man who was the potent influence in new movements, social, political, and intellectual. There is, therefore, in the material of the correspondence abundance of vitality and interest. The letters touch life at many varied points. There is little literary criticism. But the writers of many books pass across the pages—not only Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson, but lesser lights like Harriet Martineau, Helps, Monckton,

Milnes, Mrs Gaskell, Lady Eastlake. FitzGerald, George Lewes, Aubrey de Vere. Nor do literary celebrities occupy the whole of the picture. Life in Cheyne Row is mixed with that of great houses both in London and in the country. Musicians like Chopin, painters like Maclise, rising politicians like Charles Buller, social leaders like Lady Ashburton, mingle in the scene.

The wish is often expressed for the opportunity of talking with those who lived a century or more ago. The desire is gratified by Mrs Carlyle's correspondence. Her letters afford the privilege of listening to the vivacious sparkling conversation of one of the most gifted women of last century. They preserve much of the animation and charm of her spoken talk. They are genuine improvisations, frank outpourings of what was uppermost in her mind. Nothing is studied—least of all the punctuation. Mrs Carlyle is, as all good letter-writers must be, sensitive to external impressions, and she sets them down with an extraordinary facility of expression, and with all the naturalness of unpremeditated art. It is these characteristics, sustained throughout her copious correspondence, that give her one of the highest places among English letter-writers. Possibly, many readers will agree that, while the new collection confirms her position, it does not enhance her reputation. The letters do not belong to the best period of her life. In nearly every case, people write their finest letters in the freshness, buoyancy, and fearlessness of youth. It is true of Mrs Carlyle. First-rate letter-writers need a dash of egotism. In youth, it is swallowed up in the triumphant joy of life. In middle age, it tends to become more self-concentrated, and with some, as with Mrs Carlyle, to be absorbed in personal ailments. Her letters in the new collection suffer from an excess of headaches and blue pill.

ERNLE.

Art. 13.—IDEALS IN POLITICS.

SOME months ago a correspondence sprang up in the Press on the subject of political ideals. It started with a letter from Sir Martin Conway in the 'Times,' in which he lamented the lack of attractive ideals in the Conservative Party, the provision of which he seemed to hope would make the youthful politicians of the Party more vocally impressive at the street corners and, at the same time, inspire them with that martial enthusiasm which is as necessary in politics as in war. The correspondence struck a responsive chord, and it spread from the columns of the 'Times' to the provincial press. It was interesting as a symptom of the prevailing temperament of a community whose nerves were perhaps a little overstrung, and which was inclined to be rather unduly introspective. A few observers were cynical enough to doubt the efficacy of the nostrum of idealism as a cure for all our evils, and to hint that undue insistence upon ideals might savour of that cant which we find offensive in religion, and which might be equally offensive in politics. On the whole, however, the tendency represented no unwholesome symptom.

It is easy to account for this tendency. During the last ten years, we have passed through an ordeal which might well try the nerves of any nation. Under that ordeal the landmarks of our political divisions were broken down; customary methods of life; respected conventions; deeply rooted traditions, have practically disappeared. We who have lived through the change, and whose attention was absorbed in urgent problems and anxieties, have hardly recognised its extent. Nevertheless, we are oppressed by the sense of unsettlement, and are eager to find a cure. It was not unnatural that many people thought that the best method was to be bold to the verge of recklessness. In the greatness of the strain, we were led to set economical laws at defiance, and to establish arbitrary rules to regulate Labour and to fetter Capital. Our hazardous and meddlesome experiments produced ever-increasing friction in regard to Finance, Manufactures, and Employment. Wages grew by leaps and bounds, only to lead to increased pressure of poverty, increased unemployment, and increased

depression of trade. We could not bring ourselves to confess our errors and to retrace those experimental footsteps which had led to so many mistakes. Perhaps, indeed, the time had passed when that was possible. Instead, we felt constrained to strive after some supreme ideal, which might inspire a deeper sense of political duty, and arouse a more earnest effort after mutual helpfulness, even although uncertain as to its precise form.

Great as our economic difficulties were, we seemed bent on adding to them by experiments in other directions. We chose this moment to remodel on a vast scale our representative system. The electorate was increased threefold. The political status of women was suddenly altered, without reference to the constituencies, by the same Parliament which had twice refused to them the vote; and this was done with the assistance of the very statesmen who had previously denounced such a change as likely to lead to condign disaster.

Nor was this all. Our duties and our responsibilities are not domestic only. They are also Imperial, and therefore our handling of them has incalculable weight for good or ill throughout the world. By a strange perversity, this critical moment, when our whole administrative machinery was shaken by the strain of unprecedented war effort, was chosen as the fitting time for suggesting dreams of responsible government to our vast dependencies—government to be wielded by a small and intriguing minority nominally on behalf of countless millions, to whom our Western constitutional theories were an incomprehensible tangle, and whose welfare, for which we are responsible, we thus hand over to the mercies of a petty and selfish oligarchy. A new element of difficulty was thus added to the sea of troubles which we had to meet.

Such was the position to which an evil fate, and the popular excitement which is the natural result of war, had brought us. It would be useless, and very likely unjust, to throw the blame for these rash experiments in every direction, upon any one political party. War is a cruel school for the political education of nations. Its discipline rests mainly upon fear and operates under excitement, which is apt to breed violent class jealousy, fed by the widely divergent estimate which each section

forms of the comparative sacrifices entailed by the struggle. He would have been a statesman of heroic mould and almost superhuman courage who had ventured to preach to the English people, in that hour of trial, of excitement, and of virulent jealousy, the gospel of eschewing financial experiment, of postponing startling political reforms, of maintaining firm and inviolate the landmarks of our Empire; and had tried to inculcate instead the old and unpretentious virtues of thrift, industry, and independence. Probably his voice would have fallen upon deaf ears. At least it is certain that no such call made itself heard, though something of such calmness of judgment, and quiet resoluteness of purpose, found expression in the aim which Mr Bonar Law announced when he entered upon his all-too-brief tenure of office as Prime Minister. He gave to his party the marching order of tranquillity, peace, and earnestness of work, not as any flourishing of the flag of idealism, but as urging a dogged and unobtrusive persistence in the most practical ways. Those who failed to appreciate the value of that prudent counsel derided it as a barren and uninspiring policy. Perhaps it will be well when the nation takes the lesson to heart, and sets itself to obey its precepts, and to remember those wise words. Instead of following such precepts, social legislation on a reckless scale was held to be the only hope of salvation, and the different political parties vied with one another in the boldness of their schemes. The old watchwords of economy and caution were thrown to the winds. A new world was to be created. New hopes were fostered, and counsels of calm consideration, suggesting the adaptation of our aims to our available means, were thrust aside as subterfuges of timid procrastination.

It was no wonder that the hopes were sometimes exaggerated. Not unnaturally the Church felt it to be its duty rather to stimulate than to curb such aspiration, and perhaps it allowed itself more latitude in preaching the value of enthusiasm than in inculcating the modest virtue of prudence. It was a tempting theme, which appealed to generous instincts; but it was apt to lead those whose hearts were stronger than their heads to identify the theories of political doctrinaires with the teachings of Christianity, and to sink the pastor in the partisan.

Some harm was thus done, but it need not blind us to the advantage of high ideals in politics just as well as in religion and in personal conduct. No influence in politics is more deadening than that which would limit political activity to the routine of practical organisation. No habit of mind so effectually blinds the vision and confines the free movement of an inspiring imagination as that which is bred in the atmosphere of the caucus. That leader will find his words and his exhortation empty and jejune, who cannot breathe into them the life which comes from creative imagination, and cannot clothe them in the form of definite aspirations. We may be suspicious of exaggerations; we may feel distrustful of delusive schemes of reconstruction which are inspired by class hatred rather than by any generous impulse. But we can never forget that without vision the people perish.

Our ideals need not be proclaimed with that complacent iteration which is apt to suggest hypocrisy. Reserve and reticence are evidence of confidence and judgment. Above all, these ideals must have the saving grace of common sense, as well as that simplicity which Swift well called the highest ornament of all human things. It is thus only that we can preserve that balance which is the supreme guide of effective action. Let us never forget that we are creating no new world when we discipline ourselves to follow a high ideal; we are only learning by that discipline to be obedient to nature. Our supreme expounder of human motive has set it out as none but he could do. He has found the right name for all that is the negative of idealism:

'That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world:
The world, who of itself is poised well
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifference,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.'

The Bastard Faulconbridge pierced into the realities of human life when he propounded the truth that a narrow, practical expediency is at war with the simple,

straightforward law of nature, and is, therefore, bound to fail. If we are to avoid shipwreck in that voyage of high enterprise which we would have our nation pursue, then we must, of very necessity, cling to the profound and enduring virtue of the ideal.

The ideal must be the sheet anchor of our hopes. But while we cherish idealism for itself, we must be keenly awake to its dangers, and to the delusions which may easily disguise themselves as parts of its retinue. Our ideal must be modest enough to submit itself to the guidance and control of judgment; and it must not allow selfish and partisan aims to dress themselves in its livery. It must decline any alliance with that crusade of destruction which sets out to make war on what is stigmatised as privilege, and generally ends in the havoc from which the only privilege to emerge is that of being the last surviving agent of destruction. The moment comes

'When everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.'

History has too often—and too recently—proved to us that a false and spurious ideal may impose itself upon popular fancy, and feed upon human passions until it creates a chaos from which its dupes are the chief sufferers. That lesson should teach us to beware of its beguilements.

Our ideal, then, must go hand in hand with judgment. It must also submit to wholesome discipline, and to the formative influence of tradition. This implies no distrust of the influence of the ardour of the new generation, and no fear of its courageous advance upon new adventures. In the words of Disraeli, it is the past which explains the present, and transmits that explanation to the young, in whose hands lies the future. It is from the inspiration of the past that the new generation must draw for its fresh enterprise.

Let us weigh carefully what that means, and not dismiss it merely as a well-sounding phrase. It involves the very practical rule, that we must base our ideal

upon the lessons of history. Our race is not a new-comer, free to forget the past, and to shape itself, at will, to new experiments in politics. Our nation is the product of its history, achievements, and institutions. We cannot, even if we would, re-create ourselves, and pass an Act of Oblivion over our country's past. We must make up our minds that Providence has placed us here to work out, so far as in us lies, our nation's destinies, and that these destinies have been shaped by its history. In framing our ideal it is our bounden duty to take note of our inheritance, and not to abate one jot either of our pride or of our responsibility in that inheritance. We must not forget that we are subject to a double stream of influence, running in two channels and yet moving in the same direction. We have, first, to discharge an Imperial task of maintaining the prosperity and securing the peace of those whose destinies Providence has committed to our care. In performing that great duty, which we have manfully discharged in the past, we are responsible to God, and we shall answer for it on the page of history. We have also to steer our way, with courage no less than with prudence, along the difficult current of domestic policy.

This guides us a certain way in trying to shape our political ideal. But we may go a step further. Our political development has given rise to parties, which have life and a history of their own. The Conservative Party does not exist simply as a convenient organisation for the conduct of elections, still less for the protection of vested interests against the reasonable requirements of the common good. It has a duty to the nation, and so far as it has been faithful to that duty it has performed a function which cannot be suffered to lapse or passed over to other hands. Just as the nation must prove consistent with its past history and traditions, so the Conservative Party has a history to the principles of which it is bound to be faithful. Others may indulge in wild speculations and hazardous experiments. New battle-cries may be heard, and the advent of 'hurly-burly innovation' may be proclaimed. The Conservative Party advocates no reaction, bars the door on no salutary change, and is ready to act as a pioneer in all practicable social reform. But it must make it its task to see that

such changes and such reforms are so carried out as to involve as little as possible of violent breach with the past, and do not bring in their train flagrant injustice, a reckless drain upon national resources, or a tampering with the bonds that unite our Empire. With these reservations, the Conservative Party, by its tradition and its history, has proved itself second to none as the enemy of abuses, and as the missionary of social welfare. Its past achievements, in the domestic as well as in the Imperial and International spheres, are ample warrant of that qualification.

While, however, we apply these salutary tests to new proposals, we cannot rest there. We claim our right to a political ideal, more than sufficient to inspire us with enthusiasm, and cramped by no sordid or material aims. Let us ask next, what are the standards which we are to carry, and which may fitly indicate the aims we have inherited, and which it is our pride to defend?

Our watchwords are Loyalty to the Throne, Loyalty to our Institutions, and Loyalty to the Empire. Others may claim a share in these watchwords. If so we do not grudge their claim, and are ready to welcome any sign of sincere sympathy with our own cherished convictions, just as we are pledged to resist any movement which seems inconsistent with such sympathy, and must show ourselves keenly alive to any political proposals which seem to undermine those convictions.

Above all, there are two principles upon which we must insist as the keynotes of our political faith, and which to us represent the most vital elements in the happiness and in the dignity of humanity. These principles are Liberty and Responsibility. In any worthy political faith there must be two elements of primary importance: there must be an ideal and there must be a discipline. Our ideal is Liberty: our discipline is the Duty of Responsibility. Let us see what these two involve and inquire whether they are now in danger. If they are endangered then the work of the Conservative Party lies clearly marked before us. We must labour to restore their rightful authority to those two fundamental principles.

It is inevitable that, as an industrial society develops with the feverish eagerness which is almost inseparable

from it, certain ugly aspects of it display themselves with revolting persistence, and arouse an uneasy feeling in the social conscience. It would be matter of deep regret if that uneasiness were lulled to sleep, or if any attempt were made to gloze over the hideousness of the abuses. The Conservative Party, at least, has never attempted to do so : it has, on the contrary, placed itself in the front rank of the battle against these social evils. The earliest attempts to promote education and to combat ignorance came from the Conservative Party acting through the agency of the Church. It was the great Conservative Leader, Benjamin Disraeli, who painted the most vivid pictures of rampant industrialism ; and it was the Conservative Party that placed the Factory Acts upon the Statute Book. That Party would be the first to repudiate the notion that organised society is not bound to take cognisance of the abuses which may grow up in its midst, or can escape from the responsibility to strain every nerve to uproot them. In that sense, and in the spirit of comradeship which tries to bring better conditions of life to all, the Conservative Party firmly holds up the banner of Social Reform.

But it maintains with equal firmness, the fundamental truth that it is sound politics and equally sound morality, to safeguard the free play of voluntary effort. There are those who labour for social reform, because it removes abuses that are flagrant, and redresses injustice that is a scandal to humanity. It has other devotees, who pursue this purpose not so much for the good it produces as for the abstract theories which it embodies and for the class hatred which it gratifies. It is one thing to protect the weak and defenceless against cruel conditions of employment, and the pitiless consequences of undisciplined competition. It is quite another thing to prescribe to the grown man the limits of his labour, and to fence him in with petty and harassing regulations : to bind him hand and foot to some tyrannical organisation, and to force him to lead his life within the grooves of a cramping system, imposed upon him by those who consider that his thrift, industry, and ability are a menace to the idleness and incompetency of his fellows, and ought, therefore, to be penalised. The cowardly acceptance of economic theories which are often merely the product of

selfish class animosity, seems to have dulled our perceptions of the extent to which this creeping paralysis of restrictive regulations, however imposed, has affected the body politic. The Conservative Party has inherited the responsibility of maintaining that freedom which is the best privilege of humanity. It cannot throw aside that responsibility without abnegating its proper function. It will continue to give yeoman service for the redress of social wrongs and abuses; but it must be vigilant against anything which reduces the citizens who compose the body politic to the level of mechanical tools—exempt from responsibility, stunted in ambition, robbed of liberty, and doomed to sink into the apathy of automata. So handled, they would be admirably adapted for one thing only—to be submissive implements in the hands of those craftiest of tyrants—the agents of State Socialism. Never let the Conservative Party suffer itself, however ardent may be its crusade against abuses, to adopt lightly the catchwords of that socialism or to profess a glib compliance with its maxims. And let it beware of any organisation which, by its restrictive rules, paves the way for these maxims.

Let us, then, beware how we suffer any tampering with those ideals of Liberty and Responsibility which we claim as the dominating principles of the Conservative Party. In maintaining them, we defend the best privilege of our race, and fight for that to which human nature, however misled by the sophistries of revolutionary politics, must inevitably return. Time and human instinct combine to make its triumph certain.

Few people would hesitate to declare themselves unhesitatingly on the side of Liberty in the abstract, but it does not follow that these same people, misled by the specious axioms of political quackery, may not suffer themselves to glide far down the slope of regulated socialism without perceiving how much of their liberty has been filched away. There can be no doubt that our Fabian theorists are increasingly active. The dramatic realisation elsewhere of the fantastic aims of these theorists has persuaded many hare-brained disciples, first of their possibility, next of their inevitable triumph, and lastly of their beneficent results. The political fanatic is always easily persuaded that his dreams must

become true, and that they will lead him to heavenly beatitude. However whimsical such fancies are, they are permeating in their infection. Sometimes the apostles of Socialism know how to clothe their designs in a cloak of verbiage that hides their danger. The present Prime Minister is a past master in the art. It is one thing to hurl at those whom you propose to attack the crude denunciations and the specific proposals for plunder which are to the taste of the Clydesdale contingent of Mr Ramsay MacDonald's followers. It is quite another thing to indicate a belief 'that the present system of disorganised capitalism is not going to be the permanent form in which Society is to express itself economically.'* It is not surprising that the more advanced revolutionaries find the fare provided by such wire-drawn pedantries to be somewhat meagre for their appetites. But, if we look below the surface, the end may be much the same.

Nor must we forget that during the War, our political perception became woefully blunted, and that we permitted types of restrictive legislation which even the exigencies of the situation did not always justify. War necessarily forces us to expedients which we all dislike. One precedent leads to another, and each step taken makes the next seem natural, and tempts us to condone what would have moved our indignation at a normal time.

Do not let us forget that mistaken methods of fighting tendencies to socialistic legislation may only entrench more strongly those evils which we long to extirpate. Nothing is more certain than that the greatest part of the lack of housing accommodation, which hangs as a heavy burden on our neck, is due to a reckless interference with private effort and an insane invasion of that sacredness of contract which is the chief hinge upon which all commercial machinery must turn. That whole system of contract, which is the first instinct of commercial humanity, is absolutely simple in its operation, and absolutely effective in its beneficial results. Break it up, by imposing your own arbitrary interpretation upon a contract, and by inverting the position of

* See the Prime Minister's speech in the debate in the House of Commons of May 29.

the contracting parties, and the inevitable result is that you convert them from friends into enemies, that you sow the seeds of distrust, and breed that timidity which paralyses effort. You are forced to lavish treasure in providing futile State substitutes for individual effort, and each new scheme commits the country to new expenditure in order to cover the errors of its predecessors.

It is not only by its fetters upon freedom of contract, and by its interference with private enterprise, that Socialism has worked evil in the sphere of housing provision. It has been astute enough in this matter to use Trade Unions as its tools. With their help, it has tied the hands and stunted the efforts of the individual workman. He must not make more than a prescribed number of bricks. He must not lay more than a fixed number of these bricks when made. He must not add to his own earnings and increase the output by working more than the allotted number of hours. He must not do a stroke of work which differs in the minutest detail from that work which his Trade Union assigns to him as his daily task. He must not accept as a comrade any one who has acquired the necessary skill under conditions different from those prescribed by the Trade Union. Apprenticeship is no longer an open school where technical skill may be learned. It is only an artificial barrier by which the number of new entrants may be arbitrarily checked. And these are the conditions under which the free citizen is controlled by a beneficent democracy!

In this connexion, we must refer to another matter, with which the Trade Unions are largely concerned. For some time past, and especially since the present Government came into office, we have suffered from a chronic malady of strikes, 'official' or 'unofficial,' which have often assumed the character of deliberate blackmail on the public. For the chief cause of this state of things we must go back to the Trades Disputes Act of 1906; that disastrous measure by which the Liberals, in spite of the warnings and protests of all who knew the circumstances and foresaw the results, sought to strengthen their party by a sop to Cerberus. Any Government now—whatever its label—which has the welfare of the country at heart, must see that the time has come to

put an end to this tyranny. The Trade Unions have become almost a fourth Estate of the Realm, and it is urgently desirable that their status and powers should be adapted to the needs of the present day. Much that has recently happened is of a kind which might well cause the Trade Unions themselves to reconsider their position.

It is highly expedient that some of the privileges conferred by the Act of 1906, such as the exemption from the law of torts and 'peaceful picketing,' which is legalised intimidation, should be severely curtailed. On the other hand, the relations of the lawful executives to their members should be defined, and the system of voting should be placed on a footing which would ensure just and equitable results. It is true that one Minister of the Crown apparently considers that it is no business of the Government to protect the public against blackmail in the case of any services which are not nationalised. But we would fain hope that the best and wisest of the Labour leaders now realise the grave danger of 'mob law,' not only for the Nation, but to the Unions themselves. It would be a far-sighted and statesmanlike act for a Labour Government to undertake the task of meeting disorder, and of checking its causes.

We revert to our main theme, the maintenance of the twin principles of Liberty and Responsibility. In each sphere of political activity we may detect the same fevered tendency to substitute arbitrary interference, and perpetual control, for our old heritage of liberty. In the domain of Education the error is not least rampant. It is, of course, sacrilege to breathe a whisper of doubt as to the most lavish educational expenditure. We lay ourselves open to grave suspicion if we even hint that the result is scarcely adequate to the vastly increased cost; and that our cumbrous and complicated system might not be injured by a judicious dose of simplification. But let that pass for the moment. Might not something of that spirit of freedom for which we stand have a place with advantage in our educational machine? When compulsion in education was first tentatively introduced in 1870, its chief advocates predicted that it would speedily render itself unnecessary, and that, indeed, was held to be its highest recommendation. It was obvious to all that compulsion had certain

disadvantages. Zeal and enthusiasm do not run well in harness with compulsion. Has not some of that zeal waxed rather faint before the perpetual presence of the attendance officer? Does it not seem as if we had failed to inspire the parents with sufficient sense of parental responsibility, to induce them to accept gratuitously those benefits for their children for which their own parents did not grudge even to pay a school fee? If compulsory education has had the beneficent effects attributed to it, might it not have produced by this time this very modest amount of parental interest?

This, however, is not the view of our advanced educational reformers. There is no part of their administrative policy to which they attach more importance than the assiduous elimination of any voluntary element, or of any liberty of action in those for whose assumed benefit their schemes are propounded. It is one of their primary aims to drive from the educational field all voluntary agencies, and to substitute a universal system of publicly regulated and publicly supported schools. The parent is not only to be relieved of all cost; but if he should be so foolish as to assert his own responsibility by paying the cost of his children's education, he must be compelled to surrender part of his independence in return for a public subsidy for which he did not ask. We are no longer to confine our beneficent compulsion to children, but young men and women up to eighteen are to be compelled to avail themselves of educational opportunities, which we can imagine many of them—and these not perhaps the most wanting in intellectual equipment—would find insufferably tedious and unsuited to their station and prospects in life. We might easily multiply examples of the same tendency, which, if permitted full sway, will most surely drain out of our national life all freedom and spontaneity. It is our primary duty as a party to combat that growing evil.

If we are to defend these essential principles of Liberty and Responsibility, never was there more need for alertness. Slowly, but surely, and from many directions, there are creeping up influences that may undermine all that is most valuable in our national instincts. 'In quietness and in confidence must be our strength.' And above all, we must look to the Leaders of the

Party for that combination of fearlessness, foresight, and judgment of which the nation never stood in sorer need.

It must not be forgotten that, no doubt with the best motives, but with singularly small perspicacity, some nominal adherents of the Conservative Party often show themselves ready to abandon the principle of Liberty and of voluntary effort and to vie with their socialistic opponents in schemes of compulsory State action. It is only natural that we should all be attracted by proposals which may alleviate the condition of the sick and the afflicted. But it does not follow that we ought to undermine the operations of voluntary charity, with its attendant blessings, and substitute compulsion and bureaucratic agency. We do not wish to see our hospitals State institutions. It is right to do all that we can to encourage the employment of ex-service men, and to be eager to discharge some part of the debt which we owe to those who lost their full efficiency through the service that they did for their country in the War. But it is unsound economics, and—worse—it is mistaken kindness, to attempt to enforce the employment of ex-service men by compulsory methods. Recent Parliamentary records show that schemes like these are apt to prove attractive to some unconscious socialists, who satisfy their consciences, and gratify a self-complacent benevolence, by giving their adherence to proposals of which they fail to perceive the full tendency. We shall not help the ex-service man, or any other class whose position we are anxious to improve, by thrusting him into the unenviable position of a stumbling-block to industrial efficiency. Let us never forget that social advancement must be achieved, not by vague and misguided impulses of generosity, but by well-considered schemes that conform to sound principles.

It is right to do all we can for the social benefit of every class, and to throw open, so far as possible, equality of opportunity. But let us not indulge in vain dreams that we give the best opportunity by thrusting upon all a mental dietary which they are not able to assimilate, and by forgetting that the most valuable part of our educative processes is the stimulation of individual effort. We used to adopt the familiar and not inapt metaphor of the ladder, upon the lower rung

of which we were to place the feet of the aspirant, exhorting him to use his own efforts to climb to the top while we guarded against any thwarting interruptions. That metaphor is now despised. We are told instead, that we must make the ladder unnecessary, and substitute for it a moving staircase that will carry us upwards automatically. If we steal away from our youth, in the capricious mood of a thoughtless generosity, the stimulus to self-exertion, we drain from his vital stock of energy a quality which no efforts of ours can ever replace. A spoon-fed generation is not only a curse to a nation: it is a curse to itself. And those who make of education a fetish to be blindly worshipped, a dose to be administered to all and sundry, and not a treasure to be bravely toiled for by the worthy, are creating such a generation.

The Ideal which we claim as the heritage of our party is not one reserved for ceremonial purposes only. It displays itself in energy of initiative and action; it is based on practical experience, and it never allows its disciples to forget common sense in the pursuit of delusive abstractions. It is inspired by the lessons of history; it keeps its votaries loyal to those institutions which reflect the national genius, full of faith in the future, full of enthusiasm for the work that lies before them. But their most sacred duty must be the sleepless defence of that highest privilege of humanity, individual Liberty, and the enforcing of that Responsibility which the possession of Liberty imposes as its counterpart. These two priceless necessities are threatened by enemies on every side—some avowed and proclaimed in their worship of State control, others disguising themselves under the specious pretence of necessary social reform. Between the two opposing tendencies of Freedom and of ever-encroaching State control there can be no truce or compromise.

Beyond all else it is essential to apply these principles in practice; for here is no vague philosophy but a necessary rule to political life.

Another general election cannot be far distant and the time of preparation is short. We urge the Conservative Party to put aside all minor disputes and bickerings and to face the task before it with the sole

idea of the good of the nation at large; and we urge its Leaders to show boldness, and to avoid any temporising surrenders. Both the present Government and the Liberals have shown too clearly that the good of their respective parties and not that of the whole community, dominates their proposals and actions.

Let it be ours to follow a higher standard. There is an even grander ideal than the welfare of the nation. It is the welfare of the British Empire, for that implies the health of the whole civilised world. The Conservatives alone are in a position to uphold this worthily and in fulfilment of all their pledges of the past. If the all-pervading need of Liberty and Responsibility is preached to the electors, we are confident that a great response will be forthcoming and that the Nation will rise to the height of the great task to which Providence has called it.

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